THE BOOKMAN

A Journal of Literature and Life

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CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

With the present issue THE BOOKMAN presents to its readers the first instalment of Mr. John Uri Lloyd's *Stringtown on the Pike*. We refer to it here not as a mere notice, but because we strongly believe it to be a decidedly remarkable story by a writer who is as yet comparatively unknown. There is about *Stringtown on the Pike* a very extraordinary and unexpected timeliness. Many of its episodes have a direct bearing on the strange drama which is being played out in Kentucky while we write. The feud scenes in especial have an amazing significance and interest. But it is best simply to refer the reader to another page in the present number of our magazine for a more intimate acquaintance with the strange life of the old Kentucky pike and the adventures of Cupe and the "Corn Bug."

The Administrative Board of the University Press at the University of Chicago decided some time ago to use in the university publications the grotesque spelling of twelve words adopted by the National Educational Association. This action was heralded all over the country as a great triumph of Fonetik Refawrm. All the half-educated, half-baked "refawrmers" went about chuckling. One of our leading universities had officially sanctioned their hobby, at least to a certain extent. The day was dawning when all men should spell like hoboes. A good deal was said about the "irresistible march," etc., etc., etc. But now the University Senate has very energetically reversed the decision of the Press and has peremptorily ordered that Fonetik Refawrm shall have no place in the publications of the University. All honour to the Senate! It has acted in a manner worthy of the governing body of a great university, and has smitten full in the face that flaunting crudeness which masquerades as learning. Good scholarship, good sense and good taste are all encouraged and promoted by the enlightened course which the Senate of the University of Chicago has pursued; and hobo spelling has received another setback.

We had something to say not long ago about the growing infrequency of classical allusions in our writers and public speakers, and about the undetected inaccuracy of such allusions when they are employed. Therefore is it all the more our duty to lay our modest tribute at the feet of the Hon. James Cooney, a member of Congress from the Seventh Missouri District. This statesman and orator in discussing the question of expansion a few weeks ago, not only made his eloquence fairly shimmer with classical gems, but showed himself to have at his command the most special and intimate knowledge of an important period of Roman history. Mr. Cooney first recalled to his hearers' minds the episode of the elder Cato demanding of the Senate the destruction of Carthage because that hostile city lay too near the Italian shores, and proving this by showing to his colleagues fresh figs which, says Mr. Cooney, "he drew from the pockets of his toga," claiming that these had been gathered but a few days before. Then the orator added:

> The poet Terence used often in his lifetime to say that those figs were really gathered on Cato's Sabine farm and were not Carthaginian

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figs at all; and Terence denominated this as Cato's great political fig-act.

This is the neatest thing in the classical line that we have lately seen. It is what Mr. Hamlin Garland likes to call "convincing." The pockets in the toga, the fact that Terence came right out and exposed the trick "in his lifetime" without waiting to say it after death, and then the real Terentian flavour of the language in which he so neatly "denominated" it! By the way, our own classical knowledge is getting a little rusty, and we don't quite recollect the passage where all these details are mentioned. Will not Mr. Cooney give us the exact Latin phrase for "Cato's great political fig-act"?

The late Richard D. Blackmore was an example of a man who had it in him to write a single book. He wrote it when he wrote *Lorna Doone;* and, having written it, he had nothing more to say. His other novels never attracted any particular attention, and they never will. *Lorna Doone,* however, has by many experienced critics been ranked among the really good books of the century, and by a few among even the great ones. In this latter opinion we cannot ourselves agree. *Lorna Doone* is a wholesome book. It is instinct with the love of outdoor life. It has vitality. It interests and is a well-poised example of romantic fiction, but nevertheless it is not quite of the first order. A great deal has been said in its praise because its author has kept so faithfully the stylistic colouring of seventeenth-century English; but this sort of thing we consider a defect rather than a merit. To reproduce the language of a past century, as Balzac did in his *Contes Drôlatiques* and as Thackeray did in *Henry Esmond,* is at the best merely a *tour de force,* a bit of verbal juggling, something that is in a way mechanical and beneath the dignity of a really great writer. It keeps us intent upon the cleverness of the workmanship rather than upon the literary and artistic soul of the whole thing. To tell the truth, we believe that Thackeray's *Henry Esmond* would have been a better book had it been written in the language of *Pendennis* and *The Newcomes,* for this stylistic mummery reminds one of Wardour Street armour, and of the ancestral portraits that are purchased in an auction-room.

We feel particularly sore upon this point in Thackeray's case, because, as is well known, after thoroughly saturating himself with the style of English which he used in *Esmond* he never succeeded in getting back his own style; so that his later books were practically failures. And we think that *Lorna Doone* would have pleased more readers had the author told it in his own language simply and naturally. Moreover, both he and Thackeray are responsible for the existence of imitations which have no *raison d'être* whatever. If you are going to write the English of another generation and succeed in doing it with accuracy, that is one thing; but when you bungle it, you will receive only the greater condemnation. There is young Mr. Winston Churchill, for instance, with his *Richard Carvel,* in which he has tried to reproduce the English of the eighteenth century. It has a specious sound, but to one who knows anything about the history of our language *Richard Carvel* is a joke in point of style; for sometimes Mr. Churchill lugs in phrases that had ceased to be employed a century before the time at which the events are supposed to happen, and again he drops into modern phrases that belong to our own day and generation. Most exasperating of all is his frequent use of "an" in the sense of "if"—a locution which represents a verbal anachronism, and which Mr. Churchill makes still worse by spelling it "and."

The story of how *Lorna Doone* remained in obscurity for many years after its publication is very widely known, but at the present time will bear repetition. It is said that the manuscript was rejected by eighteen firms of publishers and that when it finally appeared and was highly spoken of by the critics it was absolutely ignored by the general reading public. Years after, when England was talking about the marriage of Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne, the idea got abroad that the book had something to do with the family of the bridegroom. From that day the book was recognised and appreciated. Yet the tardy success of *Lorna Doone* was always something of a millstone round Mr. Blackmore's neck. He knew that he could not repeat it, and yet he believed that it did not represent his best work.

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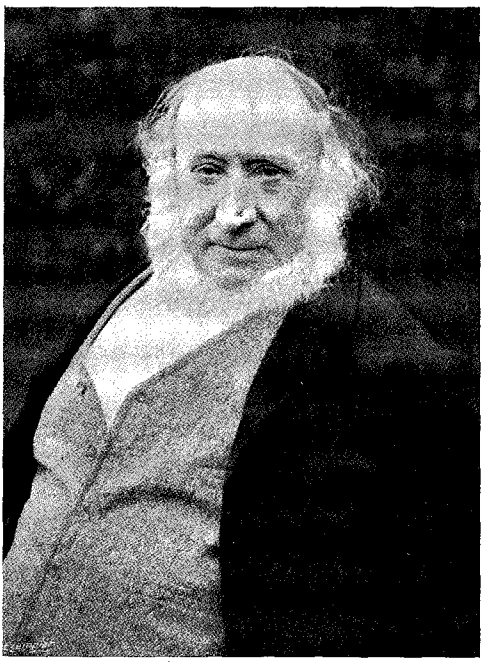
The passing of the author of *Lorna Doone* reminds us that in Mr. Eden Phillpotts he has left an able successor in depicting the life of the Devonshire moors. Mr. Blackmore's background, however, was more especially Exmoor, while Mr. Phillpotts's children of the mist live and have their being on the equally romantic and ancient Dartmoor. Mr. Phillpotts's *Children of the Mist,* which has won a deserved success, was one of the last books that Mr. Blackmore broke through his wonted reserve to commend with unusual warmth. What has been published from his letters to the author is by no means all that he had written to Mr. Phillpotts; the author of *Lorna Doone* was an untiring admirer and believer in Mr. Phillpotts's story-telling craft and literary art from the time his *Lying Prophets* appeared a few years ago. Mr. Phillpotts has undoubtedly struck a rich mine in Devon, the country which he knows best and loves with the fervour of a native of the soil. But it is only recently that he has been able to give up other work in order to devote himself wholly to his Dartmoore studies in fiction. In *Children of the Mist* he has certainly made an excellent beginning. It was easily the best novel of the year from many points of view.



R. D. BLACKMORE.

The two men upon whom the eyes of the literary world of England are now riveted are Eden Phillpotts and Neil Munro. Critics and others interested in literary happenings are in entire agreement regarding the future of these two writers who, as the saying goes, have "arrived" in their latest books. Mr. Munro's *Gilian the Dreamer* has reached a sale of over ten thousand copies in England, in spite of the war panic, and in this country it is also selling remarkably well. Mr. Munro's next novel will deal with the Jacobite period, and it is said that it will contain more action and incident than his previous work in fiction. It will probably appear first as a serial in *Blackwood's Magazine.*

The foundations of Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's fortunes were built upon the inundation of his father's mine at Cannock Chase, which sent him into the world in search of work. His first post was that of a clerk, his second that of a tutor, the third that of a shorthand writer, the fourth of a journalist and the fifth of an actor. Last of all he became an author, and, having made money, he has remained an author ever since. *On the Stage and Off* is his best book, but it is by *Three Men in a Boat* that he is best known, and he was once described by a peasant at a harvest-home supper as "the man who rowed three men in a boat and then won the race." He has had the distinction of melting Count Tolstoy to tears of laughter with his *Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow,* which may account for the fact that he always seems immensely pleased with himself. One or two of his plays have had some success, but he once offended the more fastidious portion of a first-night audience by making his bow with a brown billycock hat. The prosperity of *Miss Hobbs* has at last enabled him to throw all other work aside and to devote his time and strength to the writing of his first novel. Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company are Mr. Jerome's publishers in this country. His home is at Wallingford, where he is quite a squire, but he also has a house in Park Row, and spends much of his time abroad. His second name is Klapka, but we cannot translate it.

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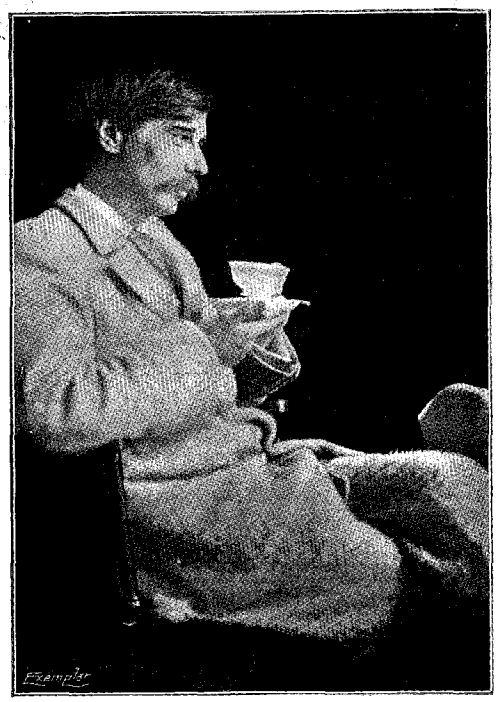
A few years ago Mr. H. G. Wells promised to be in the very first flight of popular writers. His scientific ingenuity was quite startling, and his series of books about the marvels of the future led up to *The War of the Worlds,* which was so excellently done that the account of the descent of the Martians on this planet had the air of absolute truth, which is



H. G. WELLS.

the first essential of success for stories of the kind. Mr. Wells is something more than a combination of Jules Verne and Edward Bellamy, and those who have read *Conversations with an Uncle now Extinct* will agree that he has a pretty wit that is rusting, while he dives into the future of mechanical invention.

But he has been the victim of very bad health, and has in consequence rather dropped out of public sight. Even the best of his marvel tales were but nine days' wonders, demanding an immense amount of attention for the moment and then forgotten. *When the Sleeper Wakes,* Mr. Wells's latest, is a good story in itself, apart from its speculations on the development of material progress. However, these latter are rather spoiled by one's want of real belief in them. The human animal begins to find life quite complicated enough, and is already contemplating a return to Nature just by way of a rest. We reproduce herewith a recent portrait of Mr. Wells.

In England the pension scheme of the Incorporated Society of Authors is attracting considerable attention. The Society is to raise a certain amount of money to supplement the operations of the Royal Literary Fund, which grants only donations, and the Civil List pensions, which amount to only four hundred pounds a year. The fund of the new society will be used for the foundation of pensions of not less than thirty pounds or more than a hundred pounds a year, and candidates must have attained the age of sixty years. The following subscriptions to the fund have been already promised:

Mr. George Meredith (President of the Society),	£100
Mr. J. M. Barrie (if nine others subscribe the same amount),	100
Mr. A. W. à Beckett (per annum),	5
Sir Walter Besant,	100
The Rev. T. G. Bonney (for present year, and continue same as long as existing circumstances also continue),	5
Mr. Austin Dobson (as much as possible per annum),	—
Dr. Conan Doyle (per annum, when the scheme assumes a practical basis),	10
Mr. Douglas Freshfield (if nine others subscribe the same amount),	100
Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins,	200
Mr. Jerome K. Jerome (per annum, and perhaps more),	5
Mr. J. Scott Keltie (per annum for five years),	5
Mr. Rudyard Kipling,	100
Mr. Gilbert Parker,	100
Mrs. Humphry Ward (per annum),	10

The following, from a British source, is amusing in more than one respect:

If any indication of a country's virility can be found in its literary condition, the United States are going ahead of the motherland. Not only do books of Americans gain increasing appreciation in England, but the Yankee swallows our good stuff very fast. "At latest advices," as the commercial gents say, *The Day's Work* had sold 61,000 in America

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and only 43,000 in Great Britain. Then look at the list of Uncle Sam's offspring with high places in the British book market. These names jump to lips: Atherton, Chambers, Barr, Lane Allen, Stockton, K. D. Wiggin, R. H. Davis, Weir Mitchell, Stimson, Fox, Frederic, Waterloo, Twain, Bret Harte, Howells, James, Marion Crawford, John Oliver Hobbes, C. E. Craddock, Hamlin Garland, Opie Read—that's more than a score straight off, and every one of them does good work that wins general favour.

We refrain from commenting upon the syntactical eccentricities of the above, but the curious collection of names certainly commands attention. We know Gertrude Atherton, but we confess that Atherton is a total stranger to us. With Lane Allen we positively decline acquaintance, while there is one Mr. James Lane Allen, whom we regard as among the very best of contemporary American writers. And, among others, who under the sun are Twain, K. D. Wiggin and C. E. Craddock?

To satisfy the many inquiries as to the pronunciation of the name Janice, we are informed by Mr. Ford that it is of French Huguenot extraction, and was actually in use in New Jersey not far from the time that the events of *Janice Meredith* are placed in the Boudinot family. It should, therefore, be pronounced Jăn'eece. While on this subject, it may be of interest to add that the exception most frequently taken by the reviewers —the girl's use of "Dadda" and "Mommy"—is, historically speaking, unjustified. In the journal of Sally Wistar, written in the year 1778, near Philadelphia, her father is always spoken of as "Dadda;" and there is in existence a series of letters of Miss Ambler, of Virginia, addressed to "Dear Mommy," and others in which she uses the same term in writing to others of her mother.

The subject of the Valhalla Eleven introduced in the November number of THE BOOKMAN, and since discussed in two more recent numbers, will not, it seems, be downed. During the last few weeks we have received several more letters of suggestion and criticism, and if we were to be guided by our personal inclinations, we should continue the argument until our readers grew tired of writing. The football season of 1899, however, came to an end three months ago, and the season of 1900 is many months away. Such being the case, we deem it advisable to hold these letters and

HARRIS DICKSON.

any others we may receive on the subject until next autumn, when we shall return to the fray with fresh vigour and enthusiasm.

A new Southern writer whose first novel is proving very successful is Mr. Harris Dickson. This novel, *The Black Wolf's Breed*, a romance of the time of Louis the Fourteenth, is reviewed elsewhere in the present number of THE BOOKMAN. We reproduce herewith a recent portrait of Mr. Dickson, who is still a young man, being but thirty-one years of age.

Mr. Benjamin Ellis Martin, who, in collaboration with his wife, Mrs. Charlotte S. Martin, wrote the entertaining book, *The Stones of Paris in Art and Letters*, has sent us some interesting letters concerning Mr. Firmin Dredd's criticism of that book in an article in the Jan-

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uary number of THE BOOKMAN. While we are not in the habit of publishing or commenting upon criticisms of signed papers of our contributors, we deem it just to make an exception in this case, especially as Mr. Dredd expresses himself as quite satisfied that we should trample upon his sensibilities as savagely as we see fit. The question which has provoked the most discussion in the correspondence between the authors and the critic is that of the structure which served as the original of the Maison Vauquer of Balzac's *Le Père Goriot*. *The Stones of Paris* identified this house as No. 24 Rue Tournefort, whereas the reviewer found more consistent with Balzac's text a building a hundred yards away in the Rue Lhomond. Mr. Martin, after conceding that the latter structure has much in common with the *pension* where Vautrin builded his diabolical schemes and where Père Goriot suffered and died, brings to bear such arguments as to incline us to acknowledge that his is the far better case.

By all odds the most puerile and unreasonable complaint that one hears from literary workers is that the more obvious and inviting themes have all been worked threadbare, and that one in search of originality must go to the improbable and bizarre. This is far from being absolutely true of any literature: in this country the complaint is, on the face of it, absurd. Allusion has been made in THE BOOKMAN to the vast dramatic possibilities of the New York boarding house as a background for fiction. We can suggest, almost offhand, other phases of American life that not only have not been worn threadbare, but have in reality never been fully discovered.

For instance, we would have very little hesitation in predicting success to the young man of industry and real literary talent who will thoroughly study the life of the conventional American small town —not especially the New England town, or the Western or the Southern town, but the American town. Let him study all the factors of this really complex life and their relations toward each other. Let him keep well in hand his sense of humour, study the social life, its distinctions, its complications, its scandals; let him know the local newspaper offices, the tax receiver's office; above all, let him know every detail of the town's political life, the aspirations of prospective councilmen, the men whose votes are for sale and the men who buy them; and when he really knows all this he will have the material for not one but a dozen strong and vitally interesting novels. This suggestion may be offered to a young man, but hardly to a young woman. In the first place, she will not see it, and then she would ignore it if she did. A young woman who writes and who aspires to treat realistically of this very life to which we allude recently blandly confessed that she had no idea of what a "primary" was, though she surmised that it had something to do with the Board of Education. She was quite satisfied and content. Politics were vulgar, and, besides, what had they to do with fiction? What she was after was the "love interest." Well, the "love interest" should, perhaps, not be ignored, but the fact remains that it is a fetichism which has spoiled many good novels and many good plays, and that absurd belief in the cant phrase is one of the greatest barriers in the way of true and good literature.

Probably no profession but that of the clergyman has been treated in American fiction with any degree of adequacy. The physician's has not; the newspaperman's has not, despite the flattering partiality of feminine purveyors of fiction for "brainy young journalists." The term "literary man" was once one of dignity and respectability; and yet so much has it been abused that it is doubtful if any sane, normal, intelligent man will hear it applied to himself with perfect equanimity. Any ill-balanced witness in a police court case and without ostensible occupation may be relied on to inform the court that he is a "literary man." And this is the type that the public takes quite seriously, just as it greedily swallows the "journalist" of feminine fiction who writes manuscript and is "kind" to mere reporters.

But of all the professions, the richest in unworked literary material is probably that of the law. One could not easily

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overestimate the debt which the whole great scheme of the *Comédie Humaine* owes to the brief period of his early life which Honoré de Balzac spent in the office of a notary. It was there that he got at the very heart of modern life. There he learned the meaning of money, not in its vulgar sense, but as a great moving and working factor and force in human society. That period was brief, but then and there was laid the foundation upon which the whole fabric of the *Comédie* was raised stone by stone. It is between the lines of the lawyer's brief that much of the real romance of the future will be found. A well-known sociological writer with whom we recently discussed the subject suggested that in the history of the New York Bar there was enough material to furnish a different plot to every man and woman who aspired to write a novel. We rather feel that he overestimated the New York Bar. However, he told what he said was a typical story, vouching for the accuracy of every detail, and this story we must concede was simply wonderful in its dramatic elements. It concerned a former New York District Attorney, a New York daily newspaper and one of the most notorious murder trials in the history of the country. It let in a full flood of light upon events familiar to every New Yorker. It treated of people whose names are known wherever an American newspaper is read. In short, it was a story containing every element of romance to such a degree that if served up as fiction it would probably be branded as downright sensationalism by a reading public which seems to think that the novel to be true to life must deal essentially with five-o'clock-tea ideas and twilight dialogue.

It is understood that Mr. Stephen Phillips has received from several American theatrical managers, among them Mr. Richard Mansfield, offers for the American rights of *Paolo and Francesca*. Mr. Phillips, however, had already made an arrangement with Mr. Alexander, who declines to surrender the American rights, as he intends making the play a feature of his American tour. Mr. Phillips has also had a proposal to translate and produce *Paolo and Francesca* in Paris, and it is said he is to write another poetic play for Mr. Richard Mansfield, who will produce it in New York next autumn.

We reproduce herewith a photograph of Miss Cholmondeley, whose novel *Red Pottage* is proving as great a success in this country as it has been in England, where, as will be seen from our English letter, it is at the head of the list of best selling books.

MISS CHOLMONDELEY.

Mr. F. Marion Crawford, whose romance of the Second Crusade, *Via Crucis*, is reviewed elsewhere in the present number of THE BOOKMAN, left America on the 24th of February, sailing for Italy by the North German Lloyd steamship *Aller*. He expects to remain in Rome for about a fortnight after his arrival, and will then go to his home at Sorrento, where he will stay during the spring and summer. His historical book, *The Rulers of the South*, to which we alluded in the January number of THE BOOKMAN, is to be illustrated by the Danish artist Henry Brokman. Mr. Brokman, who is a personal friend of Mr. Crawford, has travelled all through the south of Italy and Sicily in company with the author. Mr. Crawford expects to return to New York in the autumn, when Miss Viola Allen will appear in Lorimer Stoddard's dramatisation of his forthcoming novel, *In the Palace of the King*, a love story of Madrid in 1570. *Via Crucis* is now in its seventieth thou-

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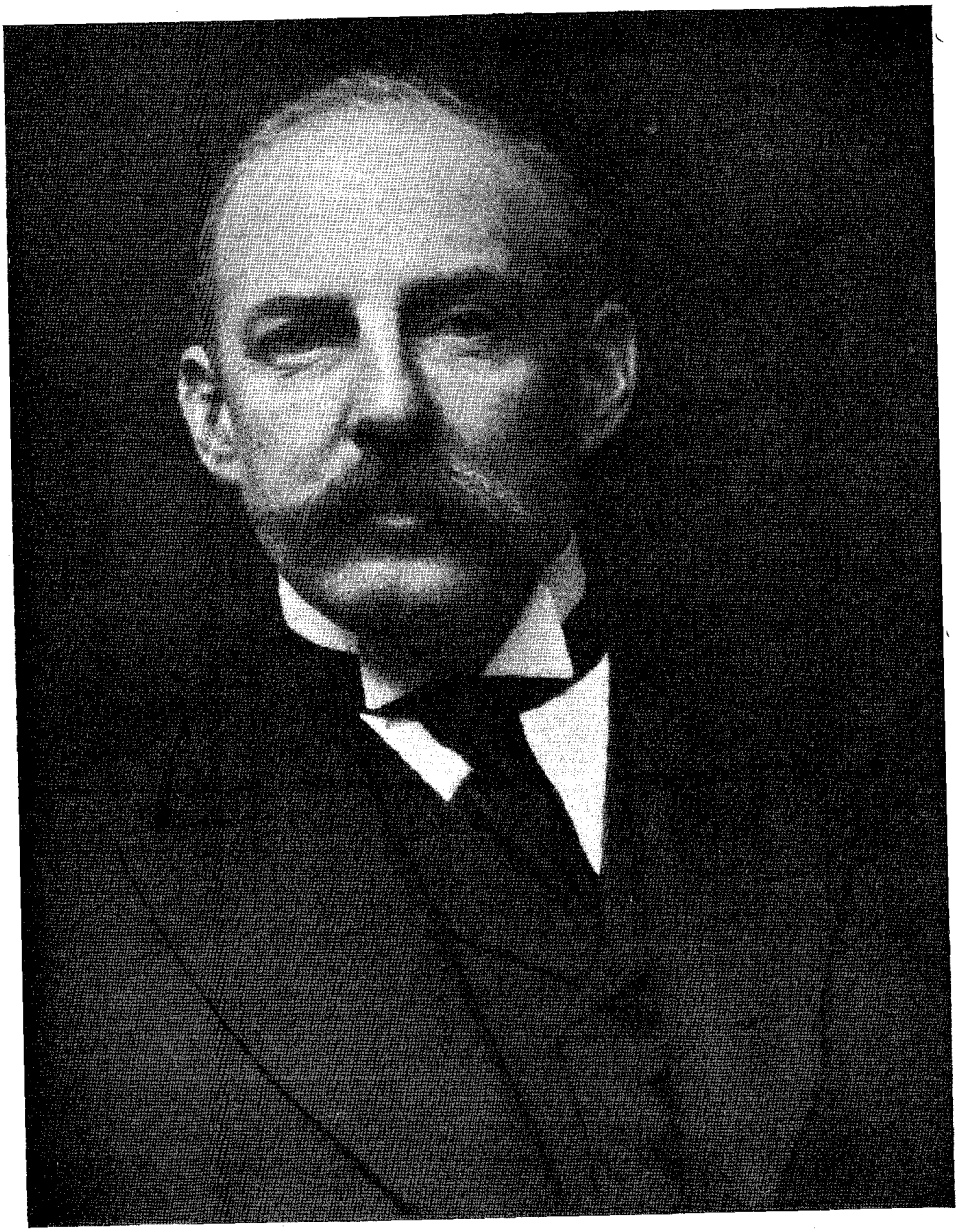

F. MARION CRAWFORD.

From Photo by Miss Ben Yusuf.

sand, and in view of the book's popularity it is extremely probable that it will also be dramatised for next winter. We reproduce herewith Mr. Crawford's latest photograph.

The death of Mr. George Warrington Steevens at Ladysmith has ended a career which in one sense had only just begun, yet which in the brief space of four years had won for Mr. Steevens a world-wide recognition. He was a striking instance of the truth that learning, while it may overweight a mind that is commonplace, gives richness and keenness and brilliancy to a mind that is original. Though he won the notice of the public first of all as a newspaper correspondent, Mr. Steevens had early gained distinction at Oxford, where he had taken unusual

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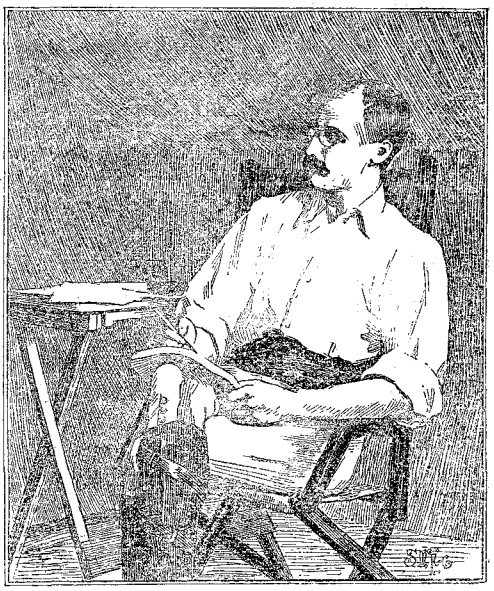
honours in classics, and had been a Fellow of Pembroke College. His first published book was in the line of his academic pursuits, being entitled *Monologues of the Dead,* a startlingly successful attempt to set before us as living, breathing human beings some of the personages of Greek and Roman history. The language was modern, vivid, nervous, telling; and the monologues showed a remarkable psychological insight into character, combined with a rare historical imagination. Take this bit, for instance, from the ravings of the maniac Caligula as Mr. Steevens dashes them down for us:

> I am perpetual: perpetual am I! I shall pile up all the gold of the world and swallow it. I shall cut the throats of all the world, men and women and babies, and drink the blood. Then I shall wax and swell till I burst through heaven and squash the stars like flies on the walls of space. Them I shall shove down outwards, and extend on and on, for ever and ever and ever. There will exist nothing, nothing at all; only I. Great, perfect, only, all I! Oh! I . . . I . . . I . . .

This curious book had only a limited circulation, even in England, and we now look for its republication and for a wider appreciation of its very great merits. In the year when it appeared (1896) Mr. Steevens was sent to the United States to write for the London *Daily Mail* a series of letters describing this country in the throes of a Presidential election. It is safe to say that no such letters had ever been penned by a newspaper correspondent before. They were written with all the zest and relish and freshness of style that are never found save in the early years of a man's best work; they were forceful, fiery, pictorial, intense; and they made every reader look upon our country, its huge cities, its heterogeneous people, its colossal energies and its buoyant life as though he for the moment were gazing through Mr. Steevens's own eyes. The letters were copied all over this country and soon after published as a book—*The Land of the Dollar.* A little later and Mr. Steevens went to Greece and wrote *With the Conquering Turk,* and to Egypt, where he wrote *Egypt in 1898.* Eager, tireless, ready at a moment's notice to set off for the ends of the earth, he followed the British army to the Soudan, and wrote *With Kitchener to Khartoum,* and then after visiting India wrote *In India.* His last completed work was *The Tragedy of Dreyfus* (1899), though he had begun a novel to be entitled *John King.* At the outbreak of the Boer War he hurried to South Africa and had begun a new series of letters to be published later as *From Capetown to Pretoria* —a title that has a slightly ironical sound to it in these days. Sharing the fortunes of Sir George White's army, he was shut up in Ladysmith, where he met his death by enteric fever, at the age of thirty years.



GEORGE WARRINGTON STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens may be said to have created what is practically a new style in descriptive writing. It is a very dangerous style for any one to imitate. In the hands of a person of inferior training, of a less cultivated taste and of a slighter intellectual endowment Mr. Steevens's marvellous colour effects would become tawdry, his intensity hysterical, his imagery grotesque, his rhetoric rant. But Mr. Steevens had studied profoundly the greatest masters of human speech, and he possessed that rarest of all arts—the art of knowing just when to stop. He could "let himself go" with perfect safety and with an unerring instinct to check him at the dizzy peak of an effective

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climax. Moreover, he had a certain clairvoyance that was all his own, and with it a sense of humour and a fund of innate shrewdness. Hence, when he wrote he fairly flung the scene before you, he photographed the actors in it, he gave you the whole thing just as he perceived it—the very sounds, the very smells, the very atmosphere—and his words rushed flaming from his pen, all poignant, daring, vigorous and hot. In his way he was a unique writer, and as a man he was a generous, finely strung, big-hearted gentleman, who had no enemies and whom his friends adored.

Popular comment in private conversation on the subject of the Boer War is universal, and, though not often especially instructive, is sometimes interesting. Thus, we have listened to impromptu debate on the question as to how the English would have managed the Philippine problem had it been theirs, and how we Americans would have managed the Boer War had it been ours. This hypothetical interchange of responsibility is a rather tempting subject for speculation; and the greater probability inclines toward the belief that England would have managed the Philippine question far better than we have done, while the United States would have had better luck with the embattled Boers. As to the first part of this assumption we heard it set forth the other day effectively, though not very academically, in this fashion: "The Philippines? Why, if the English had had our contract, the place by this time would have been a little Egypt. There wouldn't be any war at all. Just a beautiful, holy peace. Aguinaldo would be Governor of Something-or-Other, with a K.C.B. after his name. All the rest of his gang would have offices and good salaries, and it would look as though they were running everything in sight; while some Englishmen would really be doing it all on the quiet, and if you looked into the thing you'd see that England owned the whole bag of tricks!"

There is a certain amount of historical verisimilitude about this view which commends it to one's reason. But how we Americans would have dealt with the Boers is a knotty question. Probably at first we should have had one or two worse defeats than the English suffered. History shows that we have always needed a pretty bad preliminary setback in order to induce us to take a really serious view of any task before us as a nation. After that we have always taken our coats off and gone in to win. And so in this imaginary case it is likely that after a severe repulse we should have gone about the affair in a different fashion from that adopted by the English. The trouble with the English is that their officers do not give their time to the study of their profession, but are almost as ignorant of modern warfare as if they were still living in the days of Marlborough and the Queen Anne musquetoon; while the rank and file are stolid, well-drilled Tommies who have no more initiative or invention when left to themselves than so many wooden soldiers. And so if American officers had been in command and if American troops had been under them, the science and the resourcefulness of the Boer and of his foreign advisers would have been met by the science and the resourcefulness of the alert American. It is safe to say, at least, that with our trained Indian scouts we should never have been led into such traps as those that openly yawned for Methuen and Gatacre and Long; that our artillery would not have been made useless at a critical moment by a stampede of mules; and that Buller's long, protracted struggles after untenable and wholly useless positions would not have formed a part of our campaign.

Whenever we think of Buller and his soldiers wandering up and down the Tugela, wondering how they are going to get across, we are reminded of an incident in our own Civil War. A colonel of our regular army had reached a wide river which could not be forded. A bridge was necessary. So the troops went into camp, the engineers were ordered to prepare plans for a bridge and every one sat down to wait. Presently a Maine volunteer regiment came swinging along and pitched its tents beside the other. The next day the Maine colonel visited the tent of the colonel of regulars who ranked him.

"Well, Colonel," said the regular, "how are your men getting on? All comfortable?"

"Oh, yes."

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"It's a beastly nuisance, this wait. You'll be glad to know, however, that the engineers will get their plans for the bridge finished this afternoon."

"Oh," said the Maine man, a slight gleam coming into his eye. "Yes, I *am* glad the plans will be finished to-day. As for the bridge, though, our boys finished that last evening!"

❧

This comparison of English and American prowess, however, is not very profitable, for it is not very likely that the United States would have engaged in a war with the Boer Republics under circumstances such as led to the clash with England. The comparison is most often made by casual Americans who have personally suffered at times from English *morgue*. For instance, a friend of ours who happened to be visiting in an English country-house at the time of our Santiago campaign was most hospitably entertained, except that his hosts were irrepressibly given to discussing the alleged shortcomings of the American generals in Cuba. Our friend had this theme regularly served up at breakfast, luncheon and dinner, with all the varieties of which British humour is capable. The humour was rather heavy-handed, and it was applied laboriously. American military incompetency, American "shiftlessness," American ignorance of warfare—these were the basis of many a merry jest, and they were rubbed in and in persistently. Now our friend is a courteous, urbane and tolerant gentleman; he liked his hosts and he was an honoured guest. So he said little and gave good-humoured answers to their gibes; but none the less the thing became at last a little trying, and when he ended his visit he carried away with him just a little soreness of spirit, which endured and would not pass away. But time brings around its revenges; and therefore when the news came not many weeks ago of General Buller's ignominious retreat across the Tugela after being utterly outgeneralled and beaten by his rustic foes, our friend could not resist the temptation of stealing over to the nearest telegraph office and sending to his British friends this little innocent, inquiring cablegram:

Don't you want to borrow Shafter for a month?

Perhaps the most pathetically comic bit of literature which the war has so far produced is the last paragraph of General Buller's official report of his early operations on the Tugela:

That we were permitted to withdraw our cumbrous ox and mule transport across a river eighty-five yards broad with twenty-foot banks, a very swift stream, unmolested, was, I think, proof that the enemy has been taught to respect our soldiers' fighting powers.

Think of it! The general who left London amid the exultant shouts of hundreds of thousands of his countrymen, promising them that he would eat his Christmas dinner at Pretoria, the great fighter who was to march haughtily through the poor, terror-stricken rabble of Dutch farmers and put them to flight by the mere unfurling of his standards—this general a few weeks later is in full retreat, and amid the wreck of his military reputation finds as the only thing left for which to be meekly thankful the fact that he and his mule transport were "permitted" to withdraw! We wonder if it ever happened before that a British soldier officially consoled himself with the thought that he had greatly impressed the enemy because they had "permitted" him to retreat? The fact is that he underrated the natural politeness of the Boers. The Boers have always been willing to let the English retreat. *They* don't mind. They even lend all the assistance in their power to help the thing along. In fact, they have been letting the English retreat ever since the war begun.

❧

On this side of the water one of the most profound utterances on the general significance of the war is that put forth by Professor Washburn Hopkins of Yale University. Professor Hopkins says with a logical air which makes you feel assured of his unerring wisdom that he has visited India, and therefore has a satisfactory basis for the theory which he puts forth with regard to the British and the Boers. We don't quite see what his researches in India have to do with the Boers, but *he* knows, so it is all right. He says that looking at the war and its origin in a narrow way, it may be true that the cause of the Boers is just, that the English are morally in the wrong, and that the British claim to suzerainty

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over the Transvaal Republic has had no real basis since the Convention of 1884. But, he says, the real question is greater and broader than that which rests upon these petty issues of right and justice. He says that the British are racially superior to the Boers, and the great law of the world is that racial superiority is bound to win as against racial inferiority. It cannot be otherwise, and it is best that it should not be otherwise. This is pretty fine, but there are two difficulties about it—one a minor difficulty and the other a major difficulty. The minor difficulty lies in explaining how the British can be racially superior to the Boers when they are racially of precisely the same stock. The major difficulty is even more serious. Suppose you think that you are the racial superior of some other man and you tell him so, and then ask him for everything of value that he has about him. And suppose he immediately proceeds to knock you down and walk on you. How are you going to get the Professor Washburn Hopkins's great law into good working order? But this is just what is troubling the British at the present time. They are convinced that they are "racially superior" to the Boers, only, as it turns out, the Boers have much better artillery and a great deal more knowledge of modern warfare, and the Boer generals have infinitely more brains and science than the British generals; so, unfortunately, they don't care a straw about their alleged racial inferiority. Where the British Government made its great mistake was in not subsidising Professor Washburn Hopkins to go down to South Africa and instruct the Boers in their duties toward their racial superiors. Then these rude men would have made no trouble for Mr. Rhodes and Mr. Beit and Mr. Ecstein and the other racially superior gentlemen who are interested in diamond mines and railway concerns. And the great General Buller could have stayed comfortably in England and kept his prestige in cold-storage. And the English could still have been telling us in a superior tone what fearful blunders we Americans committed while we were overthrowing the military and naval power of Spain in a six-months' war.

❦

There are two Americans among the correspondents with the British forces in South Africa—Julian Ralph and Guy H. Scull—one well known, the other practically not known at all, and they are very different types of American newspaper men. Mr. Ralph has done almost everything in the way of reporting and, no doubt, could do anything; Mr. Scull had done practically nothing till his war letters in a New York evening paper proved him to be a man with eyes, head and heart, and a pen to say so. He is the son of a rich man, the late Gideon Scull, of Boston, with a taste for hard work and a fine preference for the rough side of life. Before he was graduated from Harvard, two or three years ago, he reported for a Boston paper, "covering" wakes, inquests, band concerts and police incidents, and he gave the editor no end of pain by writing of those things simply, directly and vividly, but without excitement. He drew them in colour, and that colour was not yellow, and he put feeling into them, but the effect was mood, not sensation. Some were used, most of his little essays were "killed." The *Atlantic Monthly* printed two of his stories. Hit or miss, however, Mr. Scull wrote as he liked to write; he despaired, but he did not change. He could not.

❦

When he came to New York to report, he showed plainly that there was in him the stuff that makes a writer, but he seemed to lack the ability to "get there." Once when he was assigned to report the work doing on the yacht *Columbia* he was found writing verses behind a pile of lumber. To a remonstrance he replied that he wanted to go to the Philippines. He had been a Rough Rider, but, having been left behind at Tampa, he felt the need of getting under fire and seeing men when they were fighting. The war in South Africa determined him. He had to go. He preferred to be sent, but he was going, anyhow. He was sent, and his first triumph was in reaching the front, where so many old newspaper men, backed by old newspapers and all their influence, failed. All this Mr. Scull, the inadequate reporter of city trivialities, the man who couldn't "get there," arranged for himself. Once there, he turned in copy which had the distinguished merit of putting the war on the ground,

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in air you can breathe and smell, and under circumstances which you can see and feel. And this he did by sticking to his own literary way of laying bare his senses, taking on an impression and reproducing it exactly—fact, tone, colour and spirit—just as he received it, with great love for the word, phrase, sentence, and each article as a whole, as things akin to art. It is such men that force literature upon newspapers, and very often make them finer in parts than the magazines can afford to be in the whole.

The author of the present day certainly has much to be thankful for when his condition is compared to that of the author of the early half of the century. In the first place masterpieces don't go begging very long, and any good bit of writing is practically certain of publication. In the second place the modern methods of pushing the sale of books have multiplied many times the money value of a piece of literary property. Thackeray, then at the height of his popularity, received one thousand pounds for *Esmond,* and was delighted with the bargain. Under the conditions of the present day the book would have been a property worth to the author fully ten times as much. And yet, had these conditions prevailed, *Esmond* would very likely never have been written.

One after another we see the men whose names are household words drifting toward twaddle and certain oblivion through sheer inability to withstand the temptations which are the result of these improved conditions. A man writes a striking book or creates a strong character, and straightway contracts to do work for every publisher and editor who approaches him with an agreeable financial proposition. There is Conan Doyle. There is Anthony Hope. There is Mr. Kipling, whose wretched fizzling out is the most painful and pathetic of all. A year ago this month Rudyard Kipling, lying desperately ill in this city, was at the very summit of his success. It would be impossible to overestimate the revulsion of popular feeling which those twelve months have brought forth. The Kipling of a few years ago, rushing about from editor to editor, from publisher to publisher, with a dressing-case full of wonderful Indian tales, was sublime, whereas the affluent and rather cocky Kipling of to-day, the Kipling of *The Day's Work,* of "The White Man's Burden" and *Stalky & Co.,* is—well, he is being found out.

Meanwhile the last vestige of hope for the series of great novels of modern life which it was predicted that Mr. Kipling would write is rapidly vanishing. We feel very confident in saying that we would not exchange *The Man Who Would Be King* or *The Drums of the Fore and Aft* for everything that he may in future write. Mr. Kipling may go on as he has been doing, turning out and selling for good round sums meaningless fiction and insincere verse until he is accepted as the impotent mediocrity which his recent work would seem to stamp him. This is his probable course, and the result is inevitable. There is another course. He is still a young man—not yet thirty-five. He has won for himself a comfortable fortune; his books should bring him annually handsome royalties for many years to come. Why should he not lay aside his pen for five or ten years, write not a line, and get away entirely from the idea of "copy." Then at the end of this time, did he feel impelled to turn anew to the task of writing books, we might see a Kipling of forty or forty-five in some degree worthy of the Kipling of three or four and twenty.

Mr. Kipling's recent voyage from England to South Africa recalls some quaint and pathetic anecdotes of a similar voyage made two or three years ago. Then little Josephine Kipling, whose death in New York a year ago this month caused a great universal throb of pity, was the spirit and life of the Kipling family. The exquisite sympathy existing between the child and her father was noted with keen interest by passengers on that trip. On shipboard the two were constant companions. Day after day as the vessel crept sluggishly through the placid equatorial seas the great story-teller devoted his mind and heart to the child's entertainment, pouring into her little ears the wonder tales that all the world was eager to hear.

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There came a day, however, when Josephine failed in appreciation, yawning and shutting her eyes and saying that she was tired. Her father laughed through his deep chagrin, and declared that it was the worst and most effectual snub he had ever received. But for this he was in a measure compensated by his daughter's implicit belief. One day Mrs. Kipling found Josephine leaning over the side of the vessel on the point of throwing her best doll to the mermaids whom she had learned to know in her father's tales. She was at length persuaded by her mother to substitute an old doll on the representation that the recipients of the gift, down in their dark homes in the depths of the sea, would appreciate one as much as the other.

In the same week that Rudyard Kipling left England with his family for the Cape an announcement was made of a libel action brought by the *Cambridge Magazine* against the *Cantab*, in which Mr. Kipling was subpœnaed to appear as a witness. It seems that the former journal published four articles which purported to be written by "McTurk," of *Stalky and Co.* The *Cantab* announced that these articles were not written by "McTurk," and this is the chief, though not the sole, ground of action upon which Mr. Kipling has been summoned to give evidence. Subpœnas, however, have little weight with the author of "The Absent-Minded Beggar," for he sailed for the Cape, notwithstanding.

The amusing attempt to convict Mr. Wilson Barrett of plagiarising *Quo Vadis* in his successful drama *The Sign of the Cross* has been easily defeated by proving that when the play was an accomplished fact *Quo Vadis* was still unpublished. It is announced that Mr. Barrett has "persuaded" Sienkiewicz to grant him permission to dramatise *Quo Vadis*, and to transfer to him all the dramatic rights in the work. Is Mr. Barrett not aware that a dramatisation of the novel has been successfully running in this country for weeks past, or is his procedure an open defiance of the rights accorded to the American dramatist by the publishers here?

In His Steps is the latest on the stage! As we go to press an announcement reaches us from London that a "drama—not melodrama," will be produced at the Adelphi Theatre on February 5. The management is careful in stating that the play is not a dramatisation of the Rev. Charles Sheldon's famous book, but has been suggested by a very minor incident therein. The interest of the play lies in the dramatic contrast between the lives of a fashionable clergyman and a Socialistic workingman, an inventive genius whose ideas have been filched by an unscrupulous capitalist, and whom ill-luck pursues relentlessly. These two opposite personalities mutually influence each other, while the wicked plutocrat is the evil genius of both. The chief scene of the piece is the midnight meeting in a mission tent, with an audience of thieves and roughs. Robert Taber is cast for one of the parts. The following is the scenario of the play:

Act I.—Scene 1: Outside a Church in the West End.
Scene 2: The Clergyman's Study.
Act II.— A Drawing-room in Portland Place.
Act III.—Scene 1: Inside a Prison.
Scene 2: A Mission Tent.
Act IV.—Scene 1: A Drawing-room in Portland Place.
Scene 2: The Home of the Inventor.

An entertaining article might be written on the younger group of Gilbertian rhymsters and clever parodists who are now furnishing intellectual titillation to the ears of the English public. There is Mr. Owen Seaman, who has just had issued a collection of his parodies under the felicitous title *In Cap and Bells*, and who continues to contribute his bright hits to *Punch*. Mr. J. M. Bulloch, before he left the *Sketch* to inaugurate with Mr. Clement Shorter their new illustrated weekly, the *Sphere*, used to sprinkle the pages of the *Sketch* with brilliant rhymes which might have made his fortune as a comic-opera librettist. With the exception of a precious number of a small edition doled out to friends last Christmas, Mr. Bulloch has not yet been tempted to publish a book. Another writer, who is known to us in the English *Outlook* by

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the initials T. W. H. C., is Mr. Crossland, a little book of whose parodies and light verse has just been published in London, bearing the title of the initial poem, "The Absent-Minded Mule," an obvious parody on Kipling's late Tommy Atkin's patriotic effusion. A book of more serious worth has also appeared entitled *From Veld and "Street,"* being rhymes "more or less South African," by M. E. Greville. There are some fine imaginings in these verses, and frequently we meet with a depth of insight and pathos that indicates a capacity for more ambitious work in poetry than is attempted here. But what touches us most quickly in *From Veld and "Street"* is the constant iteration of a theme that must come home to the exile and the alien—namely, the nostalgia of an enforced sojourn in a strange land. Take one verse from "Homesick":

At the setting of the sun,
When the daily work is done,
And the light upon the veld is dim and grey;
When we outspan for the night,
And the camp-fire is alight,
I can hear the home bells ringing far away.
It's in Shropshire that they are,
And it's Shropshire that's so far,
Oh, so many, many, weary miles away;
I can hear them call to me,
"Come, O come across the sea,"
I can hear them calling, calling, night and day.

Or, take another verse from "On the Road":

'Tis November now in London, and for all that I can tell,
Pull, ye beggars, pull, O pull away!
The fog hangs over London as the smoke hangs over Hell,
Pull, ye beggars, pull, O pull away!
I'd risk a bit of Hades very willingly, I think,
I'd face a good old London fog, with all its dirt and stink,
For a juicy steak at Simpson's and a tankard full of drink,
Pull, ye beggars, pull, O pull away!

A contrast to this is the life of the field and the love of nature calling to the heart in such lines as these from "In Camp":

You may talk of your cities and towns over sea,
You may praise them—the veld is the city for me;
You may boast of your London, your Paris, or Rome,
Of their wonder and glory—the veld is my home;
Go, find me a life that's as fine, if you can,
For the life on the veld is the life of a man!

And it's Heigh! for the nights that are spent in camp,
With the sky for a roof and the moon for a lamp,
For the meal and the pipe while the kiewits call,
And the sweet, clean sleep at the end of it all.

"M. E. Greville" is in reality Mr. Greville E. Matheson, the editor of *The Hampstead Annual* among other vocations. The *Annual* for 1899 is a handsome addition to the precious documents that chronicle the historical and literary lore of this district, rich in memories of good and great men and women passed away, as well as of ancient sites and modern places of interest. For example, among the illustrations there is a drawing of the house in which Tennyson's mother lived, and which is herewith reproduced. Mrs. Tennyson wrote a letter dated January, 1860, to her son, which appears in the *Memoir* from her residence here, which was situated at the corner of Flask Walk, now Nell Walk. She died in this house about 1861. During his mother's last years the poet was a frequent visitor to Hampstead, and his figure with the long cloak he always wore is still well remembered by old inhabitants. Among the contributors to this number of the *Annual* are Canon Ainger, Richard Garnett, Dr. Robert F. Horton, Arthur Waugh, Professor Hales and Mr. Matheson.

Mr. Matheson resides in the house once occupied by the poet Keats in Well Road, Hampstead. A recent visitor on exploration bent rang the bell, and inquired of the servant if "this was Keats's house?" "Oh, no, sir," was the reply, "Mr. Matheson lives here!"

The death of a great man brings out in the press a flood of anecdote that very

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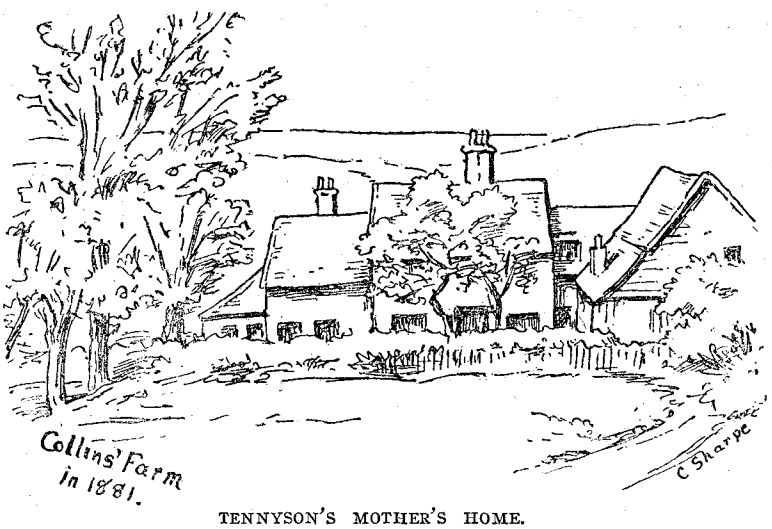

TENNYSON'S MOTHER'S HOME.

often obscures for the time being the real significance of the man's work. This has been strikingly the case with Ruskin. The dailies and weeklies have had plenty to say about his eccentricities; the old Millais scandal has been raked up and retold, but his real greatness and strength have been, in a measure, ignored. We reproduce herewith a portrait of Ruskin, taken shortly before his death, and we hope next month to present our readers with a paper that shall aim to sum up adequately his achievement, and determine as far as is possible his place among the great literary workers of the Victorian period.

The touching details of Mr. Ruskin's last hours, suggests the London *Academy,* recall Lockhart's beautiful passage describing the death of Scott. Into the sick room of Sir Walter came the sound of Tweed pouring over her pebbles. Through the turret-window of the room in which Mr. Ruskin had just passed away came the glow of the first sunset he had missed for many a day. "The brilliant, gorgeous light illumined the hills with splendour; and the spectators felt as if Heaven's Gate itself had been flung open to receive the teacher into everlasting peace."

Mr. Ruskin possessed the original MSS. of three of Scott's novels. From a child he had fed on the Waverley novels, and his quotations from Scott and allusions to him would fill a volume. He was a boy when the series was drawing to a close, and he has written: "I can no more recollect the time when I did not know them than when I did not know the Bible." Some of his judgments on Scott's work are superbly downright in their admiration. The Battle of Flodden in *Marmion* he thought "the truest and grandest battle-piece that, so far as I know, exists in the whole compass of literature; the absolutely fairest in justice to both contending nations, the absolutely most beautiful in its conceptions of both." Of certain of the Waverley novels he said that they *"are,* whatever the modern world may think of them, as faultless throughout as human work can be." Although devoted to Scott, Mr. Ruskin had a fancy for modern stories of a certain kind. The last book from which Mrs. Arthur Severn read to him was Miss Edna Lyall's *In the Golden Days.*

Since Mr. Richard Harding Davis's recent marriage there have been signs that his attractiveness as a literary idol for the matinée girl is on the wane. His photographs are no longer so eagerly sought and so lovingly cherished, and there is only wanting the right sort of young man who will write the right sort of books with the right sort of *insouciant* hero and the right sort of stately heroine—and then will come the cry, *"Le roi est mort: vive le roi!"* Now all this is

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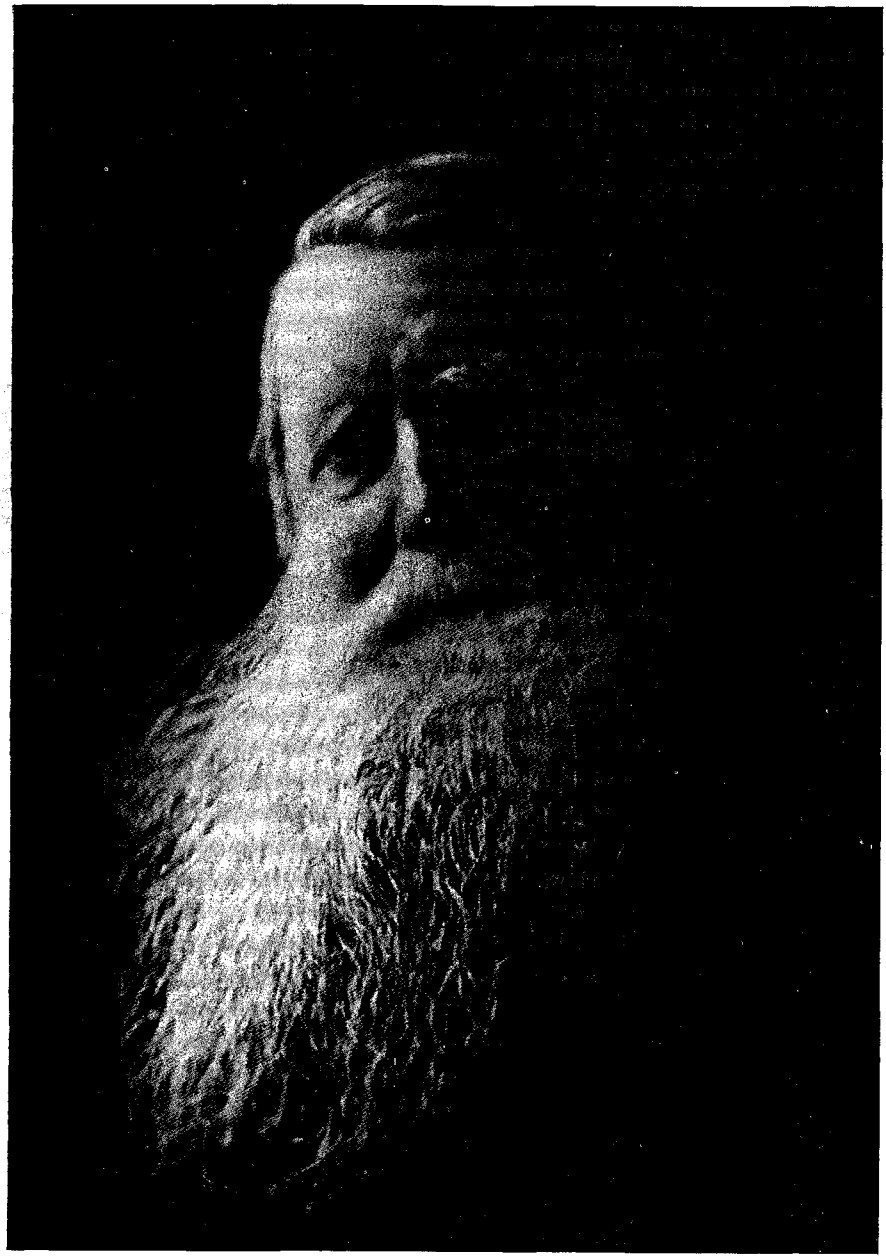

JOHN RUSKIN.

quite meet and right. Mr. Davis has had so long a reign as a "promising young novelist" that it is very fitting that he should take another place—that of a man on the high road to forty who has in a measure fulfilled that promise. There is work for him to do, and it is of a sterner and more rugged sort than has yet confronted the creator of Van Bibber.

After he has yielded the throne Mr. Davis is likely to have the consolation of finding his work securing a different sort of consideration from those who in the natural course of events should be just and sensible critics. Hitherto his books have received treatment that is strangely uneven. The law of compensation seems to have decreed that for every

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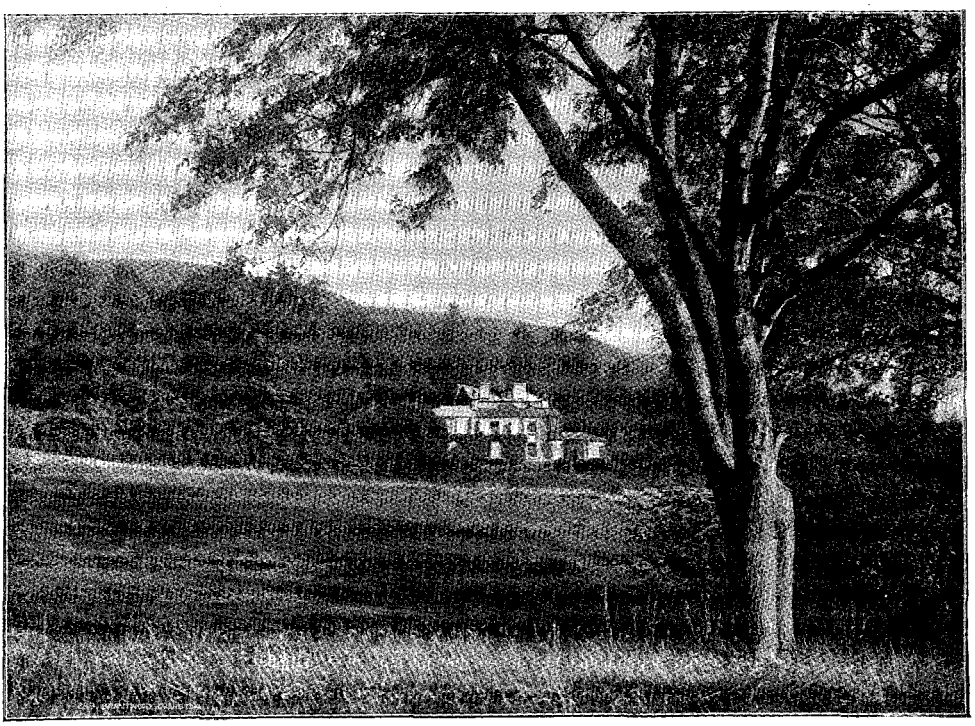

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON. MR. RUSKIN'S HOME.

bit of enthusiastic adulation there must be a measure of unmerited contempt. To the average American young man and young woman, if they would but be honest about it, Mr. Davis's books mean more than Shakespeare and Molière and Homer and Dante combined, and as they would not read these last under any circumstances, let them read of Courtlandt Van Bibber and Robert Clay with great enjoyment and to some profit. On the other hand, whenever a young man writes a few freak verses which people don't read, or publishes an erotic book which people won't buy, his friends compare him to Richard Harding Davis as incontrovertible evidence of the utter idiocy and lack of critical appreciation of the general reading public.

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For our part, we consider that Mr. Davis's work has, from the literary standpoint, been very much underestimated, and that if his men and women are somewhat unnatural and melodramatic, if the array of foreign orders that bedeck the breast of his hero of the Robert Clay sort would better become the strong man or the stout gentleman or the living skeleton of a travelling circus, Mr. Davis is still a very good descriptive writer, with a sense of humour and of the humorous and a gift of lyric pathos that is very effective. Seriously speaking, how many men have we who could have written *The Exiles?* It is difficult to see how any American can read that tale without a thrill of pleasure or lay it down without feeling a stronger and more intense patriotism. Is it not almost perfect in its minor way? There is nothing cocky or maudlin to be found there, no stilted heroics and no stock attitudes—only a handful of American exiles in an African city sick with the hopeless yearning for the great country which is their own, seeing again in their restless dreams the glittering lights of Madison Square and the long sweep of Murray Hill.

❧

The late Dr. James Martineau, says a London contemporary, was, up to very recent years, an indefatigable worker, and took the keenest interest in current events. Mr. Stopford Brooke said of him that he was at once the despair and delight of younger men. He was born nearly five years before Mr. Gladstone

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and nine years before Verdi. Compared with him, Mr. Ruskin and Mr. Frith seemed almost young, for they were both his juniors by fourteen years. Eighty years have run their course since he began his ministerial career, and fifty since he was appointed to a professorship in Manchester New College. His last considerable work, *The Seat of Authority in Religion,* in which he traversed the whole field of theology, appeared only nine years ago, and even that by no means marked the term of a literary activity that began early in the second quarter of the century which has all but ended. His bodily and mental vigour in the tenth decade of his life was a veritable marvel to all who knew him.

The London *Academy* has this year divided the total sum of its awards to authors into six portions of twenty-five guineas each for poetry, fiction, biography, history, translation and miscellaneous. The awards are as follows: For poetry to W. B. Yeats for *The Wind Among the Reeds;* for fiction to "Zack" (Miss Gwendoline Keats) for *On Trial;* for biography to Hilaire Belloc for *Danton: A Study;* for history to Mr. G. M. Trevelyan for *England in the Age of Wycliffe;* for translation to Mrs. Garnett for her translation of the novels of Turgénev; miscellaneous to Mr. H. G. Graham for *The Social Life of Scotland in the Eighteenth Century.*

VOICES

Sleep, molten lake, and you, presaging trees,
  Where thrills the katydid's and cricket's cry;
Beckon in secret with the autumn breeze,
  O'er dipping hills and waters the refrain
Pulsed by the moon across the blanchéd sky,
  "God keep the lonely hearts that love in vain."
The fireflies thread the woods with gold;
  Hot comes the perfume from the sod;
As if each star, each flower, each insect bold,
  Strained its last essence up to God.

God keep the lonely hearts that love in vain,
  Where move the painted faces through the town,
While on the streets and squares the noiseless rain
  Falls near the lamps in liquid silver down;
Then you on beds where comes no sleep—
  Cripples and sufferers half insane—
Lift up your hearts and cry, "God keep
  The lonely hearts that love in vain!"

Thomas Walsh.

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MILLAIS.*

IT has been the fashion of late years for the younger generation of painters to speak lightly of the talent of the late President of the Royal Academy, Sir John Everett Millais, and rather to fancy that, after all, he was only a commercially successful man, who paid greater attention to tickling the palate of the public than to the development of his art. It is perhaps no exaggeration to say that the great Englishman at the end of his career had forgotten more of art than most of his light-headed critics ever knew. It is unquestionably true that an astonishing material success toward the end was rather a detriment than otherwise, and in the press of commissions he turned out many a portrait that did not fully represent his great talent; but it is also true that he had many a sitter who gave him no inspiration, and was only as a lay-figure on the model stand. Given the opportunity, however, and how many artists would have refused all the remunerative orders that continually poured in, when people had to make appointments months in advance to be able to have a portrait by the most fashionable painter in all England?

Some years will doubtless be required before a proper perspective of the man can be obtained, and his place in the art history of the latter half of the nineteenth century justly decided. He was too much one of us to judge him dispassionately; but it is highly probable that the publication of the *Life and Letters*, which his son, John Guille Millais, has written, will come as a revelation to most people, even among those who, in a way, have followed the man's career for many years past. This revelation will come mainly through the profuse illustrations with which the book is embellished, for there are given no less than three hundred, of which more than half are either of completed pictures, serious studies of the figure, heads, suggestions for composition, or in some way thoughtful preliminary work for subsequent pictures. Here are shown a variety of subject-matter, a diversity of treatment and a profound knowledge of technique only possible in a great artist. The man who could produce such canvases as "Christ at the House of His Parents" (1849), "Mariana" (1851), "The Order of Release" (1853), "The Blind Girl" (1856), "The Vale of Rest" (1859), "The Eve of Saint Agnes" (1863), and the "Northwest Passage" (1874), and then paint so altogether wonderful a landscape as "Chill October" (1870), as well as such portraits as those of Wilkie Collins (1855), Mrs. Heugh (1872), Carlyle (1877), Gladstone (1879), Tennyson (1881), the artist J. C. Hook (1882), and the Marquis of Salisbury (1883), shows a range scarcely equalled by any painter of this century.

Millais was a man who brought an incredible amount of enthusiasm to everything he undertook, not alone to his painting, but to all the minor things in life; and a day's hunting, an excursion, or an evening with his friends found him the life and spirit of the occasion. No one who once came under the sway of his remarkable personality ever escaped its fascination, and even to the end of his life he remained a great, natural, delightful boy. In his painting, however, he was a model of seriousness and concentration; nothing was too much trouble for him in the preparation of a picture, and no little detail escaped him; all sorts of compositions and arrangements were tried before he settled on a final scheme, and happily there are preserved many of his first jottings, so that the reader may see how the final idea was laboriously evolved. Indeed, there probably has been collected more of such fugitive work by Millais than of any other man who has ever thus been written about. No little scrap was too unimportant to have been thrown away, and as a consequence the pictorial history of the man is entertainingly complete.

It did not take much perspicacity to prophesy Millais's future, for at an age when most children are hardly out of the nursery he was making drawings so as-

*The Life and Letters of Sir John Everett Millais, President of the Royal Academy. By his son, John Guille Millais. With 316 illustrations. In two volumes. New York: The Frederick A. Stokes Company.

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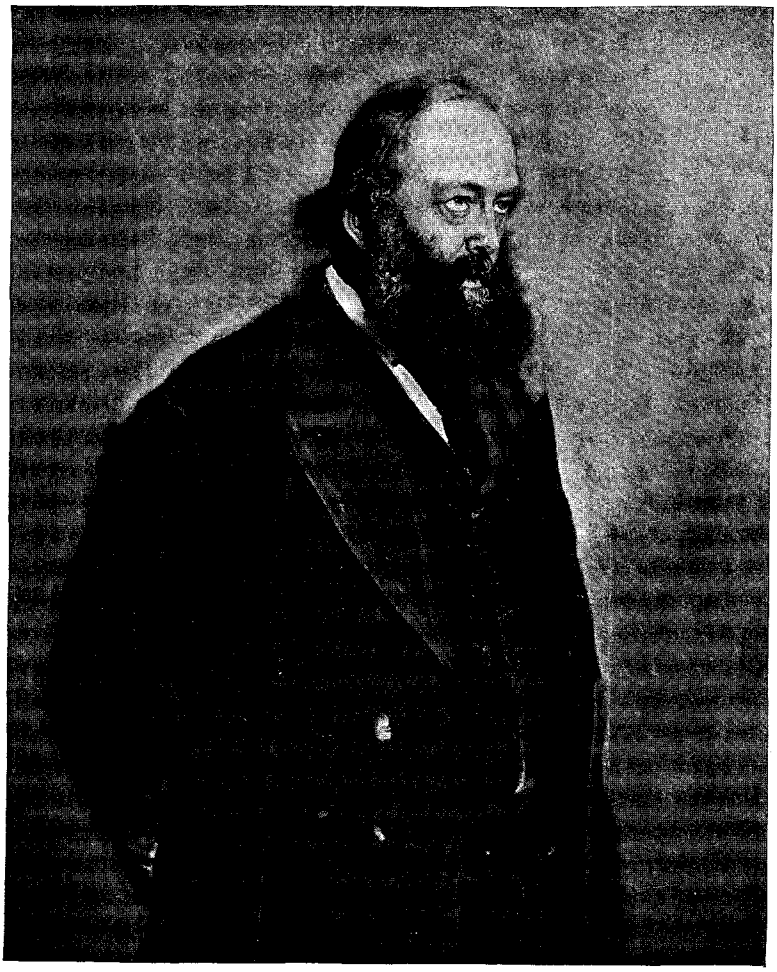

LORD SALISBURY.

Courtesy of The F. A. Stokes Company. Painted in 1883.

tonishingly good that they showed his bent unmistakably. When it is remembered that at the age of twenty-five he was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy, it will be seen that he had "arrived," as the French say, early. He was only nine when he took the silver medal of the Society of Arts; at eleven he was admitted as a pupil of the schools of the Royal Academy, where, at the age of sixteen, he received a gold medal, exhibiting the following year his first picture of "Pizarro" at the current exhibition. There were practically no artistic honours that he did not receive, either at home or abroad. A member of the Institute of France, of the Academies of Antwerp, Vienna, St. Luke's, Rome, Madrid, Belgium, and of Scotland and Ireland, he was also a grand officer of the Legion of Honour, and received the Medal of Honour at the Paris exhibition of 1878. He was decorated with the highest civil order Germany bestows; he was an officer of the Order of Leopold of Belgium, and of the Order of St. Moritz and St. Lazarus of Italy. Trustee of the National Portrait Gallery, a D.C.L. of Oxford and Durham, he was in addition a foreign associate of the French Academy of Beaux Arts, and finally, by unanimous vote, he was elected President of the English Royal Academy. Surely here are honours enough to satisfy the most exacting, and they serve to show the esteem in which the man was held all over the civilised world.

All these baubles and distinctions, how-

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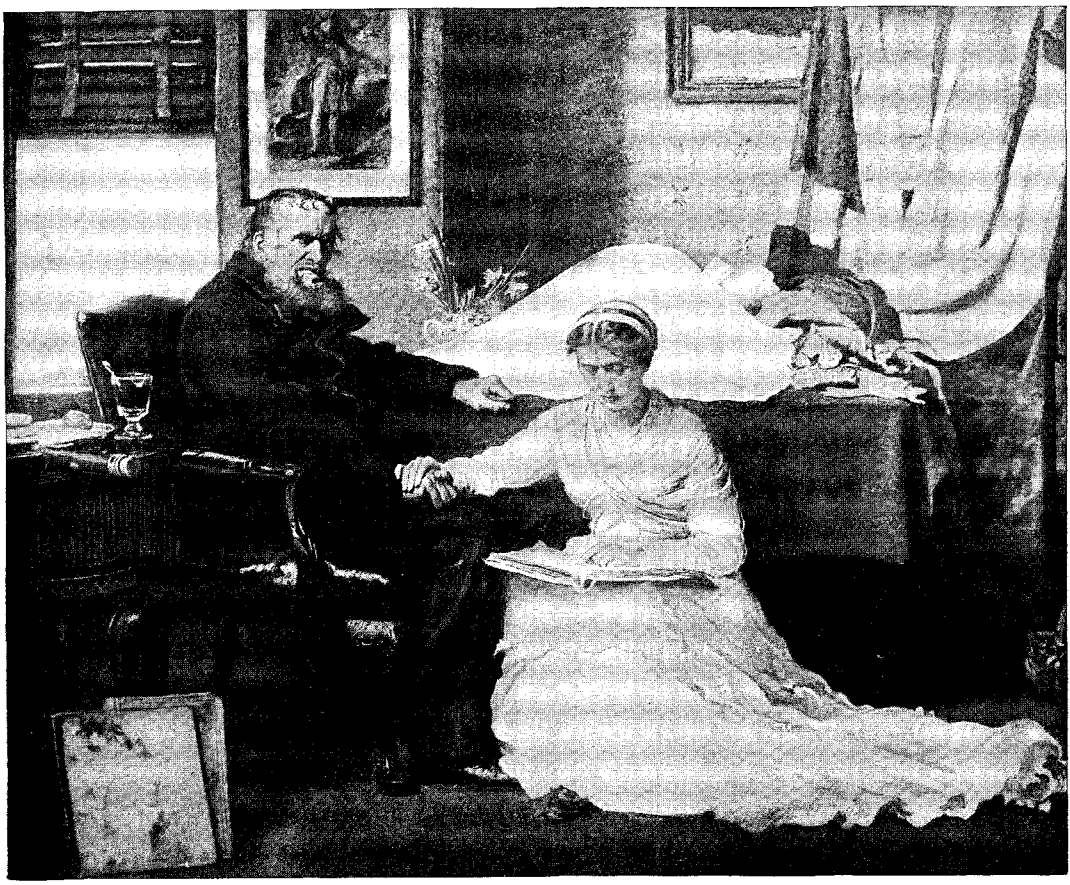
ever, mattered little enough to Millais, for he was a glutton for work, and he had so abiding a confidence and belief in his own ability that he did not need such testimonials to convince him of his capabilities. To some his overweening confidence seemed like egotism, which, in a measure, it possibly was; but it was of the right sort, which helps a man to accomplish that which he starts out to do. I know of no really successful painters who were not men of one idea, nor is this singleness of purpose confined to the artist. The man of too many accomplishments and interests rarely if ever arrives at great eminence; the few exceptions, if such there be—and in the end we find it was in one direction that they greatly excelled—only prove the rule. In art of all professions a man has to be utterly absorbed to achieve results of lasting importance. There are many things to think of, the path is a lonely one, wherein on one else can be of material assistance, and the way has to be found alone and unaided. For nearly every other profession there are aids, references and subject-matter of value; in art no two men see alike, think similarly or work on parallel lines. One may see how other painters have done other works, but never the canvas under consideration.

It is true Millais gave some time to social matters later in life, but that may be put down to the necessities of a portrait painter, who is obliged, after all, to observe men and women in the world; it is certain, however, that he was generally bored, and only too glad to get back to his studio and take up his materials. He had that invaluable gift, a splendid, healthy physique, which has carried many a man less endowed successfully through life. Millais was as handsome a man as one



"THE NORTHWEST PASSAGE."

Courtesy of The F. A. Stokes Company. Painted in 1874.

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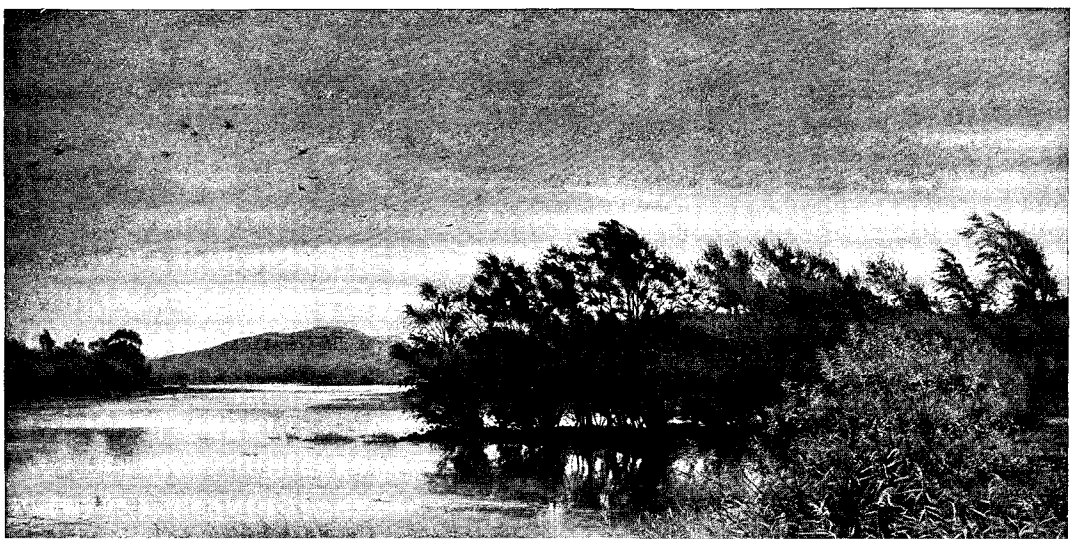
could meet in all London, which is saying a great deal, for the British metropolis does not lack for specimens of manly beauty. With this he had a bluff, hearty manner, a pleasant, convincing speech, and he carried with him an air of authority—perhaps the result of never having known failure—surely a telling adjunct. It was his manner that charmed, whether he chatted pleasantly with royalty, or made friends with the peasantry of the Scotch Highlands, where he painted and fished in the summer time. Every one liked him, and no one envied him the success that fairly beset his path; that is to say, opposition to him amounted to little and was seldom heard after the first few years of his exhibiting at the Royal Academy. It will cause a smile now in these days of impressionism to hear that there was a time when the older members of the Royal Academy regarded Millais with distrust as a too radical man in his art, and this at the time he painted his "Vale of Rest"!

There were, it is true, a few heartburnings about the hanging of some of his pictures and anxieties about the sale of others; but these were minor troubles, for in the end things generally came out to the satisfaction of the artist, who never knew what it was to have pictures remain on his hands for any length of time, and as a rule a great throng of people crowded before his canvases at the exhibitions. The amount of work he accomplished was something phenomenal. In addition to a steady production each year, it was usual, at least in the early part of his career, for him to be commissioned to reproduce most of his important compositions, not once, but in many cases several times, and these replicas in nearly every case have almost, if not quite, the freshness of the originals.

His faults, I think, were largely a ten-



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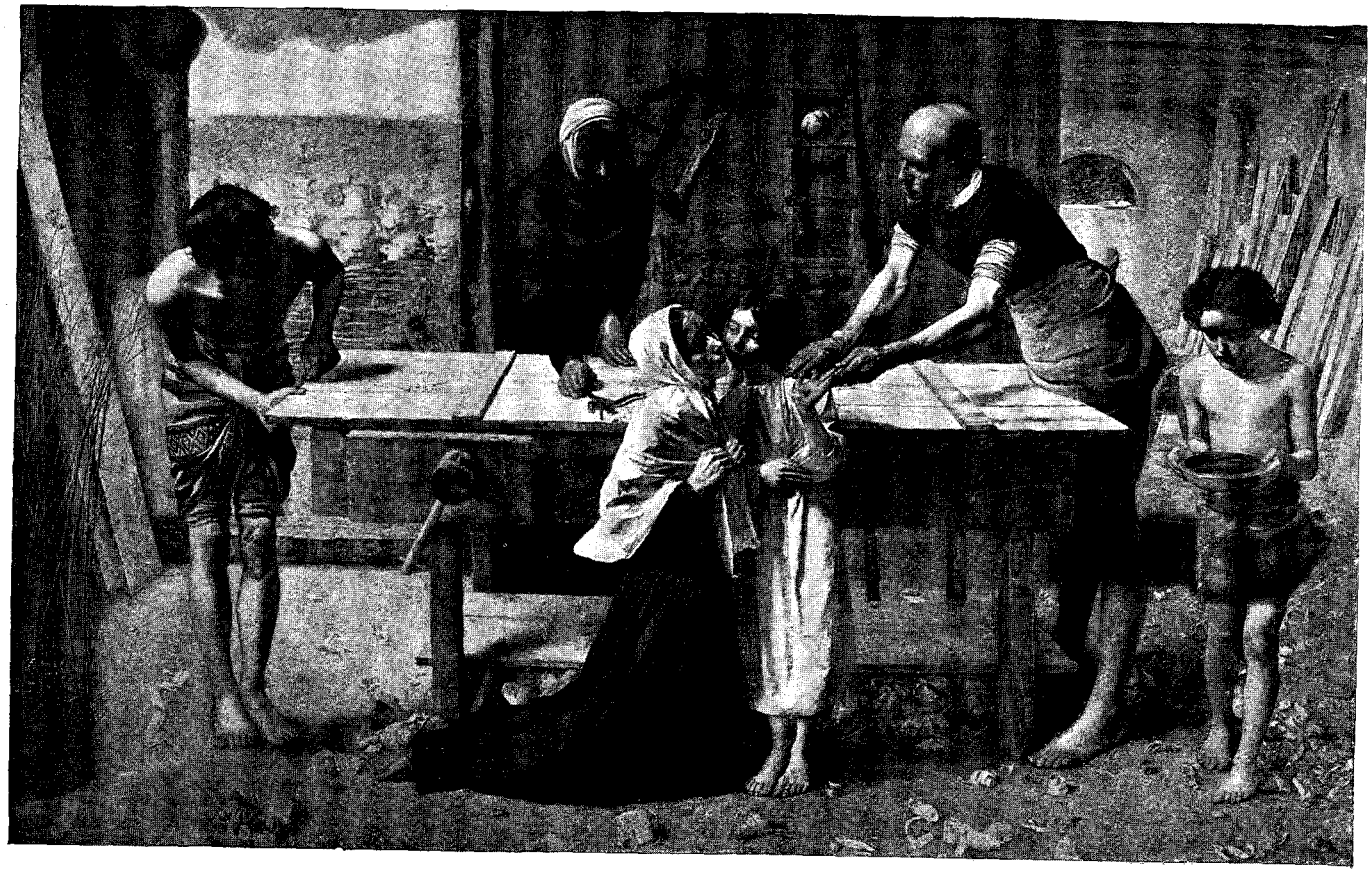

"CHRIST AT THE HOME OF HIS PARENTS."

Painted in 1849.

Courtesy of The F. A. Stokes Company.

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dency to pay too much attention to the more unimportant details of his compositions, and an insistence on a complete finish of every portion, so that the eye in a measure is taken away from the main part, and thus confused. This was probably due to his close intimacy with Holman Hunt, who doubtless influenced him more than he ever knew, though in later years he broke away from this and looked at his work in a larger way. It is of course noticeable more in some pictures than in others, yet one feels it, for example, in such a work as "The Order for the Release," in which, as his son tells us with great pride,

> so great was Millais's passion for accuracy that he obtained a genuine order of release, signed by Sir Hildegrave Turner, when, during the war, he was governor of Elizabeth Castle in Jersey, and so faithfully did he copy it that the late Colonel Turner, the governor's son, who knew nothing of the matter, recognised with surprise his father's signature in the picture as he walked through the gallery in which it was exhibited.

It seems incredible that so small a detail—and this was only a paper in the hands of a jailer—should have occupied the attention of the artist, for it was of no earthly moment whether the signature was there or not in a contemplation of the whole. Other incidents of a like character abound in this Life, as the son relates it, and the fault is remarked in many of the canvases of earlier dates. In spite of this, however, there are always so fine a touch of humanity and so able a technique, that one is inclined to forgive these unimportant lapses and to boldly admire all that is best. One quality he had in all he did, and that was distinction; not, be it understood, the distinction, for example, that Van Dyck gave to his work, but, nevertheless, a peculiar sort of striking personality, entirely unlike any of his fellows. He was distinctly original; he saw things in what in his youth was a most unconventional and attractive way, and having chosen his subject, he always said the last word thereon.

Much, too much, I think, has been made of the Pre-Raphaelite movement. which, after all, was but the temperamental leaning of the man to detail, along with Holman Hunt, and in a measure Rossetti, though the latter had but little affiliation with the movement, and finally went his own way, painting with much more breadth than the others. Millais saw things at that time in great detail; it pleased him so to paint them, and he was, as I have said, largely influenced by Holman Hunt, with whom he was always intimate. Later Millais broadened out, not I believe to the betterment of his art, for in the minute way in which he worked he accomplished wonders, and I much prefer the pictures painted prior to 1870 to those which came later (excepting always his "Northwest Passage," which came in 1874). The broadening of his style enabled him to paint portraits much better, and indeed it is almost solely as a portrait painter that he must be taken seriously after this date.

The Pre-Raphaelite movement is somewhat difficult either to diagnose or explain. It was not so much a question of detail, after all, and the men in their endeavours to go back to the primitive Italians really obtained no more finish to their canvases than the great Raphael secured to his own, and they had more in common with the technique of the splendid Italian than they realised. It was more, I think, that they sought the moral side of the earlier men, and endeavoured to express that which, after all, is impossible of expression through the medium of paint on canvas—the psychological side of life. Painting the blades of grass with still-life fidelity, they desired therein to show that the great Creator of the universe was the author of even such humble details of nature as little blades of grass; that in every leaf there was significance; perhaps it was an hysterical devotion to that which seemed to them the mission of the artist.

This movement was the fine flower in England of the school of romanticism which, in music, literature and politics made itself felt during the latter part of the first half of the century. It was an effort to return from formalism and artificiality to nature, but unhappily it completely failed of its mission, I think, for in the effort to escape from the insincerity of Scylla these men fell upon the triviality of Charybdis, and the greater truths of nature in picture making suffered, since they failed to realise the limitation of their medium. At best the artist's work is a compromise. Let him try

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ever so hard, and he only approximates to what the good Lord has created. In colour, form and general aspect he may never hope to approach the real; it is well, of course, to have the highest ideals, but it is hopeless to attempt the impossible, and it must be confessed this in the end became their aim.

Millais himself disclaims any affiliation with Rossetti, and says: "Because in my early days I saw a good deal of Rossetti—the mysterious and un-English Rossetti—they assume that my pre-Raphaelite impulses in pursuit of light and truth were due to him. All nonsense. My pictures would have been exactly the same if I had never seen or heard of Rossetti. . . . It was Hunt—not Rossetti—whom I habitually consulted in case of doubt. He was my intimate friend and companion; and though, at the time I am speaking of, all my religious subjects were chosen and composed by myself, I was always glad to hear what he had to say about them, and not infrequently to act on his suggestion. We were working together then, and constantly criticising each other's pictures." Indeed, in their youth Hunt and Millais used to work side by side in each other's studios, and at times Hunt would work on Millais's pictures, and Millais would perform a like act for Hunt. It is difficult to understand, but it may be explained, that each worked so like the other that it mattered little in a technical way which painted which, once the composition was arranged and the theme blocked out, for the facture was identical. It is related that when Hunt came to the Millais exhibition, held in London in 1898, after the death of Millais, he could not distinguish the parts he had painted on the picture of "Cymon and Iphigenia," although, it must be said, it was a matter of fifty-one years past.

I saw Millais in the summer of 1881 at his house in Palace Gate, Kensington, an almost regal residence in a fashionable quarter. I found him a typical English gentleman, large, handsome, enthusiastic as a boy, more like a student in his talk than the successful man of affairs that he was. He was the artist to the tips of his fingers, and he talked as one comrade might to another, always of pictures, of methods and of his profession. He showed me some of his prized possessions, sketches by brother painters, and others of his own. He was full of schemes for compositions and anxious to exchange views on art, though I ventured little, being delighted to hear him talk on. Again, at the same place I saw him later, at a function when he was entertaining princes of the blood and cabinet ministers, distinguished artists, actors and writers, and he was just the same unaffected man, stopping to look at the pose of some reigning beauty, and calling my attention to her possibilities for a portrait, joking with his guests, or gravely bowing to some distinguished noblewoman as she came up the broad stairway. His magnificent head was admirably set on his shoulders, his poise, so natural, was striking, and his whole demeanor was as free from guile as could well be imagined. And at that time he was in demand as a portrait painter as few men have been in the history of art. He was a splendid figure in a party where distinguished men were not lacking.

Arthur Hoeber.

THE FIRST BOOKS OF SOME ENGLISH AUTHORS

VI. WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

In the number for April, 1892, of *The Greyfriar*, the school paper then, and probably still, published by the Charterhouse School in London, there is an article, "Thackeray as a Carthusian," by G. S. Davies. The buildings used for the school were formerly a Carthusian monastery, and the students are called Carthusians, or Greyfriars. In this article there are reproduced several drawings and manuscripts made by Thackeray while a student at the school. Among them is a "Holyday Song" in eleven stanzas, the first three of which we reproduce herewith. This is dated August 1, 1826. As Thackeray was born in 1811, he was therefore a little more than fifteen years of age when these verses were written.

During one of his summer vacations,

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between 1825 and 1828 (none of the biographers who mention the incident seem to give the exact date), while visiting his parents at Ottery St. Mary, Thackeray brought to Dr. Cornish, the vicar of the parish, who saw promise in the lad and loaned him books, some verses which the doctor sent to the county paper, *The Western Luminary,* where they were printed. These verses seem to have been Thackeray's first appearance in print. The occasion was a great Catholic Emancipation meeting upon Penenden Heath, where one Lalor Sheil intended to deliver an oration which he had prepared, but to which the audience would not listen. He had, however, previously been careful to send copies of his speech to the important public journals, where it duly appeared, as is chronicled in the poem. The following are the verses:

IRISH MELODY.

Air—"The Minstrel Boy."

Mister Sheil into Kent has gone,
On Penenden Heath you'll find him;
Nor think you that he came alone,
There's Doctor Doyle behind him.
"Men of Kent," said this little man,
"If you hate Emancipation,
You're a set of fools": he then began
A "cut and dry" oration.

He strove to speak, but the men of Kent
Began a grievous shouting,
When out of his wagon the little man went,
And put a stop to his spouting.
"What though these heretics heard me not,"
Quoth he to his friend canonical;
"My speech is safe in the *Times,* I wot,
And eke in the *Morning Chronicle.*"

Though the above verses have been more than once quoted by biographers since the publication in 1864 of *Thackeray the Humourist and Man of Letters,* Mrs. Ritchie does not seem to give them credence, and states, in reprinting "Timbuctoo" (one of Thackeray's contributions to *The Snob,* which will next be spoken of), that this was her father's first appearance in print.

Thackeray went to Cambridge in February, 1829, and seems to have immediately obtained entrance into the literary circle and to have begun his real work by contributing to a little weekly paper published there, called *The Snob.* The opinion has been expressed that he contributed to No. 3, dated April 23, but the earliest contribution which can be positively identified as from his pen was "Timbuctoo," which appeared in No. 4, dated April 30, 1829. This is the piece that Mrs. Ritchie states was her father's first appearance in print. As is well known, "Timbuctoo" was given out by the authorities as the subject that year of poems to be presented in competition for the Chancellor's medal. As is also well known, the prize was won by Alfred Tennyson. Thackeray's article begins:

THE SNOB:

A LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC JOURNAL.

NOT

"CONDUCTED BY MEMBERS OF THE UNIVERSITY."

Tityre, tu patulæ recubans sub tegmine fagi
Sylvestrem? VIRGIL.

Cambridge:
PUBLISHED BY W. H. SMITH, ROSE CRESCENT.
1829.

To the Editor of "The Snob."

SIR: Though your name be "Snob," I trust you will not refuse this tiny "Poem of a Gownsman," which was unluckily not finished on the day appointed for delivery of the several copies of verses on Timbuctoo. I thought, Sir, it would be a pity that such a poem should be lost to the world; and conceiving *The Snob* to be the most widely circulated periodical in Europe, I have taken the liberty of submitting it for insertion or approbation.

I am, Sir, yours, etc., etc., etc.

T.

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KING GLUMPUS;

AN INTERLUDE

IN ONE ACT.

[For private circulation only.]

LONDON:

1837.

We shall not reprint the poem nor its learned notes, but will only call attention to the recent fulfilment of a prophecy made in the following lines:

The day shall come when Albion's self shall feel
Stern Afric's wrath, and writhe 'neath Afric's steel.

In a letter to his mother, dated May 17, 1829, Thackeray wrote: "A 'poem of mine' hath appeared in a weekly periodical here published, and called *The Snob*. I will bring it home with me." And farther on in the same letter he says: "'Timbuctoo' received much laud. I could not help finding out that I was very fond of this same praise. The men knew not the author, but praised the poem. How eagerly I sucked it in! 'All is vanity.'"

Another letter says: "*The Snob* goeth on prosperously. I have put 'Genevieve' into it with a little alteration." This refers to the verses "To Genevieve," signed "A Literary Snob," which appeared in No. 6 of the paper, dated May 14. Mr. Melville in his new *Life of Thackeray* curiously miscalls these the "Guinivere verses."

There are numerous other references to the little paper in his letters home about this time. On May 23 he wrote: "On Monday night myself and the editor of *The Snob* sat down to write *The Snob* for next Thursday. We began at nine and finished at two; but I was so afflicted with laughter during our attempts that I came away quite ill." On May 29 he wrote: "*The Snob* goeth on and prospereth. Here is a specimen of my wit, in the shape of an advertisement therein inserted:

"Sidney Sussex College.—Wanted, a few freshmen. Apply at the Butteries, where the smallest contributions will be thankfully received."

In another letter he wrote: "I think after the vacation we shall set up a respectable periodical here. I shall have four months to write for it!"

The Snob ran through eleven numbers only. With the preliminary pages, afterward published, a complete set of the little paper consists of title, dedication, preface and index, pages i.-x., and text, pages 1-64. Each number was printed on tinted paper of various colours. All the numbers which I have seen have "Vol. I." in the upper left-hand corner. It is probable that the earliest copies, at least of the first number, were without this statement, as in the preface it is stated that "when the first number of this periodical was subjected to the criticism of the public, it was not the intention of the editors even to have published a second." Each of the numbers ran through several editions, or at least the wording as to edition was changed. It has been stated that the words, "Second Edition," "Third Edition," etc., were a part of the humour of the periodical, and that there were no copies without them. Mr. David Bowes, however, pointed out in a letter to the *Athenæum* in 1887 that the set in the Cambridge Free Library is all without statement as to edition, and therefore all first editions. In his letter he gave a list of the editions of each number which he had seen. I have since seen a number of variations, including several numbers of the first edition, together with three variations unknown to him then. The various editions of the same number were generally printed from the same types, but in more than one case

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the types were apparently all reset. The list of editions, the existence of which is verified, now seems to be as follows:

Number.	Editions Noted.					
1	1	2		4	5	
2	1		3			
3	1	2		4		
4	1	2		4		
5	1	2		4		
6	1			4	5	6
7	1	2		4		
8	1	2				
9	1	2	3			
10	1	2	3			
11	1	2	3			

It will be remembered that Thackeray, in one of the letters quoted above, said that there was intention to set up a "respectable periodical" after the vacation. The intention was probably grander than the realisation, as when the new periodical appeared it was on the same lines as *The Snob*. Its title was *The Gownsman, formerly called "The Snob," a Literary and Scientific Journal, now conducted by Members of the University. Vol. II.* This ran through seventeen numbers, and a complete copy, with the preliminary pages, consists of title, dedication, preface and index, pages i.-x., and text, pages 1-138.

Just how much of *The Gownsman* Thackeray wrote does not seem to be known. His lifelong friend, Edward FitzGerald, said that his contributions were signed Θ. In No. 2, so signed, appeared:

MODERN SONGS.—No. 5.

Air—"I'd be a Butterfly."

I'd be a tadpole, born in a puddle,
Where dead cats, and drains, and water rats meet;
There under a stone I so snugly would cuddle
With some other tad which was pretty and sweet.
I'd never seek my poor brains for to muddle
With thinking why I had no toes to my feet;
But under a stone I so snugly would cuddle
With some other tad as was pretty and sweet.

If I could borrow the wand of a fairy,
I'd be a fish and have beautiful fins—
But yet in this puddle I'm cleanly and airy,
I'm washed by the waters and cool'd by the winds!
Fish in a pond must be watchful and wary,
Or boys will catch them with worms and hooked pins.
I'll be a tadpole, cleanly and airy,
Washed by the waters and wiped by the winds.

What though you tell me each black little rover
Dies in the sun when the puddle is dry—
Do you not think that when it's all over
With my best friends I'll be happy to die?
Some may turn toads with great speckled bellies,
Swim in the gutter or spit on the road;
I'll stay a tadpole, and not, like them fellers,
Be one day a tad and the other a toad!

A few years ago a slightly different

THE

YELLOWPLUSH

CORRESPONDENCE.

PHILADELPHIA:

E. L. CAREY & A. HART.

1838.

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version of this touching poem, in Thackeray's own autograph, was discovered in an album. We reproduce the first and second stanzas of it.

Full sets of these two little periodicals are very rare, and, entirely on account of Thackeray's connection with them, they command extremely high prices. In 1896 a complete set of *The Snob* and *The Gownsman* brought £125 at auction.

No other perfect set has, we believe, been sold at auction since, but considerably higher sums have been paid at private sale.

Early in 1836 Thackeray ventured to put upon the market a series of plates illustrating the history of an aged ballet girl, "Zéphyr," and her companion, "Flore." There were eight folio plates enclosed in a paper wrapper, on the first page of which, also engraved, was the title: *Flore et Zéphyr: Ballet Mythologique. Par Théophile Wagstaff.* They were drawn on stone by Edward Morton, printed by Graff and Soret, and published (simultaneously, we presume) in London by J. Mitchell, and in Paris by Rittner and Goupil. Each plate bears the monogram of the W. and T. interlaced. Probably but few were printed, and the thing could not have been a success. It is now, however, very rare, copies having sold at auction in 1894 for £96 and £99. None seem since to have come upon the auction market.

The next year there was printed "for private circulation only" a little interlude, *King Glumpus,* the drawings for which were certainly by Thackeray, and the text of which was probably by him, though this does not seem to have been absolutely proven. This was reprinted in The Bookman for December, 1898, and the illustrations reproduced. A facsimile of the title-page is here presented. Only four or five copies of the little book seem to be known, one being in the British Museum and three in private collections in this country.

Though for several years Thackeray had been contributing humorous or satirical and literary articles to several periodicals, none were collected in book form until 1838. It was then left to an enterprising firm of Philadelphia publishers, Carey and Hart, to bring together and reprint a series of his contributions to *Fraser's Magazine.* It is not probable that they even knew the authorship of the pieces, much less probable that they secured his permission to reprint them. This little volume, *The Yellowplush Correspondence,* was a small 12mo, bound in grey boards with paper label pasted on the back. It is, strictly speaking, Thackeray's first book. It comprises title-page and text, pages 13-238. It was probably the intention of the publisher when he began the book to print a table of contents and other prefatory matter to fill out the missing numbers in the pagination. For some reason these seem never to have been printed. A blank leaf completes the last signature. The matter in the book was divided into eight sections, corresponding to their publication in the numbers of *Fraser's Magazine* for November, 1837, and January to July, 1838. The following are the titles of the sections:

No. I. Fashnable Fax and Polite Annygoats.

No. II. Miss Shum's Husband.

No. III. Diamond Cut Diamond.

No. IV. Skimmings from the Dairy of George IV.

No. V. Foring Parts.

No. VI. Mr. Deuceace at Paris. Chapters I. to IV.

No. VII. Mr. Deuceace at Paris. Chapters V. to VII.

No. VIII. The End of Mr. Deuceace's History. Chapters VIII. to X.

The final chapter, "Mr. Yellowplush's Ajeu," which appeared in a later number of *Fraser's,* was not included in the volume. This material, with more of similar character, was collected by Thackeray himself, and published as *Comic Tales and Sketches* in 1841. The original Philadelphia edition is very rare, a copy having been sold at auction in Boston in 1897 for $65. When English collectors realise that this is an important and genuine "first edition" of Thackeray, it will bring as many pounds then as it does dollars now. It is omitted in most of the bibliographies of the author's writings, including the extended one appended to Mr. Melville's new *Life.* It is probable that there are copies in more than one American library whose owners suppose the book is only an "American reprint" of no value. The Bookman would be glad to learn of the existence of copies.

Luther S. Livingston.

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THE NEW VERSIONS OF MOZART

MOZART'S music has always had a very slender hold upon the public of New York. In Germany the affection of the musical public extends to the *Entführung aus dem Serail, Der Schauspieldirektor, Cosi fan tutte* and others, in addition to *Don Giovanni, Le Nozze di Figaro,* and *Die Zauberflöte,* which alone are known on this side of the water. The reverential spirit in which Wagner's works are treated has resulted in a tendency to reproduce other great operas in accordance with the intentions of the composer. This movement has especially affected Mozart, whose operas, during the last two or three years, have been given in Munich with extreme care. This has resulted in a marked revival of general interest, and, as might be expected, in emulation in other opera houses. In common with other cities, New York has been stimulated, and there have been announcements of a Mozart cycle, which, however, would only include the three operas already known here. In view of this, it may be interesting to know exactly how the latest and complete versions differ from those hitherto accepted.

In Munich Herr von Possart, who is primarily responsible for the Mozart revival, has insisted above all things on absolute fidelity to the composer's original intentions. In many cases Mozart's good nature led him to write additional arias when singers approached him with friendly importunity. This was against his better judgment, for he himself declared that the changes and additions that they forced him to make in the Vienna representations did not add to his work in the least. In the course of the century the operas had suffered great condensations and mutilations. Every manager gave them according to his own convenience, rather than according to the requirements of the text. The Munich manager determined to undertake a thorough restoration, and called in to assist him the best scholarship and knowledge he could find. Professor Flüggen was entrusted with the scenery and costumes, and, among others, the music was given to Herr Levi, of Beyreuth fame. The original form, in all cases where possible, was restored. In the *Nozze* the variations are not very important: they chiefly deal with the recitative, which is restored *in extenso.* Both this opera and *Don Giovanni* are reduced to their proper proportions with regard to the number of people on the stage and in the orchestra. The above authorities very properly maintain that these two operas are intended for a small theatre and not for a large opera house, where ballets, military music and immense *ensembles* are appropriate. The audience must be near enough to have an intimate relation with the personages of the drama, to note their facial expressions and to enjoy the slightest *nuances* in the music and acting. The orchestra, too, must be a small one, so as to balance and never overpower the singing. In the original score, according to Mozart's own directions, the orchestra for *Don Giovanni* consists of twenty-six musicians: four first violins, four second violins, two violas, one violoncello, two double-basses, two flutes, two oboes, two clarinets, two bassoons, two horns, two trumpets and one kettledrum. To-day *Don Giovanni's* orchestra generally consists of twenty-six men for the strings alone!

The instrumentation is faithfully followed, especially with regard to the use of the brass. The entrance of the spectre at Don Giovanni's supper-party is always accompanied by a dread blast of the trombones. This is inadmissible, as in Mozart's original manuscript no trombones are written for the orchestra. They accompany only the few words of the Commandante in the churchyard scene, and, even then, only on the stage. The original, moreover, has only two choruses: that of the peasant wedding guests on the entrance of Masetto and Zerlina, and the final chorus of the invisible demons. The famous "Liberty chorus" was originally only a septet, but when managers began to multiply the orchestra the singers complained that they could not make themselves heard,

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and, therefore, this finale of the first act was fortified by the addition of all the guests. At the beginning of this finale the chorus of servants, which is very rarely given, was originally a quartet. The duet between Zerlina and Leporello, which was one of the composer's later additions, is now omitted because it gives these two minor characters undue prominence. In the ordinary acting versions so much of the recitative has been omitted as to leave the course of the action in a very ambiguous state. As now completely restored, the musical drama is entirely clear and logical and improved in every way. The characters assume their proper proportions, Donna Elvira, for instance, towering above Zerlina.

The costumes and scenery have been carefully treated. It was felt that it would not do to represent the work with the detailed features of Mozart's own time, big wigs and hoop-skirts being an artistic stumbling-block. Rococo costume has been adopted, and considerable Spanish local colour is insisted upon. For example, Elvira in the original is "a lady from Burgos." She therefore enters in a sedan-chair with attendants, and followed by pack-mules with her luggage, and on one of which is her maid, who is afterward instrumental in getting Don Giovanni into trouble.

It may be interesting to New Yorkers to remember that the author of both of these operas, Da Ponte, lived for many years in New York, and finally died here in 1838. He was present when *Don Giovanni* was first performed in New York on May 23, 1826, by the Garcias, and received a great ovation, especially from the women, many of whom were his own pupils in Italian. Besides teaching that language privately, he was a professor in Columbia College.

However, it is in *Die Zauberflöte* that we find the greatest changes in treatment. The new conception makes of this a serious musical drama with a logical sequence of events and a moral lesson. According to this view, it is really an allegory of the ceaseless struggle between light and darkness, good and evil, with the ultimate triumph of the former and destruction of the latter. The Munich authorities take Schikaneder's mysteries very seriously. It is interesting also to note that Ferdinand David said that only a Freemason could appreciate the true significance of the opera, and cited the great chords played by the trombones at the end of the first part of the overture and in the first scene in the second Act as enunciating a symbol which the initiated could not fail to comprehend. Perhaps the new view can best be shown by a *résumé* of the restored text.

Tamino, a European prince, has come to Egypt to learn the mysteries, the fame of which has reached him. One day, while hunting, a monstrous serpent terrifies his attendants, who leave him to fight it single-handed. Having shot his last arrow, he flees and sees a door in the rock. He frantically beats against it and is swooning with fright of the pursuing monster, when the door opens and three veiled Ladies issue and kill the reptile. The serpent, of course, is an agent of the powers of darkness, who require Tamino's services. In the course of conversation he learns of the abduction of the daughter of the sovereign of his timely preservers. Her picture is shown to him, and he is so charmed that he vows to reseue her. In the meantime he has been joined by a fantastic personage, who is bird-catcher-in-ordinary to the Queen of Night. The scene, suddenly changing, shows a dark, starry vault, from which the Queen gently floats downward on the moon's crescent. She strengthens Tamino's determination, and promises him great rewards. Then she vanishes. The three Ladies give the hero a magic flute to protect him in danger, and a magic *Glockenspiel* to the bird-catcher, who must be his attendant on his quest. They also inform them that three wingèd Youths will be their guides.

This abode of darkness is only separated from the realm of the abductor, Sarastro, by a canal and a palm grove. Sarastro is at once priest and king after the order of Melchizedek. When Tamino arrives he sees on one side the royal palace and on the other the three temples of Wisdom, Nature and Reason. Tamino is led thus far by the three Genii, who encourage him and depart. He is successively refused entrance to the three temples by unseen voices. On being asked what he wants he replies: "Love and Virtue." The reply is that he will never find them as long as his heart is

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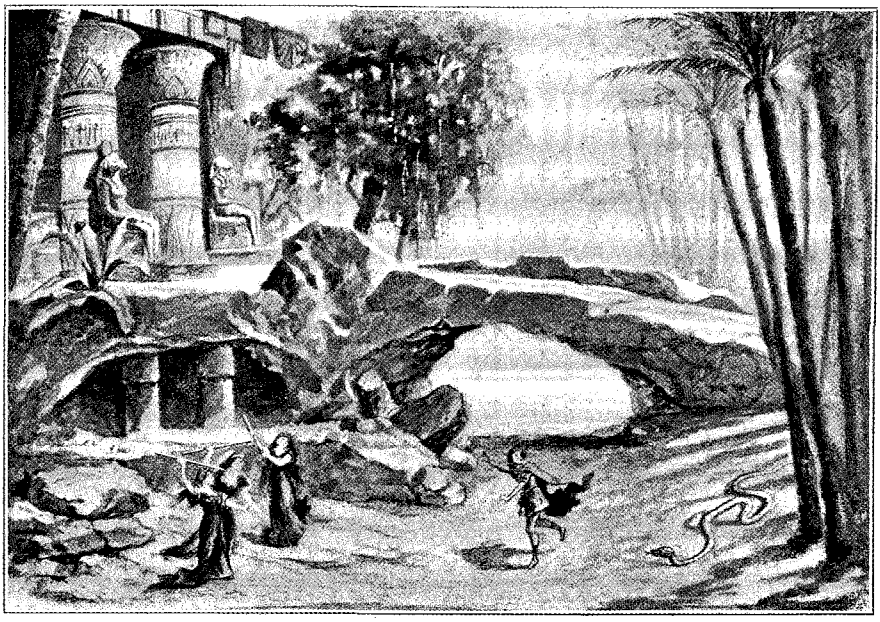
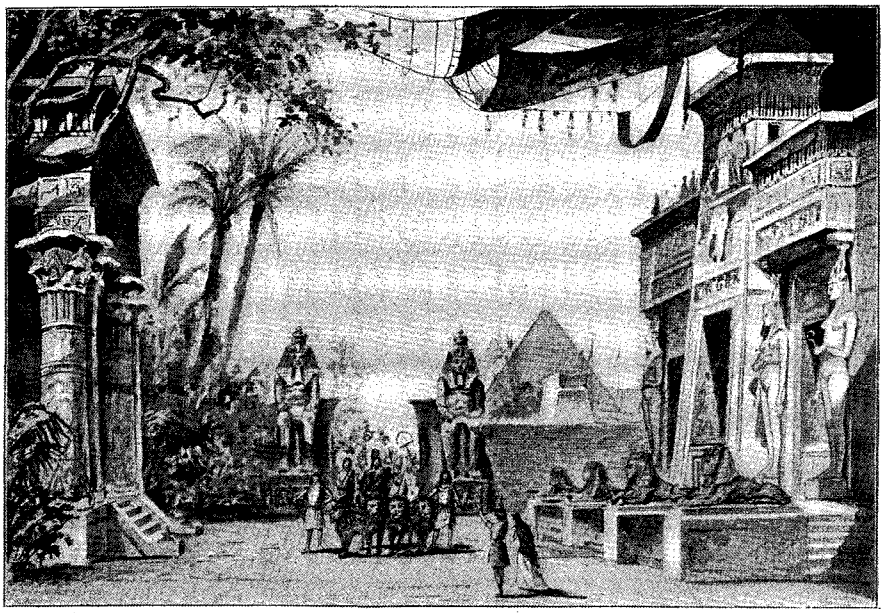


"DIE ZAUBERFLÖTE,"* ACT I. ENTRANCE OF TAMINO.

filled with death and vengeance. He answers, "Only revenge against the wicked." "The wicked are not to be found here!" "But," he urges, "Sarastro rules here!" Although incredulous, he learns that Sarastro rules in the temple of Wisdom. In that case he will go, for Sarastro he hates, and he states the reasons. The Speaker informs him that Sarastro will make everything clear when friendship leads Tamino into the sanctuary. In the meantime the



"DIE ZAUBERFLÖTE," ACT I. ENTRANCE OF SARASTRO.

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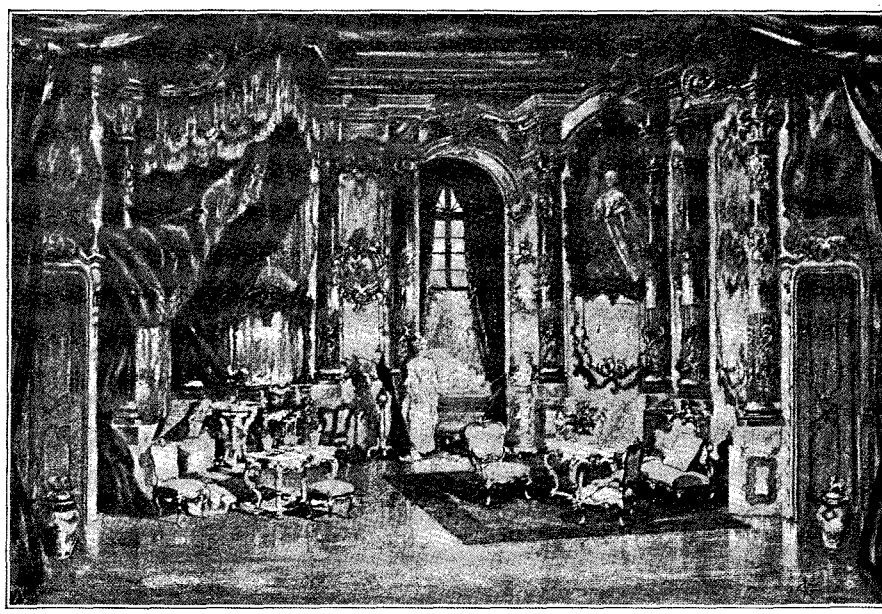
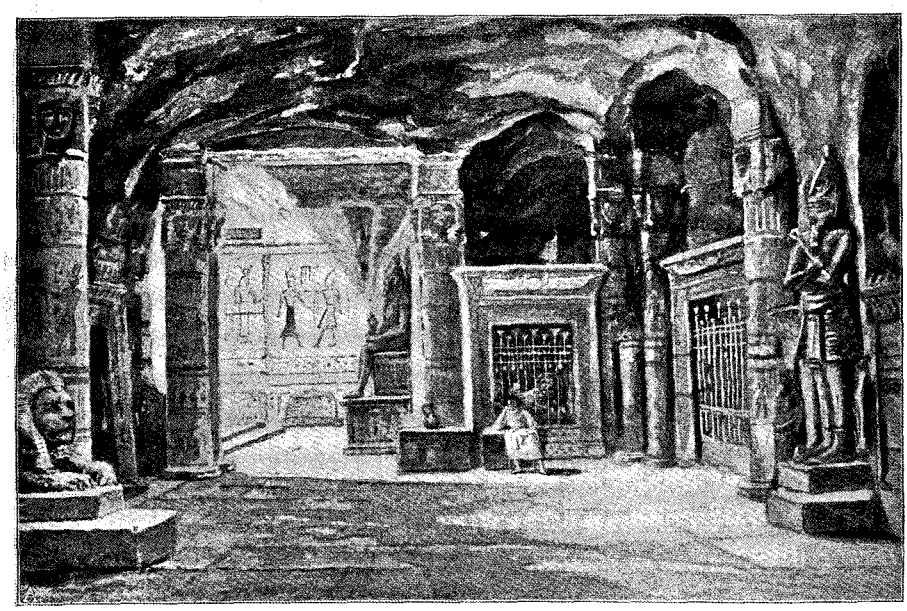


"NOZZE DI FIGARO," ACT II. THE COUNTESS IN HER BOUDOIR.

hero's follower, Papageno, has found the beautiful Pamina, and brings her to Tamino. The Moor, in whose charge she is, pursues her, and is about to take her back again in bonds, when Sarastro enters in his car drawn by lions. He is returning from the hunt, and some of his attendants are mounted upon camels and elephants, while others follow on foot, bearing the spoils of the chase, consisting of tigers, alligators and jackals. The priests issue from their temples on the one side and courtiers from the palace on the other to greet the monarch, who appears only at noon, as the Queen of Night appears only under midnight



"DIE ZAUBERFLÖTE," ACT II. TAMINO IN THE LIONS' VAULT.

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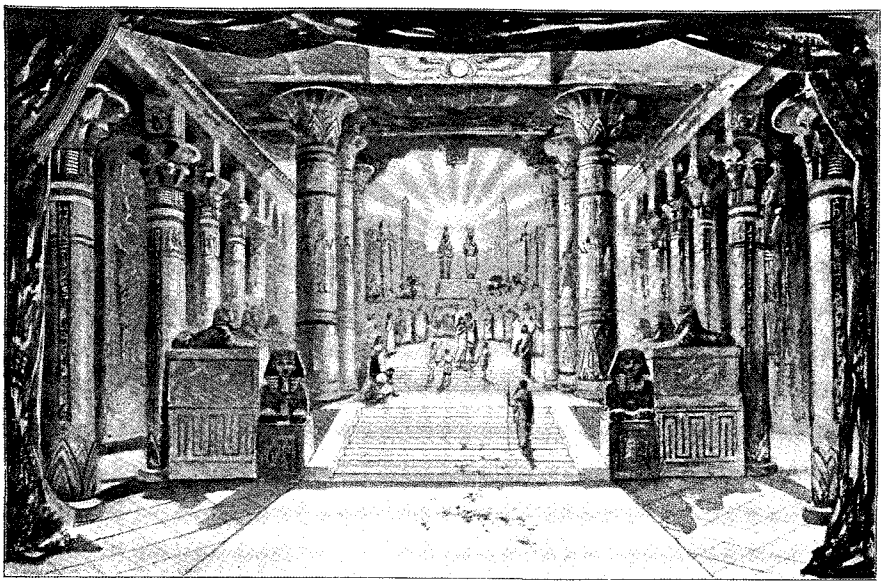
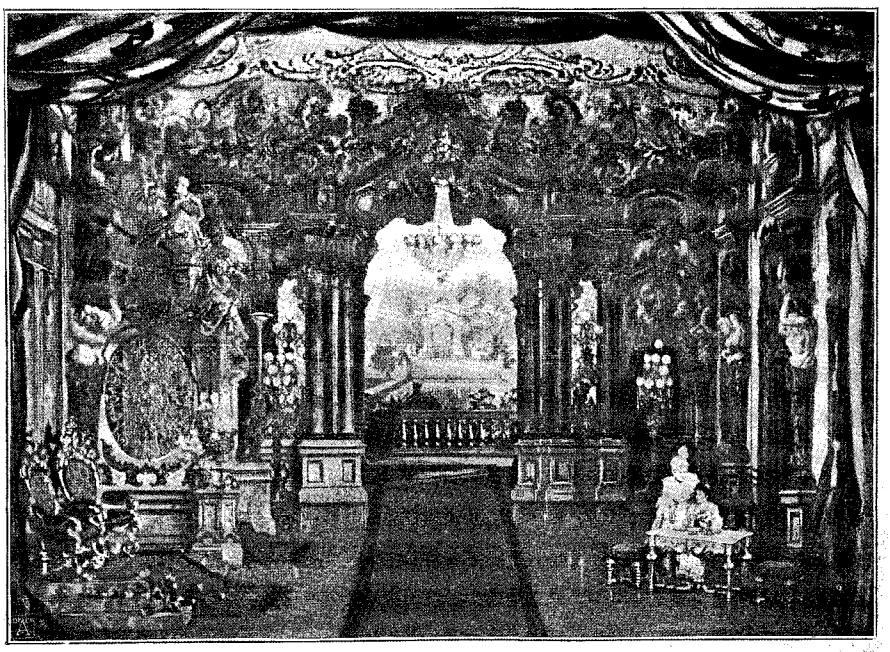


"DIE ZAUBERFLÖTE," ACT II. TEMPLE OF THE SUN.

skies. Sarastro hears from Pamina's lips the story of her flight from the Moor, but he refuses to allow her to return to her mother. He will take the two young lovers under his charge; they must be purified. The priests cover their heads with veils; Pamina is given into the care of the Egyptian ladies; and Tamino and Papageno are escorted into the "Temple of Wisdom" by the priests to await their trials. Sarastro enters the palace.

At the beginning of the second Act we learn from Sarastro that Tamino will issue victoriously through his trials, and,



"NOZZE DI FIGARO," ACT III. THE COUNTESS AND SUSANNA.

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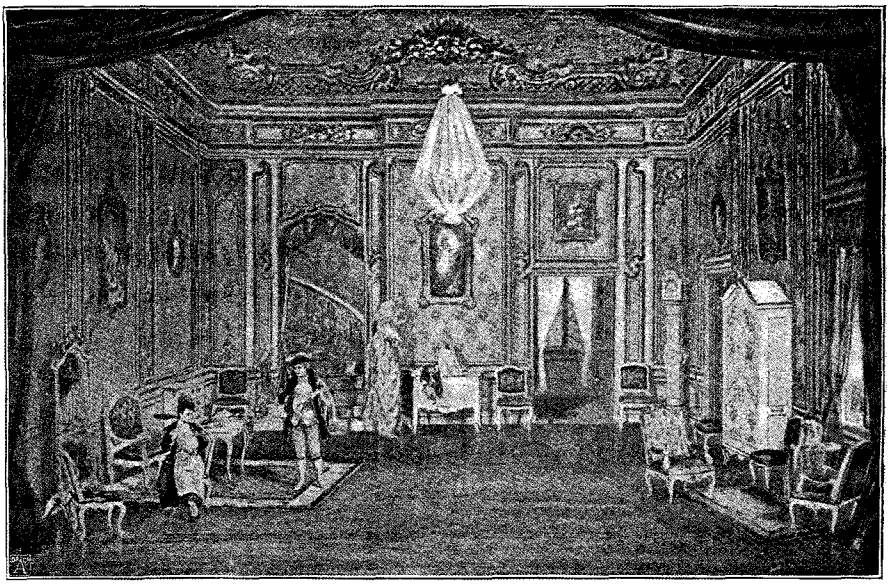
"NOZZE DI FIGARO," ACT IV. GARDEN SCENE.

"tearing off his veil of darkness, he will look upon the light;" that knowing Pamina was destined for Tamino, Sarastro stole her from her mother; and that the Queen of Night has determined to destroy his temple. The Speaker and Priests are instructed with regard to Tamino's trials. Silence is enjoined for the first trial, and after the Speaker and Priests leave Tamino, who has assured them of his eagerness to learn wisdom with Pamina as his reward, and Papageno, the child of nature, who refused to be initiated, the latter receive a visit from the three Ladies, who, as emissaries of the Queen of Night, attempt to regain power over them; but the voices of the initiated (within) banish these agents of evil, and they sink into the earth.

Tamino passes through various trials, including one to prove his courage. At the Door of Terror, before which stand two fantastic men in black armour and flaming helmets, he is joined by Pamina, who tells him to play upon his *magic flute*, and explains that the wood of which it was made was cut by her father from a thousand-year-old oak in an au-



"NOZZE DI FIGARO," ACT I. SUSANNA AND CHERUBINO.

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spicious hour. The lovers enter the Door of Terror, pass through Fire, a Serpent's Grotto, and Water, and arrive at the entrance to the "Temple of Wisdom." Once again the Queen of Night, accompanied by her three Ladies and Monostatos, attempts Sarastro's life, but they perish before the dazzling ray of light that pierces through the door. As these evil characters sink "into eternal night," the walls open, revealing the brilliant Temple of the Sun. Heretofore men and women, initiated and profane, including Papageno and Papagena, were mingled in this closing scene. In the Munich version Sarastro stands at the altar with his Priests, while the three Youths lead in Tamino and Pamina, in sacerdotal robes. Pamina merely comes before the high altar to be married. As no women are admitted into the sanctuary, the necessary sopranos and altos are clad as priests. The short scene in which we take farewell of Papageno and Papagena, which follows the Fire and Water trials, allows Tamino and Pamina time to put on their temple garments.

One of the most important restorations of the text is a short dialogue in the second Act between the Queen of Night and Pamina. It gives us the keynote to the whole drama. We learn from the Queen's own lips that her husband when dying bequeathed to Sarastro a talisman that renders its possessor omnipotent. This circle, formed of seven rays of the sun, which Sarastro is now wearing on his breast, she wishes to recover, although her husband told her that it could belong only to a man, and that she "would be lost if she tried to penetrate into mysteries which the mind of woman is unable to grasp." In the original score this dialogue precedes the difficult aria "Der Hölle Rache," but, out of consideration for the singer, the new editors allow the aria to come first, and after telling this story to Pamina and giving her a dagger, bidding her kill Sarastro and win back the talisman, the Queen of Night sinks into her dark realm. To this outburst of rage and cry for vengeance, Sarastro's noble cavatina, "In these holy halls revenge is unknown," which succeeds it, brings the strife of good and evil into strong contrast. According to the Munich version, the entire action passes in Egypt, and the characters, with the exception of Tamino, Pamina (required by Schikaneder to have blonde hair and red lips), Monostatos (who is a Moor), and the Queen of Night, are Egyptian. The interior of Sarastro's palace is furnished in the richest Egyptian style, while the temples and

SEMBRICH AS QUEEN OF NIGHT.

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the beautifully lighted hall within the temple and the vaults are decorated after Egyptian wall-paintings. In the scene showing the ceremony of the mysteries in the second Act the Priests as they sing their three-part chorus. "O Isis und Osiris," are required to stand in the form of a triangle—a position which gives a special effect, desired by both Mozart and his librettist. The chorus which Schikaneder provided at the first performance of this opera consisted of eighteen priests —six men forming each side of the triangle. The costumes, of course, as well as the tints of complexion and the arrangement of the hair, have received careful attention, and all the animals, which so frequently appear in this opera, are introduced with proper effect. In Munich the difficult trial scenes are made simple by means of revolving scenery.

The new interpretation of *The Magic Flute*, which has become one of the most popular operas of the time in Germany, therefore renders the long-scorned hodge-podge of buffoonery, priestcraft and sentiment a logical drama and quite modern enough to satisfy the demands of the most pronounced lover of symbolism.

Esther Singleton.

TO CERTAIN CONSERVATIVES.

Why this tempest in a teapot? Why this much ado for naught?
Why this worry lest some literary wares be cheaply bought?

Our Few Books lie at our elbow, then what matters it to us
If the Average Reader's stock of books *is* multitudinous?

If the publishers are issuing editions large and cheap,
'Tis because the Average Reader will not pay the prices steep.

We should smile on them benignly and feel very glad indeed;
For when books were rare and costly, these same people didn't read.

And I think that the Enlightened surely ought to understand
That the Cheapening Process came to meet a Popular Demand.

Just as in all other branches imitators imitate—
Since *we* eat with sterling silver, must there be no triple plate?

We may have a clever chef, yet some there be who use canned soups,—
Though we own a rare Bacchante there's demand for Rogers' Groups.

And there is no use in talking to our Unenlightened Friend,
If he has the Cheap Book habit, nothing can his fate forfend.

'Tis the manner not the matter that is cheapened, for there be
Fausts for thirty-seven cents and Rubaiyats for twenty-three.

And the Average Reader buys them at a large Department Store,
Next day delivered carriage free at his suburban door.

But what is this to us? What boots it with incessant care
To try to change the leopard's spots? It isn't our affair.

And if our neighbour's cheapened books are cheapening his cheap brain,
It only proves all efforts to reform him would be vain.

We Enlightened will continue as of yore to buy our books,
Not The Handy Gimcrack Series, nor *éditions de luxe;*

But with calm discrimination we will buy the books we need,
And our brains will not be cheapened as absorbedly we read.

Carolyn Wells.

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GREAT NEWSPAPERS OF CONTINENTAL EUROPE

III French Newspapers

SECOND PAPER.

THE type, we might say also the prototype, of the Boulevard papers is *Le Figaro*. It was created in 1854 by H. de Villemessant. But it was then, and it remained for no less than twelve years, a weekly paper. The nearest approach we can find in New York journalism to what *Le Figaro* was then is *Town Topics*. *Le Figaro* soon had a rival on the same field in *Le Nain Jaune*. Both papers had to steer entirely clear of politics. The legislation of the time did not allow the publication of a political sheet without a special permit from the Government and a rather large cash deposit, intended to secure in advance the payment of any fine which might be imposed upon the publication for violation of the press laws. *Le Figaro*, therefore, was entirely given up to personal gossip, and to literary and dramatic matters. Things went on in this way until 1866, when another of his ventures, *L'Evènment*, having come to grief, and been compelled by the Government to suspend publication. Villemessant bethought himself of turning *Le Figaro* into a daily paper. His wittiest contributor at that time was Henri Rochefort, whose name was just beginning to be known. Rochefort contributed to *Le Figaro* the kind of articles which is called Chronique. The *Chroniqueur*, who has multiplied beyond any expectation since that time, takes up any occurrence of politics or society and writes about it what he pleases. What is required of him is wit and snap, and of both the newspaper public was just begin-

MEYER.

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ning to discover that Rochefort had an inexhaustible fund. He then claimed to have nothing to do with politics. His sole object was to amuse the *boulevardier;* and, in fact, *Le Figaro,* which printed his *chroniques,* claimed to be a non-political paper. But, alas! Rochefort wrote not simply about the boulevards and the theatres and the state of the weather or the prospect of the coming vintage, he also had something to say about society such as it appeared in official circles and even within the sacred precincts of the Imperial palace of the Tuileries. If what he wrote had been of a laudatory character, no trouble would have resulted. If he had simply said that the ministers were the most generous of men, that the very appearance of Napoleon III. made you feel that you were in the presence of a man of genius, that the Empress's beauty was incomparable, no one in officialdom would have dreamed of hinting that *Le Figaro* was trespassing beyond the limits prescribed by law for the non-political periodicals. But Rochefort, though far from being then the bitter and merciless reviler into whom he later developed, found more to blame and satirise than to applaud. And, moreover, if he had not satirised, he would have had no readers. So Villemessant was informed that if he insisted on publishing such articles as were contributed by Rochefort, his paper would be considered a political sheet, and he must comply with the law relating to political publications, and especially must place in the hands of the Government a snug sum of one hundred thousand francs as a security for the payment of possible fines. Villemessant was too shrewd a man to let the occasion slip. His paper was riding over a wave of success; he was not going to check its progress. *Le Figaro* became a political paper and Rochefort remained its *chroniqueur.* This happened in 1867.

CASSAGNAC.

Needless to say that the public was intensely amused by this duel between the Government and a plain journalist. But really Rochefort's antagonist was not properly the Government, it was the Court. Left to themselves, the ministers would gladly have allowed this *gamin de Paris* to rail and scoff and laugh. The *boulevardier* is fickle, he soon would have tired of Rochefort and worshipped some other

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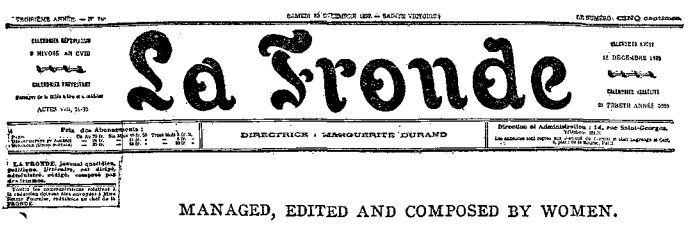
idol. He was not allowed to do so. Some very august and very thin skins had been scratched by the *chroniqueur's* pen, and ministers were made to understand that toleration might be considered a tacit approval of the awful crime of *lèse-majesté*. Villemessant was plainly told that *Le Figaro* must part with Rochefort, or else the paper would come to grief.

Villemessant's way of solving the difficulty was absolutely unique. He had made the Court feel how annoying *Le Figaro* could be as an opposition paper, and he named his terms for making it a supporter of the Government; he gave an important place on his staff to a very remarkable journalist by the name of Jules Richard, who, it was said, drew his salary not from *Le Figaro's* treasury, but from the State Ministry. As for Rochefort, he left *Le Figaro*, but with Villemessant's help he started *La Lanterne* and threw off all restraint. What had the Government gained?

The Revolution of September 4, 1870, led to a curious change in the attitude of *Le Figaro*, and soon brought about the period of its greatest prosperity. Suddenly Villemessant discovered that he was a Legitimist. On the first page of his paper he advocated fidelity to France's time-honoured traditions. He upheld the Church and prayed for the restoration of the throne. On the other pages he recorded the doings of the world of pleasure. Morality remained near the entrance door, as in a cloak-room; inside it was the *Bal de l'Opéra*, so that *Le Figaro* was soon known as *le journal des grandes et des petites dames, du grand monde et du demi-monde*.

So to the large public which patronised his paper because it was the most amusing of the Parisian sheets, Villemessant had managed to add the rich, titled and ultra-religious public that read it because it was Catholic and Royalist; it was found in every Parisian boudoir, but also in every provincial château and almost in every country parsonage. It thus became an admirable advertising medium, and was, in fact, the first French newspaper to manage its own advertising as is done by the American newspapers, and make it a most important source of revenue.

And yet Villemessant was not entirely happy. He longed to have in his buttonhole the coveted ribbon of the Legion of Honour. He never had it, and the story of his failure is one of the most curious incidents in the anecdotal history of the Third Republic. It was not due to Villemessant's editing a Royalist sheet when France was a republic. For several years the Royalist party was in power and many an anti-Republican was the recipient of honours and distinctions at the hands of the ministers. In fact, several of the members of Villemessant's staff received the reward that was denied him. The reason was that before starting in as a newspaper editor Villemessant had been a business man, had met with misfortune and gone into bankruptcy, and no bankrupt can be a member of the Legion of Honour until he can produce a discharge from all his creditors. When Villemessant entered upon his campaign of abuse against the Republic a little group of Republicans hunted up his former creditors and purchased their claims, at a rather low figure, it may be surmised. So when Villemessant tried to come to an agreement with the creditors he found himself face to face with political opponents, who told him that he would have to pay up in full before he got his release, and that the money paid by him would be used in the interest of the Republican cause. Moreover, the amount, owing to compound interest, was such that Villemessant could not think of satisfying his creditors. He never wore the red ribbon!



What may be called *Le Figaro's* respectable career began, and possibly ended, with Francis

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Magnard's editorship. During the last years of Villemessant's life Magnard filled in *Le Figaro* a position which is considered of the highest importance in a French newspaper. He was *Secrétaire de la Rédaction.* You are never sure to find a French editor at his desk, but the *Secrétaire de la Rédaction* is always there. He it is that gives the *imprimatur* to every line that is to appear. He is the editor's right-hand man. When Villemessant, who was the sole owner of the paper he had founded, determined that after his death it should become the property of a stock company, he singled out his *Secrétaire de la Rédaction* as the future president of the company and editor of the paper.

The choice was an admirable one. Magnard was an excellent *confrère,* and all the journalists liked him. Many a brilliant writer who would have spurned a request from Villemessant was only too glad to oblige such a man as Magnard by contributing a few columns in *Le Figaro.* It may be said that almost every man who could write a good newspaper article wrote something for *Le Figaro* while edited by Magnard. He numbered at one time among his regular contributors as important a man as the late Jules Simon, certainly one of the foremost men in French political life during the last forty years of the century. He recognised the fact that the Republic had come to stay, and therefore put an end to the war formerly waged by *Le Figaro* against anything and anybody that had anything to do with the Republican party. He spoke of the President of the Republic with the respect due to the head of the State, and he managed at the same time to be conservative enough and especially sufficiently friendly to the Church to retain almost the whole of the paper's former conservative patronage.

At the same time he took good care not to alter any of the lighter features of *Le Figaro.* The reader who wanted information only about the doings of society, the world of actors, and especially actresses, about the gossip of *le monde où l'on s'amuse,* continued to take up his *Figaro* and to find therein what he wanted. *Le monde où l'on s'ennuie* had always a much smaller share of *Le Figaro's* columns. The Parliament, the Academy, are represented there, but never by a verbatim report; this is left for the ponderous *Temps.* Le Figaro will be satisfied with a few well-selected extracts and a few words of bright or weighty comment, as the case may call for.

Under Magnard's management *Le Figaro* grew in size as well as in popularity. It did not follow the lead of *Le Temps* in adopting a larger page, but it became a six-page newspaper. In addition, a Saturday literary supplement was created, containing a good deal of bright, entertaining and instructive matter, something like the best American Sunday morning papers, with now and then reproduction of forgotten pages of French literature. *Figaro-Salon* was another supplement, giving excellent reproductions of the most important Salon pictures. A special Christmas illustrated number broke the monotony of the winter issues, and so on.

In all charitable matters *Le Figaro* became a beneficent and almost irresistible power. Thus, when all Paris was appalled by the catastrophe of the Bazar de la Charité, when nearly two hundred persons perished in the flames, *Le Figaro* announced that the charities that were to be benefited by the bazaar must not be losers by the fire, and appealed to its readers to make up the possible deficiency. In a few days over one million francs were received, and this is only one of many instances that might be brought forward.

Magnard's death was a great blow to *Le Figaro.* It has not yet been proved that his choice of Fernand de Rodays and H. Périvier as his joint successors was a very wise one. The great boulevard newspaper is undoubtedly now passing through a crisis. To whatever motives due, its unexpected attitude in the Dreyfus case has alienated a very large share of its former following. Its success in procuring and producing secret documents, such as the proceedings of the criminal chamber of the Court of Cassation, was undoubtedly a great journalistic feat, but it is not what would have been expected of the old *Figaro.* Events of an extremely recent occurrence show that to-day's *Figaro,* however, is no more averse to personal gossip, and even scandal, than Villemessant's little weekly sheet of forty years ago. And then, in spite of the numerous competitors that have sprung into life, no other sheet has thus

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far managed to occupy the same place in popular, or rather in boulevard, favour as *Le Figaro*.

Its artistic home in the Rue Drouot is the proof and outcome of long years of prosperity; its Salle des Dépêches is thronged with people eager to know the last news and to see the portraits of the celebrities of the day; its receptions are still among favourite Paris entertainments. I would be surprised not to see it emerge triumphantly out of its sea of present difficulties. Who the leader will be it is yet too early to tell. Some predict the accession to power of the present very popular and very able *Secrétaire de la Rédaction,* Gaston Calmettes.

Before I leave *Le Figaro* I wish to relate a little story which will serve to show what mental precautions and preparation are needed in reading such a sheet. At the time of *Le Figaro's* bitterest warfare against the men of the Third Republic, after the Royalist pretenders had been exiled from France by the law of 1886, a Paris news agency, managed then by Americans, I think—the Dalzell Agency—telegraphed all over the world that the French Government, in order to check the growth of Royalism in France, had decided that the history of the reign of Henry IV. should no longer appear in the books used in public schools, and that dots would be substituted for the erased chapters. The information was gravely telegraphed, was gravely received by many foreign newspapers. The Boston *Evening Transcript,* in spite of repeated warnings from better informed parties, published no less than four editorials on the subject! What had happened? One of the satirical editors of the paper, Albert Millaud, the son of the founder of *Le Petit Journal,* had gravely given the above-mentioned information and discoursed about it in the style known in French as *pince-sans-rire.* The very impossibility of the thing made it unavoidable for any one to the manner born to take it but as what it was, a very good and legitimate joke, an amusing bit of *persiflage,* enjoyed even by those against whom it was levelled. I wonder what was felt at the corner of Washington and Milk Streets, Boston, Massachusetts, when the actual facts were discovered? Anyhow, the mistake remains unacknowledged to this day.

The existence of the Boulevard newspapers is due entirely to the success of *Le Figaro.* Their name now is legion. *Le Gaulois, Gil Blas, L'Echo de Paris, Le Journal,* such are the most important of the sheets that have been more or less fashioned after the pattern of Villemessant's creation. Each of them has some features that are characteristically its own. *Le Gaulois,* for instance, claims to be the Royalist organ *par excellence.* It owes this distinction to its founder, the late Henri de Pène. It is edited now, and has been for years, by Arthur Meyer, whose ardent Royalism is the more meritorious, if sincere, in that he has recently been disowned in far from courteous terms by the very Pretender whose cause he upholds, the Duc d'Orléans. To tell the truth, Arthur Meyer's advocacy of Church and King is one of the amusements, and not the least of them, of the Parisian *badauds.* Another feature of *Le Gaulois* is that it is the semi-official organ of the Spanish Embassy. A great deal was made in the summer of 1898 of the pro-Spanish and anti-American articles published by *Le Gaulois,* and they were made use of to demonstrate the existence in France of strong anti-American sentiment. One might as well, a few years ago, have held the Belgians responsible for the utterances of the Brussels *Nord,* which was known to be the organ of the Russian Government.

What shall I say about the specialty of *Gil Blas?* I suppose I shall be understood if I say that of all Parisian newspapers it is the least puritanical, the one that is most carefully kept out of the hands of young ladies, and that it publishes the *histoires grasses* of Armand Sylvestre, who is not always the elegiac poet to whom we owe the famous lines:

> Que l'heure est donc brève
> Qu'on passe en aimant!
> Une peu plus qu'un rève,
> Et moins qu'un moment!

Gil Blas was started as a competitor to *Le Figaro;* in the same way *L'Echo de Paris* was started as a competitor to *Gil Blas. Gil Blas,* however, retained a superiority over its spicy rival; its stories were hardly ever deficient in literary merit. *L'Echo de Paris* at last grew weary of the contest, and looked about for some new form of attraction. To-day

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it is among the boulevard newspapers the chief nationalistic sheet, and its most brilliant editor is Jules Lemaître, whose sparkling prose formerly so often delighted the readers of the *Journal des Débats* and of *Le Figaro.*

A special mention is due to *Le Journal.* It has managed better, perhaps, than any Parisian sheet to remain true to the brotherhood of letters and to abstain from exasperating vituperation. It owes this good fortune to the tact of its former editor, the late Fernand Xau. To a certain extent Xau was a great editor. Few writers would have thought of denying a request proffered by him. So the first two columns of *Le Journal,* due to the pen now of one, then of another of the masters of Parisian journalism, were sure to delight the admirers of high literary skill. Xau's death is an event of too recent a date for any change to have been noticed since its occurrence. It is sincerely to be hoped that *Le Journal* will remain what Xau made it.

Le Journal sells for one penny, and so do some other ones of the papers hitherto mentioned, for instance, *La Lanterne.* They are, however, not exactly what is usually understood as penny papers, at least as far as France is concerned. The price at which they are sold is no indication of any essential difference between them and the sheets that sell for two or three sous a copy, neither are they intended to cater to a different public. What gave to the penny paper its distinctive character was the foundation of *Le Petit Journal* in 1863 by Moïse Millaud. At that time a one-penny political daily was in Paris an impossibility. The Imperial government, then in existence, was not anxious for the dissemination of political literature among the people, and had therefore enacted that every issue of a political paper must bear a stamp of six centimes, or one-fifth more than one cent. Millaud conceived the idea of giving to the people a small sheet which would talk of everything under the sun, except politics, and would, of course, publish every day, as was and still is the practice of the more expensive papers, an instalment of a serial novel. Thus *Le Petit Journal* was at once the paper of the million. Three cents, the price of the other papers, was too much for them. The one penny of *Le Petit Journal* suited them. For politics the men went to the "cabaret," where they read *Le Siècle. Le Petit Journal* was carried to the home, and read by father, mother and children, often even read by the children to the parents, who had grown up when public schools were still rather scarce in France. The influence of *Le Petit Journal* was from the start enormous. It introduced the newspapers in hundreds of thousands of homes where it had never penetrated, and its readers were soon numbered by millions.

Let it be said at once that *Le Petit Journal* was, and to a lesser extent still is, a clean newspaper. Millaud was very fortunate, perhaps we ought to say clever, in the choice of his associates. His chief feuilleton writer, for instance, was Ponson du Terrail, who invented a character, Rocambole, whose impossible and blood-curdling adventures, always ending by the rescue of persecuted virtue, thrilled the kindly heart of every market woman, every *ouvrière,* every *concierge's* wife in France.

But Millaud's chief auxiliary, the man on whom the fortune of the new venture depended for a number of years, was the writer of the first-page leader, Timothée Trim. Paris for a while wondered who that man was, with a strangely alliterative name, who could take up any subject of history, manners, science, travel and make it attractive and entertaining, as well as instructive for the crowd. It was soon known that he was a former writer of *Le Nain Jaune, Le Figaro* and other minor sheets, whose real name was Léo Lespès. Léo Lespès knew very little, but had a remarkable knack of writing for the uneducated. A subject was on his mind just as long as it took him to write his article, and was quickly forgotten. And thus he managed, in the six years of his association with *Le Petit Journal,* to treat of almost every subject that can be mentioned in an encyclopædia.

After the establishment of the Republic *Le Petit Journal* became a political paper; but this really did not essentially change its nature. Politics are mentioned in its columns, which have been somewhat enlarged, but they occupy there only a subordinate place. The paper has remained, on the whole, what its founder wanted it to be, a family paper. Its rule is to avoid taking sides, so as to offend nobody

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and to retain its hold upon people of different views. Thus, for instance, it is very careful to be neither clerical nor anti-clerical. Thence its tremendous influence when once in a great while it decides to speak clearly on some issue, as it did in siding with the Republican party against President MacMahon in 1877, or more recently in casting its lot in with the Anti-Dreyfusites. People say: "Why, if *Le Petit Journal* itself launches into the fray, vital interests must be at stake; otherwise it would not bother us with politics!"

The present powers in *Le Petit Journal,* Hippolyte Marinoni and Ernest Judet, have to reckon with stronger competition now than their paper had ever encountered. Of course, Millaud's success stirred up a number of rivals. There was a time when nearly every large paper issued also a small one-penny edition, of the same size as *Le Petit Journal;* there was *Le Petit Moniteur, La Petite Presse,* and even for a time a one-penny edition of the Government organ, which was at once dubbed *Le Petit Officiel.* Most of those have now disappeared, but a formidable rival has arisen in *Le Petit Parisien. Le Petit Parisien* is really, leaving political leanings aside, nothing but a *Petit Journal* with another title and other editors. The opportunity of *Le Petit Parisien* came when *Le Petit Journal* violently took sides in the Dreyfus case. Its attitude could not fail to offend a number of its readers. The chief owner of *Le Petit Parisien,* M. Jean Dupuy, now a member of the Waldeck-Rousseau cabinet, was not slow to take advantage of it. Instead of troubling himself about new features, he simply decided to give his public exactly the same thing as *Le Petit Journal,* except in the political column. Success has been his reward. While *Le Petit Journal* holds its own with a circulation of about eleven hundred thousand, *Le Petit Parisien* is gaining every day, and already issues seven hundred thousand copies a day.

There are other penny papers, some formerly attached to one of the great newspapers. Thus, as there is *La République Française,* there is also *La Petite République Française.* When the former was Gambetta's newspaper, the latter was its one-penny edition. To-day the two ventures are entirely separate. While the larger paper reflects the ultra-protectionist and somewhat nationalistic views of M. Méline, *La Petite République,* as it is called for short, is the most brilliant of the socialistic and anti-Nationalist organs. Its editor is Jean Jaurès. Judet and Jaurès, both editors of penny papers, are both alumni of the celebrated *École Normale Supérieure.* But while Judet is simply an able journalist, Jaurès is undoubtedly one of the most striking figures in contemporary France. He is one of the greatest masters of rhetoric France has ever known. His unquestionable sincerity, his impassioned, though somewhat prolix, argumentation, his astounding command of facts, his power of verbal association, tell in the newspaper column almost as strongly as they did on the speaking stand of the Chamber of Deputies. No socialistic teacher in France ever had, we think, anything like the number of readers that he has won for his sheet.

All the above are Parisian newspapers. France is so centralised that nearly every one in the country wants to know what is said or done in Paris. Some provincial newspapers, however, have managed to acquire a national reputation, chief among those *La Gironde,* of Bordeaux, and its penny edition, *La Petite Gironde,* and *La Dépêche,* of Toulouse, which is said to possess the ablest corps of parliamentary correspondents attached to any French newspaper.

The above, we think, calls attention to nearly everything in French journalism which may be considered to possess a greater or less degree of literary merit. This kind of merit, in fact, may be considered one of the strongest features of French journalism. Woe to the newspaper, and there are some such, that do not possess a particle of it!

Adolphe Cohn.

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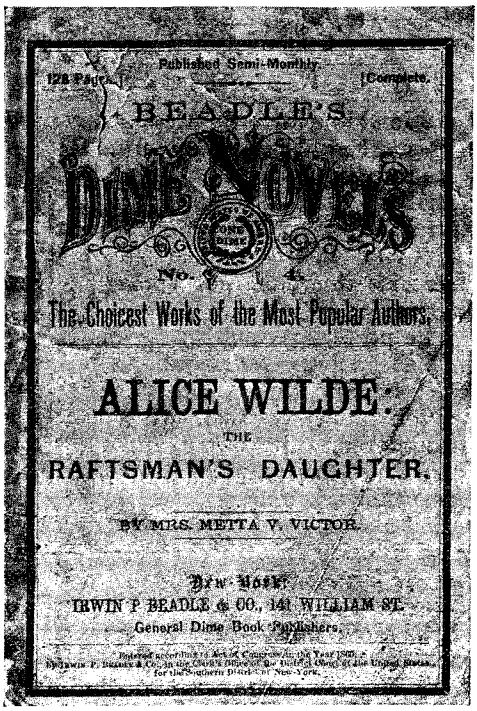
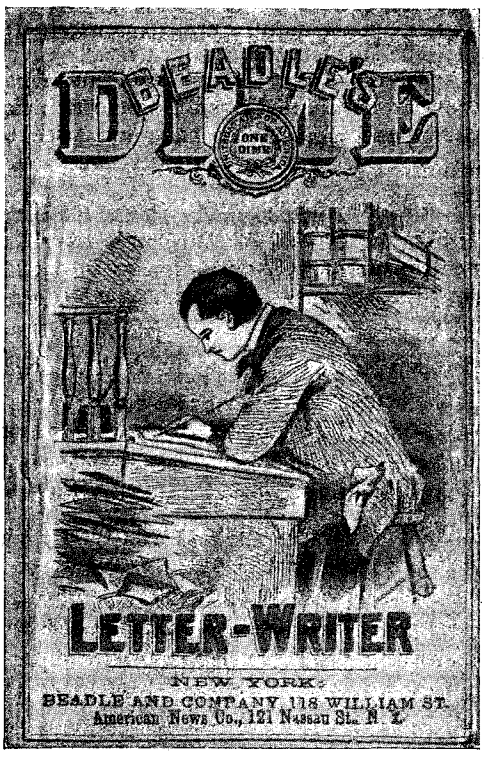
THE EXTINCTION OF THE DIME NOVEL

The close of the century is witnessing the extinction of what has been popularly known as the Dime Novel. Very curiously, readers are coming back to the position they occupied about forty years ago, and the books which are commanding wide sales to-day are what are known as high-priced novels. And yet the dime novel has played so prominent a part in the general literature of this country that the story of its genesis, its development, its evolution and its final degeneration is rich with interest. Little as it is generally realised, the dime novel has been a considerable factor in American literature.

The dime novel dates from the year 1860. Shortly before, the firm of Beadle and Adams had begun a series of publications intended for lower middle-class consumption. This series was made up of books on etiquette, on letter writing and other subjects of equal moment and importance. The dime book of etiquette, for instance, purported to be a guide to "true gentility and good breeding, and a complete directory to the usages and observances of society, including etiquette of the ball-room, of the evening party, the dinner party, the card and chess table, of business and of the home circle." It did not differ materially from the books of similar nature that are published to-day. These books had an enormous circulation, and despite the ridicule which one humorously inclined may see fit to heap upon them, undoubtedly had a serious and real educational value. We reproduce herewith a fac-simile of the cover of what is probably the first popular Letter Writer published in the United States. Glancing through its pages, we derive a vast amount of information as to the proper form of epistle that should be written "to a coquette for trifling with feelings," "from a maiden to her deceiver," "from a gentleman to his groom." In that part of the book devoted to improprieties of expression we learn that such phrases as "I is," "he came so near as ours," "he read them papers," "he learns his scholars," are neither elegant nor desirable. The book also contains a long list of phrases, mottoes and idioms for those who desire to





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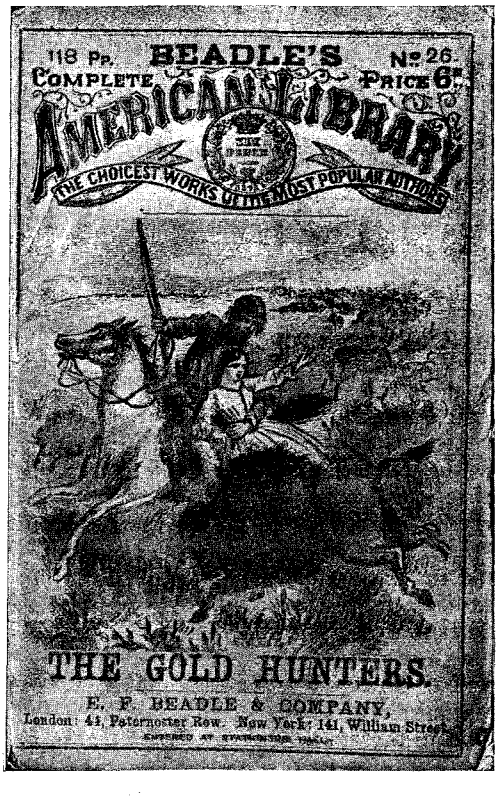
appear classical, and several pages of apt quotations for writers of poetic tendencies.

Early in the spring of 1860 Mr. Orville J. Victor conceived the idea of the dime novel. At his suggestion the Beadle series was begun, and Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, then one of the most popular and widely known of American writers, was asked to contribute the inaugurative story. For *Malaeska, the Indian Wife of the White Hunter,* she received two hundred and fifty dollars, a considerable sum for a work of its length at that time. *Malaeska* was followed by *The Privateer's Cruise,* by Harry Cavendish; *Myra, the Child of Adoption,* another of Mrs. Stephens's romances, and *Alice Wilde, the Raftsman's Daughter,* by Mrs. M. V. Victor. A fac-simile of the title-page of this story is herewith reproduced.

About the dime novel there speedily gathered a staff of writers who combined a knowledge of the popular taste, dexterity in the working out of conventional plots and an industry that was simply amazing. With a few exceptions, one hundred dollars was the price paid for



one of these novels, which contained on an average twenty-five thousand words, and which was produced by its author in a week or ten days. In addition to the professional novel spinners of the time the dime library drew on a number of newspaper men, who found in this a way materially to increase their incomes. In the autumn of 1860 the first story ever written by Edward S. Ellis, afterward so popular as a writer for boys, found its way into the office of the dime library. It was called *Seth Jones; or, The Captive of the Frontier,* and before it appeared as the eighth number in the series it had been advertised with a skill and ingenuity very rare at a time when the art of advertising was still, in a measure, in its infancy. Several weeks before the day of publication guttersnipes bearing the simple legend "Seth Jones" were placarded on walls and fences all over the city. A week later these were followed by other guttersnipes, on which was printed the query, "Who is Seth Jones?" A third guttersnipe answered the question, and proved remarkably effective in bringing about for the book an enormous sale.

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Despite the literary inadequacy of these pioneers among the cheap popular novel they were entirely wholesome and far removed from the viciousness and the brutality which mark their successors in the later seventies and early eighties. These romances were often extravagant in plot and crude in treatment, but they were primarily designed for household reading. Probably none of the writers of these books was more successful in commanding a wide circle of readers than Mrs. M. V. Victor. The fourth of the stories which she contributed to this series attained a sale which makes most of the records of book sales of the present day appear insignificant in comparison. This was *Uncle Ezekiel,* the story of an alleged typical Yankee and his exploits at home and abroad. In the United States the book within a short time reached a total sale of two hundred and seventy thousand. In England the sales reached two hundred and eleven thousand, a total of two hundred and eighty-one thousand. This, however, was surpassed by *The Backwoods Bride,* of which five hundred and fifty thousand were sold, and *Maum Guinea.* The last named was a story of negro life, which, appearing at the time of the war, actually rivalled in popularity Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin.*

The success of this series in a few years brought many rivals into the field. George Munro, who had been a bookkeeper in the employ of Beadle and Adams, began publishing himself books along the same line about 1865. A few years later the staid orange covers of the original dime novels were replaced by covers of gaudily coloured design. The typical dime novel of 1870, a fac-simile of which we herewith reproduce, is very interesting as showing the crudity of the coloured prints of the time. But the cheap novel of the early seventies was only a step in the whole scheme of evolution. With the great competition came a marked decline in the quality of the material. Each year showed advances in outright sensationalism until the culmination was reached in the typical shocker of recent memory.

Firmin Dredd.

COURAGE.

If in the days that now are at an end
I had been false in deed or look or word
To that unspoken vow our spirits heard
When eyes met eyes and each life claimed a friend—
If ever I had stooped my soul to spend
Less than the gold of love, or ever stirred
To action by a baser motive spurred
Than to be worthy—fate could make me bend.
But, love, look back across the changeful years:
Is not our friendship high and true and brave,
Swift to all service, strong in high emprise?
If we must part, then, let there be no tears.
Life cannot daunt us—and beyond the grave
We shall stand up and look God in the eyes.

Jeannette Bliss Gillespy.

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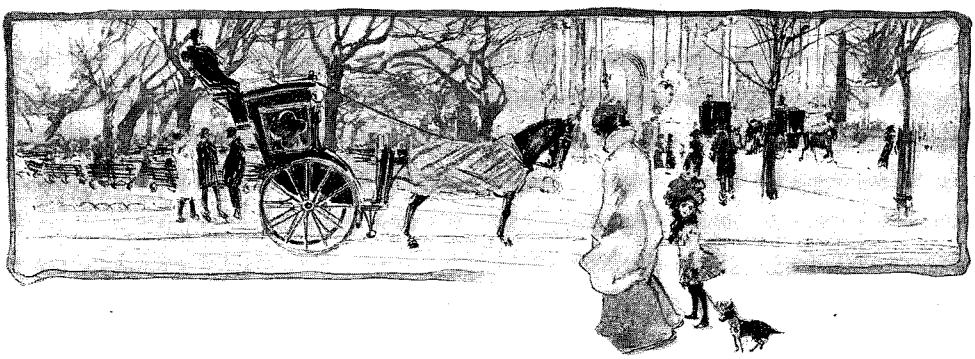
THE NEW LEADERS IN AMERICAN ILLUSTRATION

II The Decorative Workers: Wright, Fisher, Hutt and Parrish

THE decorative faculty is the exuberant conceit of the beautiful; very often it is the humorous vitality, as well, expressed with clever audacity. It has a wayward grace, even in its serener aspects, of refusing to disclose itself in the prescribed lines of established custom, or to keep within the bounds of circumspect reality. It is a thing of quips and cranks, of fantasy and mirth, of audacity and archness, revealing its wisdom under queer masks and wearing its truths under strange and sportive guises; in a word, it is Life in her holiday mood and Art in her carnival spirit. Hence, it naturally follows that the decorative artists are men of unusual individuality, with a quaint and positive sense of humour. The quality of character that seems typical in them, and which has been responsible for the development of the decorative sense, is one of expansiveness, of generosity and of optimism; it comes from an inherent desire to delight and to surprise, and its method of expression is nearly always along the lines of the unexpected. Most of these men are serious workers and serious thinkers; all of the four who have been selected as representative are; but, being enthusiasts of expression, their tendency is to embellish and to elaborate their theme into graceful fulness and to portray it with significant detail. The evident earnestness of the work of Mr. George Wright holds it very close to the serious, although it never leaves the picturesque, or in the lighter moods fails to convey the arch and the quaint. His quick sense of the artistic requirement immediately selects the picture in whatever he may happen upon, and fixes it in its best and most expressive attitude. He is as quick to recognise all the points of view from a human standpoint as well, and regards them with complaisance if not with quizzical interest. His imperturbability is always entertaining. When he made his *début* into the art world of New York it came about this way: He had begun his career by making designs for jewellers, and from that unpretentious beginning he had advanced to the more comprehensive art of designing for lithographic purposes. With his allied apprenticeship, with these two minor arts as an incentive, if not a preparation, he studied for a few months at the Pennsylvania Academy of Art at Philadelphia, his native city. With no other training, and with no particular confidence in his own ability, he came over from the Quaker city one day and walked into the art department of the *Century Magazine* with a portfolio of drawings under his arm. They were inspected by the art editor, a number of them selected, and the young artist was asked if a certain



WINTER AFTERNOON, MADISON SQUARE. BY GEORGE WRIGHT.

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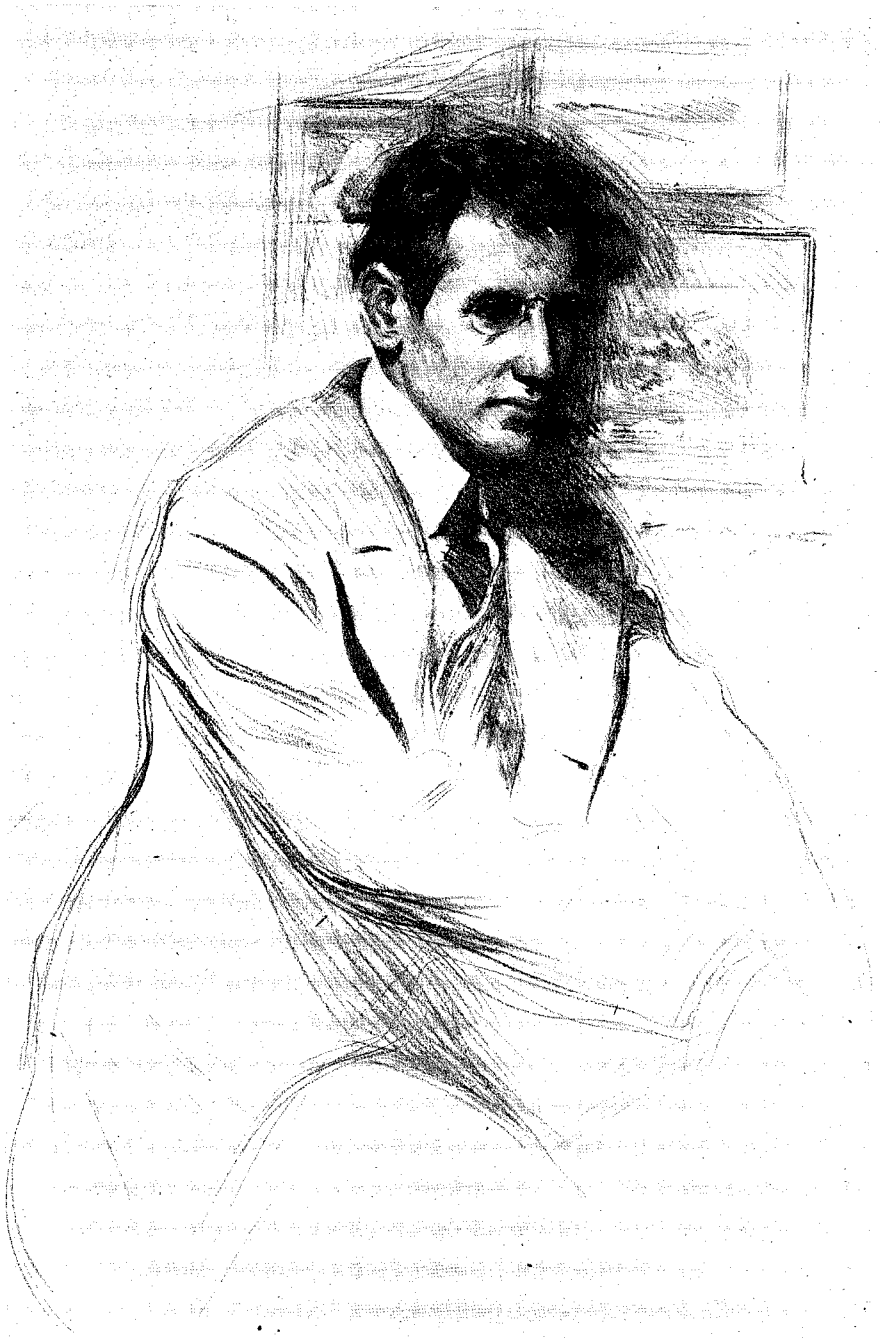

GEORGE WRIGHT, FROM ORIGINAL DRAWING BY G. M. ASHE.

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sum would be considered as sufficient remuneration for them. He was so staggered at the magnitude of the offered amount that he stammered, "I—guess—so," in a manner, however, that might have been construed as a reluctant compromise. After some conversation the art editor told him that he should take a studio in New York, adding that they "could give him enough to live on." This convincing introduction by the *Century* led to commissions from other leading magazines ,in which he is variously represented, both through regular illustrating and through cover designs, his predilection for colour lending itself to the latter. Mr. Wright has a decided preference for colour—for painting—and he has made many charming colour sketches of the bits of scenery around New York, putting into his chance compositions the bicyclers and other loitering pleasurers whom he encounters by the way. Mr. Wright does not think that painting and illustrating go hand in hand, as do most illustrators, and he contends that the same technique cannot be employed with both, nor can the artist work for the

PORTRAIT STUDY OF HARRISON FISHER BY HENRY HUTT.

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PASTEL STUDY BY GEORGE WRIGHT.

same ends in both. He evidently regards illustrating as the more facile art, and in his own sketches admits liberties that he would consider foreign to painting. The little sketch of Madison Square is a delightful example of the personal jaunts Mr. Wright makes with his art; no one can look at it and not realise that he did it just to please himself. The opening of the picture's outlines to introduce two figures nearer than its own foreground is a whimsical conceit that lets the bars down to the spectator also—one unconsciously feels himself a part of it because of this device—and it thereby makes the intimately human touch that constitutes its chief charm. Mr. Wright likes to paint nature and to draw women; he wins the charm from both. His women are transcribed in all their femininities, their chic and their furbellows—how well may be seen from the accompany-

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PORTRAIT SKETCH BY HARRISON FISHER.

ing sketch of the demure girl in her conventional dressiness, and the study of the self-conscious woman with her easy appearance of the correctly gowned and the well groomed. The placing of the kittens in the foreground of the latter study is an adroit keynote that sustains the interest. This keynote to human character is also one of the characteristics of the art of Mr. Harrison Fisher. Consciously or unconsciously, he always introduces some symbol into his compositions that relatively suggests the determining meaning. Most of this effective detail he obtains through clothes and the accessories of dress; perhaps no one of the illustrators, unless it be Mr. Henry Hutt, using such sartorial discrimination as does he. The dress always proclaims the mood, as well as the man, in his pictures. Of the type of person so portrayed, there is never any doubt of his status in life, the quality of caste and the position in society; the reality and the sham one sees at a glance. The extraordinary figure of Thorpe in the pages of Harold Frederic's *Market Place* will suggest this at once, and in the illustrations to Jerome K. Jerome's story now appearing in the *Saturday Evening Post* Mr. Fisher has more cleverly and more vivaciously exploited particular man in his particular moods. It is the enthusiasm of expression that comes, perhaps, from excess of perception; certainly from large sympathy of feeling. When Mr. Fisher was a boy in San Francisco he sold his first picture to a regular story-book old gentleman, who gave him three five-dollar gold pieces for it. The gold was not big enough to satisfy what it represented to him as he walked about

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PORTRAIT SKETCH BY HARRISON FISHER.

the streets jingling it in his pocket. Then a happy inspiration struck him; he had it changed into silver—small silver—and spent the rest of the day walking the streets with his hands in his largely jingling pockets. It was the youthful instinct for the adequate expression of enthusiasm.

Mr. Fisher manifested his artistic inclination when he was a child of six; but as he was born to an art atmosphere, his father and grandfather being artists, his precocious talent was accepted as a matter of course, and his father instructed him in drawing and painting. Later, the family having removed from Brooklyn to San Francisco, he studied at what is now known as the Johns Hopkins Institute of Art, and it was then, in his student days, that the episode of the jingling rewards of art first came to him. He began his professional career by drawing for a San Francisco newspaper when he was but sixteen years of age, and in a few years was transferred to a like position on a New York newspaper under the same ownership. His stay with it was a matter of months, and his connection with it was severed by the acceptance of two comic sketches of his by the editor of *Puck,* who gave the youthful draughtsman a staff position. It was not long until the delineation of character in his drawings commended his work to the editor of the *Saturday Evening Post,* then recently reorganised by the Curtis Company. He has been doing the most of its serial work since. During the past summer he went abroad with Mr. W. J. Archibald to furnish the pictorial part of some special articles for *McClure's Magazine.*

Mr. Fisher is so youthful as to be boyishly buoyant, and he is so serious as to be very old, despite his limited years. The daring of youth is in his line and the sageness of maturity in his human interpretation; it is a peculiar combination, and impresses his art with fresh vitality, much as in a personal way he reflects a boyish sincerity with a philosophic regard to essentials.

POSTER BY GEORGE WRIGHT.

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Mr. Henry Hutt unites the qualities of Mr. Wright and Mr. Fisher, and presents them with a pleasing individuality, a daintier touch. His line is quaint and often whimsical, with an always picturesque ensemble; and he conveys his interpretation with sentiment and a redundant sense of beauty. As with Mr. Fisher, he makes clothes tell their portion of the story, but perhaps he is more an apostle of the well dressed.

Mr. Hutt is a Westerner; a few years since he graduated from that elementary school of art which so many artists have honoured until it has almost become a preparatory art career—that of designing for lithography—and after a short season of instruction at the Art Institute of Chicago he opened a studio in New York, his commissions warranting that step. His first important undertaking were the illustrations for a continued story for the *Saturday Evening Post,* and since then his precise signature has been attached to drawings in *Harper's, McClure's, The Century* and *Life,* to which he is a staff contributor. Mr. Hutt likes

IMPRESSION SKETCH BY HENRY HUTT.

IMPRESSION SKETCH BY HENRY HUTT.

women and children for his subjects, depicting them with *finesse* and daintiness of execution. His characters suggest spontaneity and human naturalness, but they are usually in a setting too decorative for reality.

The usual terms of art criticism do not apply to the odd charm of the work of Mr. Maxfield Parrish. Decorative it is to exaggeration, and whimsical and quaint, and so individual as to be personal, but withal so full of humour and sentiment as to make genial its Gothic spirit. In days to come some needlessly awful critic will rise up and accuse Mr. Parrish of creating an art that shall be a renaissance of Mediævalism when the host of his imitators traduce his tendency into popular disfigurement. Just now Mr. Parrish has the field to himself (unless one goes to France and includes Mr. Boutet de Monvel), and the public, an admiring one, is content that Mr. Parrish shall be its sole occupant. It is not surprising to learn that Mr. Parrish won his first recognition by taking a poster prize, and that his first work was bringing to pictorial reality the heroes and heroines of nursery rhymes. The survival of these reveal themselves in his

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PEN-AND-INK STUDY BY GEORGE WRIGHT.

work of to-day, and the figures that evolve from his pencil (and brush and stylus) have sometime wandered near the delightful birthplace of infantile fiction. Mr. Parrish purposes some day to express the child's attitude toward nature and things, holding that view as the purest and most unconscious; he also hopes to deal seriously with the nursery stories from the child's point of view. Mr. Parrish is the son of Stephen Parrish, etcher and painter; so that his fine and delicate line and tonal qualities are partly of inheritance. He graduated at Haverford College, and studied art at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. It was at this institution that he exhibited his painting of "Old King Cole," and it was purchased by the association. He afterward made a mural decoration of it for the Mask and Wig Club of Philadelphia. But it was the art editor of *Scribner's,* who has given so many young artists an audience, who may really be named as the sponsor for the possible absolute expression of Mr. Parrish's strong individuality. The covers of *Scribner's* have almost been pre-empted by him, and they have exploited him to a safe place in American decorative work.

The sovereignty of time mellows art and refines mannerisms into agreeable graces of individuality, and decorative tendency in art is not to be frowned upon as a hybrid, but recognised as a truthful evolution toward a more rounded beauty of self, a fulness of perfection; perhaps, in time, as the essence of culture. It is the consensus of artists that makes the reality of an art expression, and the theme of art is kept fresh and vital through the excursions of its enthusiasts into still untrodden fields of humour and sentiment and beauty. It was the heart of the young man that spoke to the psalmist. What it said has not all been told.

Regina Armstrong.

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ITALICS IN FICTION

The novels crowding the reviewer's table form a very interesting, if somewhat amusing, study. It is, of course, necessary for their success that they should contain a certain amount of local colour. This, according to the rules of novel-writing, need not be in detail, but there must be slight artistic touches, or pointed asides, to appeal to the reader who knows the spot. That single reader, if impressed by the accuracy of the descriptions. But alas! these are few. praises of the book, and thus advertise it to his fellows. Dickens took the greatest pains to be accurate in his local colour, and many modern novels have, it must be admitted, been admirable in this respect. Their writers have made their studies on the spot, be it in East End slums, in Scotch villages, or on the West Coast of Africa, producing excellent books, full of vivid and realistic descriptions. But alas! there are few. The reviewer, if he be anything of a cosmopolitan, knows too well the horrible blunders made by the majority of modern novelists. Without being hypercritical of my fellow-writers, I confess to viewing with some amusement the many and absurd errors which, by the exercise of a little care, might be avoided. In dealing with their own country glaring mistakes are frequent, but when their scenes are laid on the Continent of Europe their floundering is oft-times a very regrettable spectacle.

In the novels issued during the past year I have noticed errors regarding Continental life and habits which, considering the popularity and standing of their writers, are really surprising. First, in a knowledge of European languages the average novelist seems hopelessly deficient. He may know French, or even have a smattering of German, but beyond that he is compelled to resort to the usual hackneyed ejaculations and expressions which have remained unaltered in fiction for the past twenty years. The present-day writer still continues, if narrating a dialogue, say in French, to put the first word of the sentence in that language, and the remainder in English, the reason of this being a complete mystery. A sentence such as "'*Oui*,' she said. 'But I cannot,'" is of frequent occurrence. Plain English throughout is surely best if the writer's knowledge of French is so extremely hazy. Again, in several recent romances by the most popular writers where the scenes are laid in France of bygone days we are regaled with these disjointed words in modern Parisian, while in every story with a Belgian atmosphere, without a single exception, we have the characters speaking that pure French which is taught as an "extra" in English young ladies' academies. Indeed, a few weeks ago a book passed through my hands dealing with the Luxemburg Ardennes, the local colour of which was excellent and without doubt studied on the spot, yet there we had a little shepherd-girl in a remote village speaking the French of the boulevards! Probably the author could not, on hearing the language spoken, detect the difference between French and Walloon.

Has any one ever read a Russian novel by an English writer which did not contain those half-dozen familiar words in italics—*samovar, mujik, vodki, stoi, shuba,* and *telega?* They seem to be the stock words of the romancer when dealing with Russian subjects, just as "high-life" and "shocking" are the two English words most found in the Boulevard journals, and "*Bismillah*" is the keynote of the Arab romance. As far as I remember, I have never seen a single whole sentence in Russian in any English novel. To quote one instance of the amazing ignorance of the modern novelist regarding matters Russian, and of the danger of working up local colour from guide-books, there was in a Russian novel by one of our most prominent writers, issued about a year ago, a description of a *samovar*—the usual *samovar*—which we are told looked beautiful and shining, as though it had only just come out of the—"Bazaar." This touch of local colour satisfied the English reader that the writer was acquainted with Moscow. But, on the contrary, the writer's work falls hopelessly to pieces when it is remembered that this "Bazaar" is one of the principal hotels in the city. The novelist had taken the word "bazaar" to mean a cheap shop!

Again, the descriptions of Russian

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revolutionists and Russian police—always called the Third Section—are invariably ridiculous. Why the police should be called the Third Section is another unsolved mystery. I once lent one of the most popular and thrilling Russian novels—one that had sold in England and America by tens of thousands—to a very prominent Russian writer and critic who had spent fifteen years in Siberia on account of his revolutionary writings. He returned it gravely, saying: "There is not a single sound fact in it from cover to cover! Such a book does the cause of Russian Freedom more harm than good. I don't wonder at the Press Bureau prohibiting such rubbish from entering Russia!" And this was a work at that moment on every one's tongue in England; a real serious work which made its author's reputation and brought him instantly to the front, and about which clergymen preached, taking the facts as genuine!

A writer extremely well known speaks in one of his books of "a rudderless chaos." If a chaos can be rudderless, which may be open to doubt, this expression might be well applied to the novelist who attempts studies either of the Roman Catholic religion, or of Italian life. Of recent years, with the exception perhaps of Mr. Marion Crawford and Mr. Max Pemberton, not a single author has written an Italian novel without going hopelessly to pieces. The chief pitfall is, of course, the language. We find characters in Naples speaking most perfect phrase-book Tuscan, Venetians speaking faultless Genoese, Corsicans chattering in Piedmontese, and Milanese conversing in the language of Calabria, all of which is extremely diverting to the reader who chances to know anything of those dialects. As an illustration, in a novel by a well-known writer heralded by considerable advertisement, and issued a few weeks ago by one of the first publishing firms, we find the following dialogue:

"*Come sta ella?*" quoth the grave old man. "*Parla ella italiano, Signore?*"

"*Non molto,*" stammered Martin, astonished at being addressed in modern Italian by this venerable Biblical-looking host of his. "*Appena. Parla ella inglese?*"

Extremely "modern Italian"—this Italian of the novelist, and what renders it worse is that the quotation is jerked in for no apparent purpose other than to show the writer's knowledge of the language. Again, every novelist is fond, when dealing with Italian subjects, of using the words "*Bene*" or "*Benissimo.*" Yet we never find it "*Va bene*" or "*Va benissimo,*" as it should be, save perhaps in the pages of Ouida. We have, too, almost invariably "*Signore*" where it should be "*Signor,*" "*Si*" for "yes"—never "*Ja,*" the most common word in Tuscan, or pure Italian, and used by prince and peasant alike. Generally, indeed, by a glance at the italics one can discover which phrase-book the stay-at-home author has used in his endeavour to give the British public a picture of the Sunny South, and the stilted and altogether extraordinary Italian which meanders through the pages of modern fiction is simply astounding. When the contadino of the Maremma speaks from Bradshaw's phrase-book, as he so often does, he becomes, indeed, a remarkable and very fictional figure. The novelist cheerfully puts the same words into the mouth of a character from the district around Bari, as into the mouth of a Livornese, yet if in real life the two were to meet they would probably not understand three words of each other's conversation. Of such are the italics in fiction.

In hundreds of novels, especially those of lady authors—from Ouida to Mavis Clare, I bow to them in respect—there are descriptions more or less incorrect of the iniquities of Monte Carlo. Personally, I know of no novel which gives an absolute correct account of play there. The novelist's rules of roulette—generally miscalled *rouge et noir*—are hopelessly wrong. The interesting character in fiction who goes to Monte Carlo never fails to play with higher stakes than the Administration permits, and always wins utterly impossible sums. Never once, to my knowledge, has a writer of romance been able to wholly avoid the many pitfalls in describing the easy, yet extremely involved game of roulette, and as for trente-et-quarante few novelists have ever been bold enough to refer to it. Monte Carlo sounds reckless, and therefore a scene there always "grips," even

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if written by one who has never presented his card at the bureau. We have read in modern fiction of cliffs at Nice, of golden sands at Genoa, of caves at Southend-on-Sea, and of the "clear and beautiful Arno," while the familiar French villain, whose command of English is so perfect that his nationality is concealed, is frequently described as though he really existed. One feels inclined, when reading of the latter linguistical prodigy, to ask him to pronounce the single word "with." A buxom heroine I discovered on the day of writing this article had "a skin soft as suede," while another young lady was, we are told, very "desirable-looking." The latter term I had always believed was only used in advertisements under "Houses to Let." Another hero I came across the other day in a book professing to describe journalistic London walked from Hyde Park Corner to Hounslow Heath in an hour, a distance of eleven miles! Surely such a walker would have made more money at pedestrianism than as a hack-journalist.

Such defects as these render the very best novels unconvincing. Women will read a book if it be by a known author, and pronounce it good, but male readers, apt to be critical, especially if of cosmopolitan habit, will quickly discover the errors and sneer at them. The novelist, however careful he may be of his style, however earnest in his "note," however pathetic in his love episodes, damns his book utterly if he allows one single slip in his italics. The annoying discovery that the author is ignorant of the foreign tongue he quotes, or does not personally know the locality he describes, is sufficient to cause the reader to toss the book aside in disgust and ridicule. Therefore on that account, and in order to render stories really convincing, the greatest care should be exercised, even by those whose names stand first in their publishers' lists.

William Le Queux.

SOME THACKERAYAN IDEAS ABOUT AMERICANS*

The good American who cherishes and respects his civic responsibilities should never be thoroughly satisfied with his country and countrymen except when he is in the society of Englishmen. It is quite permissible to concede to a Frenchman that the Arc de Triomphe is in some respects a finer and more majestic monument than the Washington Arch, or that the Eiffel Tower is a few feet higher than the Observation tower at Coney Island, because one can always wring from him in return a concession of the superiority of our railroad systems, our stock-yards and our big trees. But to express unguardedly to an Englishman one's admiration for Trafalgar Square or the scenery of the upper Thames or of the English lakes will probably provoke a bland "Aw! Quite so"; while to presume upon this concession to the extent of eulogising any of the virtues and achievements of America would move him only to an expression of bored incredulity. To reach him effectually on national and international questions, one must be "kind" to him. For so many centuries, under so many different conditions, has he been in the habit of being "kind" to others that the experience is strangely novel and stupefying. To discuss quietly, with perfect gravity and politeness, that future time when England shall find safety from international dangers and relief from European complications as one of these United States will effectually rouse him, drive him from amazement to indignation. He will look upon his interlocutor as a madman, but for once the mask will drop and show the rasping, strident, gesticulating, excitable being behind.

There is one phase of the literary work of Dickens and Thackeray which the American reader can very pleasantly ignore. Neither of them liked America, and despite the fact that each had a good many warm personal friendships with Americans, both were lacking entirely in sympathy and appreciation of the great

* The Hitherto Unidentified Contributions of W. M. Thackeray to Punch. By M. H. Spielman. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The Life of William Makepeace Thackeray. By Lewis Melville. Chicago and New York: H. S. Stone & Company.

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kindred people on this side of the Atlantic. This is more easily understood in Thackeray than in Dickens. It was only a part of the former's insular intolerance: he was quite as unjust and narrow in his estimate of the French and France; whereas Dickens's kindly and sympathetic pictures of French life are in curious contrast to *American Notes,* to the Bricks, Chollups, Divers, Pawkinses, and Fladdocks of *Martin Chuzzlewit* and to his own bearing and manners during his visits to America. In the long chain of events which has influenced English opinion and feeling toward this country —the first link of which chain was forged at Lexington and riveted at Yorktown— the writings of these two, the greatest English novelists of the nineteenth century, have an important place. Perhaps if we had not had Charles Dickens's *American Notes,* we might not have had Rudyard Kipling's.

In treating the subject of Thackeray's attitude toward America and Americans, there is one anecdote that must stand out as characteristic beyond all that he has said in print. It was told by Trollope in his book on Thackeray in the English Men of Letters series, and is alluded to in Mr. Melville's work now under discussion. Old as the story is, it is for many reasons worth being retold.

When he was in America, he met at dinner a literary gentleman of high character, middle-aged, and most dignified deportment. The gentleman was one whose character and acquirements stood very high—deservedly so—but who, in society, had that air of wrapping his toga around him, which adds, or is supposed to add, many cubits to a man's height. But he had a broken nose. At dinner he talked much of the tender passion, and did so in a manner which stirred up Thackeray's feeling of the ridiculous. "What has the world come to," said Thackeray, out loud to the table, "when two broken-nosed old fogies like you and me sit talking about love to each other!" The gentleman was astounded, and could only sit wrapping his toga in silent dismay for the rest of the evening. Thackeray then, as at other similar times, had no idea of giving pain, but when he saw a foible he put his foot upon it, and tried to stamp it out.

Beyond one's amazement at Trollope's evident admiration of Thackeray's part in the story it reminds one very forcibly of one of the candidates for the Governorship of the State of New York some years ago, who began a political address to a meeting of workingmen by taking off his coat and speaking in his shirt-sleeves, thereby losing the election. It was very justly pointed out by the newspapers of the opposing political party that the candidate would not have addressed a meeting of his social equals in his shirt-sleeves, and that his action conveyed a direct insult to his audience. Nor is it likely that Thackeray dining in London would have been guilty of so unprovoked and unpardonable a breach of good manners. Figuratively speaking, when he came to America he took off his coat: among Americans he lived in his shirt-sleeves.

Thackeray's intolerance of things American was, as has been said, only a part of his British Philistinism; he in no way discriminated against us as a nation. His attitude toward the French was even more marked, since during the years of his connection with *Punch* the greater part of England's foreign affairs led in some way or other to the Quai d'Orsay. For every arrow shot at President Polk or the American precipitation and administration of the Mexican War there was a quiverful aimed in the direction of the pear-shaped head of Louis Philippe, the Prince de Joinville and the French ministers. We have nothing to complain of to be compared with the Paris Sketch

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Book, the Second Funeral of Napoleon or the gross caricature of the *cuisinier* Alcide in *Pendennis;* on the other hand, for these he made some sort of amends in the Paris chapters of *Philip* and the character of the Vicomte de Florac of *The Newcomes,* one of the most simple, amiable and kindly of all his creations and a gentleman unexcelled among all the gentlemen of the novelist who beyond any other of his time knew how to paint one so well. For the *amende honorable* to their country and countrymen Americans must find a brief and somewhat insufficient satisfaction in those lectures on the Four Georges which among certain people in England brought down on Thackeray's head the charge of being lacking in patriotism.

Among the delightful *Roundabout Papers,* which are as fresh, as readable, as entertaining to-day as when they were appearing from month to month in the columns of the *Cornhill Magazine,* there are two which stand out distinctively as relating to things American. One of these, "On Half a Loaf," was for many years omitted from the American editions of his works. But somehow to-day, looking back forty years and realising all the passion, the tumult, the excitement of the days in which it was penned, the bitter attack loses its sting. The Southern Commissioners *were* given up, and there was *no* bombardment of the American cities and the nine hundred millions of securities held by British subjects were *not* confiscated, and we find ourselves reading over with perfect good nature and serenity the lines which provoked the Americans of a generation ago to anger and dislike. With a comfort quite as great do we read the arraignment of American journalistic methods in the paper "On Screens in Dining-Rooms." The American newspaper in question was certainly no more reprehensible than that priggish pillar of British Philistinism, the *Saturday Review,* and the whole affair was certainly insignificant beside the article which led to the great writer's much-mooted squabble with Edmund Yates. Indeed, if the

story about Dr. Johnson taking his dinner behind the screen was fiction, we should unhesitatingly say that it was because it was too good to be fact.

In Mr. M. H. Spielmann's recent *Hitherto Unidentified Contributions of W. M. Thackeray to Punch* we find that two of the four *Punch* cartoons suggested by the novelist that were found desirable by that periodical deal directly with the subject of his ideas about American politics. They are here reproduced. The first appeared in the spring of 1845, when the question of the Oregon boundary line had been causing grave anxiety both in this country and in England. In the cartoon President Polk, seconded by the French King, Louis Philippe, and Sir Robert Peel, seconded by Lord John Russell, are on the ground, preparing for a duel. The doughty *bourgeois* monarch offers his principal a pistol, with the words, *"Courage, mon President: visez au colur;"* to which the American replies with the anxious inquiry: "Do you think he's in arnest?" The second, appearing almost a year later, represents another phase of the same dispute. Both cartoons were drawn by John Leech.

Arthur Bartlett Maurice.

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STRINGTOWN ON THE PIKE*

By JOHN URI LLOYD

CHAPTER I.

My name is Samuel Drew, and I am now Professor of Chemistry in the University on the Hill. When I think of my boyhood, memories of the Kentucky pike arise, and I then recall the experiences of Sammy Drew, a barefooted child. The boy who, in August's heat, between the hours of noonday and mid-afternoon, dared to walk barefooted upon that road, raised his feet quickly. I know whereof I speak, for I often relieved my blistering soles by slipping aside into the weed-lined by-paths, preferring them, even if they passed near the honey-locust tree, under which danger lurked in the great brown thorns that always menace the barefooted boy of Kentucky. That pike is yet vivid to memory. Again I see the dust of bygone times. Again the sun's fierce rays force me to increased laziness. Often I seek a shade tree at the roadside, there to find the grassy brink of a grateful spring and, leaning over the sward, bury my face in the hard limestone water, drinking deep and long. The picture of contentment, I now sit on the overhanging sod in the shadow of the tree, and spatter the cool water with my toes, bathing a stone-bruise in the very fount from which I drank. Then with nose-tip close to the water's surface, I eye the flitting cloud shadows, scan the reflected tan-freckled face and watch the water-bugs and crawfish as, deep in the limpid pool, they stir the sand in the vein's mouth. Finally I turn upon my back and gaze into space, dreaming of nothing, thinking of nothing.

* * * * *

From earliest school-days chemistry excited my keenest interest. When but a child I sat absorbed during the experiments made by the teacher while he instructed the advanced class—the class in chemistry—of our country school. By chance I finally obtained a copy of *Comstock's Chemistry,* and day by day kept abreast with the students who recited in that subtle science.

Either luck or fate made a chemist of me; luck, because the subject chanced to be taught in my room; or fate, because "what is to be will be." I could not carry a rule in Brown's Grammar from one day to another, and I still detest the name "grammar" because of those twenty-six artificial rules. If I memorised some portions of history, in a week thereafter I mixed the incidents, unless they were connected with something of chemical significance. I could not have remembered from day to day whether Gustavus Adolphus fought in the War of the Roses or conducted the Thirty Years' conflict. My head seemed vacant to everything but chemistry. All else slipped through as a wind-struck fog flies through a leafless woodland. The result was that, though other subjects filtered out of my brain as through a sieve, chemistry remained securely caught by the mind meshes. I should add, however, that historical events connected with the enticing science remained, as, under similar conditions, did mathematical signs and formulæ. Chemistry served as a nucleus of attachment. My one-sided mind caught the chemistry of a subject and bound thereto or blended therewith all connected matters, as alcohol blends ether and water. The teacher scolded me often in the kindness of severity for my indifference to other subjects, for I was one of the blockheads; at least he seemed to regard me as such, not appearing to know anything of my one talent. The little boys of my row each learned something concerning everything, as do all mediocre brains, and one by one passed beyond me; and I, in humiliation, sat conspicuous among children a head beneath me, absorbed in the one unreached study that was destined in after years to wreck my happiness, end my career and bring distress to others. Were this not fact—were this narrative simply a recitation of incidents in which I take part merely as an unconcerned historian—no time would be consumed in these remarks about self. Would to God I could blot this word "chemistry" out of existence! would also that my personality in connection with this history could also be excised, and that this record could be made in the third person!

CHAPTER II.

Coming unexpectedly into my little home one Saturday afternoon, I found Professor Drake, the village school-teacher, in serious conversa-

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tion with my mother. Before my presence was noticed—for, being barefooted, my step was noiseless—I caught the fragment of a sentence: "It is painful to be forced to tell a mother these facts about her son, but duty compels me to say that I despair of teaching your—" Catching sight of me, Professor Drake abruptly stopped, and then added: "But we will consider the subject at another time." I passed on, and yet had heard enough. A bullet of putty may be made to pierce a plank of oak. There are lights that penetrate metals, or make stone transparent; and slow as I was in some respects, the incompleted sentence pierced my mentality and needed no interpretation. My cheek burned in humiliation, my heart beat violently; for it is not pleasant to one mentally incapacitated to hear the fact stated, and, less still, for one who loved his mother as intensely as I did to realise that the most painful part of her life of devoted privation was small in comparison with the distress that resulted from my stupidity. I was indignant, and felt tempted to return and upbraid the teacher, for were not his words the immediate cause of my mother's sorrow? Her face was expressive of despair. But the facts were on the pedagogue's side; and, moreover, I appreciated that he, too, grieved over my misfortune. I fled from the house and aimlessly moved on, meditating, miserable. I climbed the back fence into the woodland pasture, upon which our little garden jutted, and after crossing it wandered away from Stringtown, I cared not whither. An hour passed, and my anger and mortification subsided. I ceased to think of the incident; indeed, no record remained to remind my now dormant intellect of the fact that I existed. My mind had become as unconscious of all external things as it was of inherent emotions. My limbs moved irresponsively and my body automatically passed along. I fancy that I had assumed the condition of a brute of the lower class or a creature like the turtle, the difference being that in my brain an intellectual spark rested, and through it the drowsy I of self could be excited into consciousness, while the lethargic mind of the turtle rests irredeemably in the unreachable shadows without. The great distinction between man and brute is that man knows he is man, and the brute knows nothing of himself. I existed and was awake, it is true, but in this trance that possessed me knew nothing of external things.

The sun sank slowly toward the distant tree tops, and still I wandered without method. The village disappeared behind me, but, regardless of my whereabouts, I strolled dreamfully along until at last I stumbled over an inequality in the grass. And as the flash shoots upward when a spark touches a fibre of guncotton, so the sudden fall caused my mind to dart back into self-consciousness. The instant I fell upon the earth I became aware of the fact that never before had I ventured into the present locality. I next observed a shadow that the sinking sun seemed to throw toward me. A long shadow upon the hill behind which he was disappearing, stretching toward me, took the form of a gigantic cross, the apex reaching to and touching the mound beside me. This did not, however, at the instant cause me the least concern; a shadow is but a shadow. I raised my eyes to seek the object that broke the ray of sunshine, and, child that I was, marvelled then at the miracle; for smooth, as if planed by hand, the top of the hill stretched across my field of vision; there was no intervening object between the sun and me. The face of the day king, unmarked by tree or shrub, shone clear and untarnished over a horizontal ridge summit that was fenceless, objectless, as straight as a ruler. Stretching down the barren hillside, came those rays straight into my face; and down that smooth hillside projected toward me, as if it had an intent in thus pointing at myself, the great grey shadow lay sharp, and as still as if carved in stone—an effect without a cause—and just beyond its tip I lay trembling.

I now realised fully my location. He who heeded not the warning to avoid that spot bred trouble for his future. Never before had village boy dared to press the grass where I reclined. Never before had child beheld either sunshine or shadow from the place I occupied—a spot, it was said, the Indians shunned because of its evil influence on him involved in its occult mazes. In the tradition of the early settlers an Indian maiden had just here met a cruel death; and we knew that the father of the "Corn Bug" (so nicknamed because of his propensity for the juice of the corn) had been murdered near the site where I now lay. In mature life no cultivated man or woman believes ghost stories or these absurd Indian traditions, tales that in the minds of children and ignorant persons cluster around every precinct of our land. But to us children, and to the negroes with whom we were so intimate, that place was cursed, and would so have been held by us, even in the face of any testimony to the contrary. Although the soil was rich, bushes of sassafras and persimmons—God's emissaries for worn-out grounds too

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poor for other plant existence—refused to grow on or near the spot where my form rested. In this silent dell of the "dark and bloody ground," that from a distance we children, venturing cautiously, had once timidly approached, whisperingly pointed to, and then, huddled together, ran from as if from Satan, I now lay alone. My heart throbbed and thumped, my flesh quivered at I knew not what, my limbs refused to move; and the face of the great sun, clear as crystal and bright as molten silver, sank slowly in the west. Simultaneously the weird earth shadow, that singular grey cross, fell slowly toward me. Powerless did I watch it lengthen until the distended arms crept over my form and enveloped my trembling self, and then a quivering play of changing sunset lights spread about the sky, amid which at last the upper rim of the sun disappeared, the rays flickered; yet, strangely enough, before twilight deepened darkness fell upon me. Whether the shadow to which I refer was an object from the material or outside part of life that appeared to my real eyesight, or a shade from the inner circle that impressed my perceptive faculties, I shall not presume to say; the reader may form his own conclusions concerning the cause of the phenomenon. I report only what I witnessed; and I yet recall vividly the spectral outline of this weird, strange shadow, stretching without discernible cause down the long, barren hillside. I remember that as I lay prostrate on the lone tomb, gazing at the approaching umbra, I wondered first if it would reach my feet, and then, as its apex passed over them, if its great arms would engulf me. I remember to have given a sigh of relief as the last vestige of the sun was about to disappear; for I had unconsciously accepted, without thinking it out, that should the arms of the grey cross reach my body, my life would end with the sinking of the sun and the lengthening of the shadow. Then I recollect that as the upper rim of the crescent sun sank and passed from view, and the final slanting rays bent themselves and streamed upward, the arms of the cross at the same instant passed over my body—and I recollect nothing more. How long I lay in the dew of the blue grass I cannot say, but when I regained consciousness it was as if I were awakening from an objectless dream.

It seemed as though I had been possessed of a vision, yet no details remained. I had surely experienced the knowledge of sweets and sours, sorrow and pain, peace and distress, but not of things, thoughts or sights. A black object, wrapped in black paper, has an existence in the night, and yet it cannot be seen; an object wrapped in platinum foil, thrown on a surface of molten silver, has an existence in the light, yet is not to be seen; a transparent object in a transparent light held between the eye and the sun *is*, and yet is not perceptible to the sight. Thoughts and experiences of my sleeping self had been realities, but to my waking self were not real. I had lived and died, had passed into other realms and back again, and experiencing all, I yet recollected nothing. This struck me as more than strange; but only for an instant did I think of the occurrence, for I realised immediately that I was not now alone. As yet I had not opened my eyes; but as the sleeping babe intently watched becomes restless, stirs, and feels a penetrating gaze before it awakes, so did I feel the presence of some body or spirit other than my own.

Cautiously seeking to discover the person gazing at me, for my nerves were conscious of that piercing eye, I raised myself upon my elbow and peered about, to perceive standing close behind me an Indian girl, tall, erect, beautiful. By the light of a full moon I saw her form clearly, distinctly, and noted that her head was decorated in gaily coloured feathers, and that her dress was made of the tastily draped skins of animals. Her bosom was partly covered, partly bare, her face and bust together, as I now recall the scene, making a picture that might serve as an artist's ideal. One hand rested on her side; the fourth finger of the other was placed upon her lip as if, in the language all nations understand, the language of signs, she were bidding me be silent; and thus she stood, with elbows extended, gazing before her. She made no movement, and, as one entranced, I lay motionless at her feet. She seemed to be listening for a sound, and to fear that I would move or speak; but she need not—I could not move.

Then I observed again a strange phenomenon. The graceful position her form unconsciously assumed cast a shadow over the earth, on and up and into the clear sky. Over the crest of the hill, back toward where the sun had sunk, the figure of a gigantic cross high in heaven was uplifted, a perfect cross. The distended elbows of the maiden created the two shadow-arms of the weird cross, and from behind her, shining through her form as through a haze, I saw the rising moon's face. Marvellous apparition! The visage of the moon peered at me through her very body and thrust that shadow over the earth and into space beyond. Strange, I remember to have thought—strange that when facing the sun I should

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have closed my eyes upon a cross upon the earth, and opened them upon an overlying cross in heaven. Yet while this query led my wondering thoughts, it did not surprise me that the girl's form was translucent; neither did it seem remarkable that I heard, in answer to my mind's words, the reply:

"Not strange at all. The figure before you was present while the sun still shone, but such creations are invisible in the sunlight. She it was who absorbed the radiance of the sun's rays, and thus permitted the shafts of darkness behind her to cast back at the sun the skeleton of that depleted sun-ray. The shadow observed on the hillside in the sunlight resulted from the dominating power of the shade of darkness behind. To mortals the sun prevails over all else, but to other existences shade is the reality. She upon whom you now gaze is only perceptible when a person occupies the peculiar position, both of body and mind, that you now enjoy; not every one can see what you behold."

My reverie (if reverie it be) was at this point suddenly interrupted; a second shadow crossed the moon's face, and I beheld, stealthily approaching the girl from behind, an Indian with uplifted stone axe. I tried to scream, but could not; I tried to move, but vainly. The smile on the face of the unsuspecting girl remained sweetly, wildly beautiful. Behind her countenance that other face peering through her own—as if the tracing of a saint were thrown before the picture of a devil—leered, sinister, desperate, ugly, and through both of them the moon was shining. I tried again to warn her of the danger, but could not break the spell that bound me; staring, motionless and powerless, I saw the uplifted war-axe of the phantom chief sink deep into the black hair that covered her spectral skull. Then (as the touch of a trigger releases the rifle's charge) I sprang from the earth and ran I knew not whither—ran as irresponsible as flies the bullet from a rifle.

Following now a sheep path along a hillside, now a corn-row through the field, now a dry creek bed, I ran. Whether my course led to the right or the left concerned me not. I only asked to leave that hateful valley as far behind as my strength would carry me. Could I have known the way, I would certainly have fled to my home; but I sped bewildered, and saw no familiar landmark. A sudden rustle of the bushes at my feet caused my heart to jump, my steps to halt; a timid rabbit crossed my path, vanishing in the darkness as quickly as it had sprung from cover. Again I fled, only to halt, trembling; an object, black, of mammoth size, of strange shape, appeared before me, and as I stood transfixed the monstrous form grew before my eyes, evolved from nothing. Floating from out the air, it towered to the very heavens above; and then as suddenly as it had appeared did it shrink and assume the familiar form of a black cow. She advanced along the path upon which I stood, steadily and peaceably, possibly ruminating over subjects too deep for human cogitation. Quickly it flashed upon my mind that to trace back the path the cow had trodden would carry me to the barnyard and the home of her owner, and acting on the impulse, I fixed my gaze upon the moonlit ground and steadily walked along that well-defined cow-path. When next I raised my eyes the light of a candle shining through a window gladdened my sight; and now with rapid step I reached an open doorway, and without knocking or even sounding a cry I leaped into the room before me. As I made that last spring forward it seemed as though unseen hands clutched my coat-sleeves, as though goblins and ghosts threw themselves upon me, as though weird arms encircled my form and clutched my ankles and feet, and as though superhuman things cried and moaned about me. With these horrid imaginings beating the climax to my distempered mind-storm, with torn clothing, bloody hands and feet, frightened nearly to distraction, weary and tired, I fell prone upon the floor, exhausted but not insensible.

CHAPTER III.

A delightful sensation came over me as I lay in security once more among human beings. Only those who have been through experiences such as I suffered can appreciate the relief I felt. God help the coward! God pity him who, frightened, lies powerless with consciousness intact. Fright blots out all other pain; and he who adds one useless pang to the suffering of a terrified creature must answer for that despicable act in the hereafter where sins are expiated. He who scares a child or other mortal, especially to death, has a double debt to pay; he must answer for both the soul agony of the lost one, and the loss of life. Exhausted, bleeding, suffering physical pain, and yet contented in mind, I rested upon that floor, mentally taking note of the surroundings. The room was that of a plain log house. The floor was very rough, being made of hewn, split beech logs, the rounded portion down, the edges roughly jointed together. The furniture

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was of the simplest description; the place was lighted by a single candle. I was aware of the presence of two persons, who, surprised at my unlooked-for entrance, did not at first speak, and so in silence I drew a few breaths and regained my strength. A girl and a man occupied the cabin, the latter being none other than the "Corn Bug;" and it was evident that One hand rested on her side; the forefinger of spiral out and back again, because the valley in which I saw the strange grey cross was, I well knew, but a short distance from the rude log house in which I now rested. The other occupant of the house was to me unknown: a singular little creature, with great eyes and round face encircled by wild flowing hair, a curious child who fascinated my gaze despite my pain and terror. In a short time, less than I have taken to write these lines, the "Corn Bug" spoke.

"Sammy, what is the matter?"

"I am lost."

"Not while you are here."

"I was scared."

"Wall, thare ain't no bars ner catamounts now; why didn't yo' lie down beside a fence er in a briar patch this warm night an' sleep?"

"I was too scared."

"What scared yo', sonny? Thare ain't no varmints hareabout."

"I saw something terrible."

"What war it? Tell me what yo' saw."

"I can't," and shuddered.

"Wha' wa' yo'?"

"In Bloody Hollow."

The look of incredulity disappeared from his face; he came at once to my side, raised me from the floor, led me to his own chair and seated me by the side of the little girl.

"Cupe," he cried, "Cupe, yo' lazy nigger, git up; the boy 't yo' told me about es here."

After an interval I saw two feet, followed by two legs, a body, and then the white head of garrulous Cupe descend from the cubby-hole of the attic, to which a ladder reached.

"What fo' yo' call Cupe, Ma'se?"

"The boy, Cupe, the boy 't ye said would come from Bloody Holler. Here es the boy."

The white-headed negro manifested no surprise.

"I done tole yo' so, Ma'se; I kno'd he wah cumin'; de signs nebbah lie, Ma'se; de figgah in de fiah, de hoodoo tracks in de ashes, de tings dis nigger saw an' hea'd when de chicken crowed las' night fo' midnight, tings what de white man don't kno' nuffin' 'bout, pinted ter de movin' ob de spell. Ma'se, tings p'dicted am cum. Ole Ma'se, yoah pap, sleep in Bluddy Hollah an' den he died es Cupe said he would; de gearl sleep in Bluddy Hollah, an' now de boy am heah. De end ob de spell am nearly cum."

"What air yo' talkin' about, yo' black scoundrel?" muttered the "Corn Bug."

"Nebbah yo' min', Ma'se, dah ain't no use in borrowin' troub'l; nebbah yo' min', Ma'se; de spell will end fo' yo' when de yeah ends, an' den yo' an' ole Cupe mus' part."

"Talk sense, Cupe, talk sense; I told yo' to come down out ov your loft not because I want any ov your goblin nonsense, nor any ov your nigger signs, but ter tie up the scratches on this youngster's feet; can't yo' see he es tired an' sore an' scared nearly ter death? Move, yo' black rascal, move!"

Old Cupe, muttering to himself, did as ordered; he washed and bound up my lacerated feet, having first anointed them with a sweet-scented soothing ointment made of the resin of the sweet-gum tree.

"Now for his supper," said the "Corn Bug." "Stir yourself, Dinah!" Then I noticed another form gather itself, as if it were created from the shadows; from the edge of the hearth, where, motionless, she had been huddled, an old black negro crone arose and silently busied herself arranging my supper, which proved to be simple enough, but very sweet to the taste. Then when the task was done and the dishes had been removed she slunk back to the shadows, and in the edge of the light-flittings, where the seen and the unseen blended, crouched again on the hearth, clasped her hands around her ankles, drawing them close to her body, and rested her chin on her projecting knees. Part of her form was visible in the firelight, part was blotted out; and thus she crouched motionless, silently eyeing me. When I had finished the meal, Cupe addressed the "Corn Bug" as follows:

"Ma'se, yo' mus' lis'n ter what Cupe says, case he means yo' well. Dis nigger hab nuss'd yo' since yo' wah a little tot; he hab raised yo', honey. He nebbah lef' yo', chile. When uddah niggers desarted de plantation Cupe stood by yo', an' yo' kno's dat eb'ry bressed word he ebah tole yo' wah God's truth. Now lis'n, Ma'se; de preachah nebbah spoke mo'ah serous dan Cupe do now. De signs p'dicted am cum. Cupe hab kept ter hisse'f what ole Ma'se told him in de ole mansion house dat bu'n down ahftah Ma'se wah killed, an' now de time am cum fo' yo' ter kno' what Cupe hab ter tell ter yo'. Yo' calls et nigger signs, but lis'n, Ma'se. Who stuck closer ter yo' all dese yeahs dan dis nigger hab done; an'

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what fo' should Cupe fool yo', Ma'se? Now white man an' nigger mus' not try ter circumbent Prov'dence; an' de time am cum fo' Cupe ter act, case Cupe done gwine ter tole yo' sump'n' now what no man ebah kno' 'cep' Cupe an' de dead folks what caint talk ter de likes ob yo'. Lis'n ter Cupe's story, Ma'se.

"Ole Ma'se, yoah pap, wah a wile chile. Night-time cum, he wah rac'n' ober de country cotch'n coons, danc'n' shindigs, gwine ter places wha he nebbah ought ter hab be'n, actin' up in ways dat ole Cupe don't care ter memberlec', an' don't intend ter memberlec'. Wall, one mahn'n' in de time ob de yeah when de 'simmons wah jes git'n sof' an' de 'possum wah git'n fat an' de co'n wah bein' shocked, ole Ma'se cum home an' say ter Cupe: 'Cupe, lay in de back logs an' git de mansion in order; fer on de las' day ob de yeah dah'l be a wed'n, an' yo' niggers 'll hab a missus.' Fo' de Lawd, dis nigger wah s'prized. He wah not 'quainte' wid all de signs den, else he would hab seed de ebil cumin'."

A low chant, melody without words, negro melody that harmonised strangely with Cupe's pathetic expressions, arose from the lips of the shadow-clad old crone. Evidently her mind was vibrating in unison with Cupe's words, and until the chant died away old Cupe stood silent. Then he resumed.

"Howsumebbah, Cupe kno'd some tings, an' he say ter ole Ma'se: 'Ma'se, don't bring troub'l on yoah head.' Ole Ma'se ansah: 'Yo' brack rascal, why caint one man marry es well es 'nuddah?' 'Tain't dat, Ma'se,' Cupe say: 'de marryin' is all right, else de good Book wouldn't say so. *It am de time.* Nebbah marry on de las' day ob de yeah, lessen yo' want troub'l. It am a slap in de face ob Prov'dence, Ma'se. Wait one day longer, Ma'se; all de niggers 'll tole yo' troub'l cum lessen yo' lis'n ter 'vice.'

"'What a nigger kno' 'bout Prov'dence? Damn yoah nigger nonsense!' say ole Ma'se.

"An', suah nuff, when de las' day ob de yeah cum, he did marry Missus Alice, yoah mudder, one ob de sweetes' creatures. Lawd! Lawd! chile, but she wah a honey! But all de niggers shake der heads an' slip away de wed'n night, an' stan' roun' gloomy-like, an' whisper ter demsels, an' suah nuff nigger sign cum out right; an' de end o' dat mistake ain't cum yet. Nebbah mo'ah did Ma'se hab any luck. One night de bahn bu'n; next winter six ob de best niggers done run off ter Canerdy; dem fool niggers. Den ole Ma'se gits cross an' takes powerful strong ter his cups, an' night ahftah night dat sweet young missus would hab ter sleep in her big room wid Aunt Dinah on de flo' by de bed, an' ole Cupe on de flo' by de doah outside in de hall. An' missus would cry herse'f ter sleep, an' in de mahn'n when ole Ma'se cum home swearin' an' cross, she, honey deah, would fro her arms 'roun' his neck an'—oh! wall, Ma'se, what's de use ob 'memb'h'n eb'ryting?"

"De honey deah, de honey deah!" moaned Dinah; "bress de sweet chile."

"Shet yoah mouf, Dinah; dis am no time fo' blub'rin' niggers," Cupe rudely said; and then continued:

"So at las', one stormy night ole Ma'se git on horseback an' ride off ter de tab'n, an' dat night yo' cum inter de world, Ma'se honey. Bress de soul ob yoah deah angel mudder. When de nigger what go fo' ole Ma'se fin' him, he wah playin' keards at de tab'n an' he cuss an' swar case de nigger say missus wan' him quick, an' nebbah a step would he move till mahn'n cum; an' jes befo' ole Ma'se step in de doah de angels carry de sweet missus out ob de winder. She lib only a few hours ahftah she see de face ob her baby chile. Yo' am dat chile, Ma'se. De doctah kno' she couldn't las', an' he ax her ef she hab any word ter say befo' she go ter glory; an' she say yes, an' ax fo' Cupe.

"Lawd, Lawd, Ma'se! dat wah awful hard times. Cupe take his shoes off, an' tiptoe in de room, an' kneel down by de bed, an' cry like a baby, an' say very gentle-like: 'Fo' de Lawd, honey, Cupe ain't ter blame fo' de troub'l, case he wahne' Ma'se ob de ebil what cum ob marryin' on de las' day ob de yeah.' An' she say, berry weak-like: "Tain't dat, Cupe; yo' alls am yinnercent. What I wan' ter say am 'bout tings wot cums heahoftah.' Den she say: 'Cupe, when I am gone, dis little yinnercent babe won't hab no mudder an' de Lawd only kno's what kind ob a fahdah.' Cupe he keep still an' make no ansah, fo' what could he say? an' he only cry an' cry. Den missus say: 'Cupe, nebbah yo' lebe dis chile; nebbah; promise me dat, Cupe.' An' Cupe say: 'Fo' de Lawd, missus, I promise.' Den missus say: 'Cupe, yo' is a nigger, an' all niggers can't do what dey wants ter, but yo' is not a fiel' nigger, yo' is a fam'ly nigger, an' yo' will nebbah be sold, nebbah.* An' nebbah mus' yo' lebe dis chile 'cep'n' it am fo' de good ob de chile.' An' I swar befo' de Lawd ter missus dat nebbah

*Great distinction was made between family and field slaves. Family slaves often were free to talk as the master's children were not permitted to do.

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de weddah shall be too hot, nebbah too cole, ter keep Cupe from doin' his duty to de new blos'm. An' den she reach out her han', monstrous weak-like, an' ole Cupe smuddah it wid kisses, an' keep a kiss'n', fo' he couldn't talk, an' he hadn't nuffin else ter do."

A wail came from the crouching form on the hearth. A wail that spoke as words could not have done of the impression Cupe's story was making on the solitary witness of that night's experience. Old Cupe stopped his discourse and this time waited patiently until the last note died away, then resumed as if there had been no interruption.

"An' den de doctah, he say: 'Cupe, lay de han' back, Cupe;' an' de doctah go sof'ly ter de doah an' call Aunt Dinah, who had gone out ter cry, an' he say ter Dinah: 'Take de chile, Dinah; yo' am now de mudder;' an' den he smoove de cubahleds an' Cupe say how easy-like missus go ter sleep when she git de troub'l off her min', an' de doctah say: 'Yes, Cupe, nebbah ter wake.' An' den ole Cupe look close at de face an' see dat de deah young missus wah dead. Her sweet spirit had gone ter glory while ole Cupe kiss de han' ob de missus what wah.

"An' Cupe moan an' cry an' de doctah cum an' say, monstrous sow'ful-like: 'Don't yo' kno', Cupe, dat she am happy now? Dah ain't no swar words, dah ain't no tab'n, dah ain't no coon dawgs yelpin' all night wha' she am now.' Cupe say: "Tain't dat, Ma'se Doctah; case she am gone ter glory, de Lawd kno's she am happy now; 'tain't dat—but de ebil sign.' 'What ebil sign?' say de Doctah; an' Cupe say: 'Troub'l pile on top ob troub'l; fo' de deah missus is done gone ter glory an' Cupe had de han' kiss'n' it like es it wah alibe. No worsah sign could be. God help the chile, Ma'se Doctah! God help de blos'm!'* An' de doctah couldn't no mo'ah ansah sech yargyment dan de preachah kin. He say, says he: 'Nigger signs air nigger signs.'

"Now, Ma'se honey," Cupe said, suddenly addressing the "Corn Bug," "Ma'se honey, hab Cupe not done what he promised yoah deah mudder? Hab he ebah lef' yo'? Hab he not stuck closer ter yo' dan a tick sleepin' b'hin' a dawg's ear? Hab de weddah ebah be'n too hot er too cole fer Cupe ter sarve yo'? Hab yo' ebah got any sarse words back when yo' cuss ole Cupe? Ma'se, yo' know dat ef yo' had done what Cupe wanted, yo' would hab been well edyer-cate' an' a fine gem'n like Ma'se Manley am. Yo' kno's dat ole Cupe trot ahftah yo' from de day yo' wah a chile until what yo' air now, an' hab begged an' prayed dat yo' lis'n ter Cupe when yo' go on de wile track."

"Yes," the "Corn Bug" said; "yes, Cupe, yo' hev been a good nigger."

"Wall, what fo' Cupe lie now, Ma'se? What fo' Cupe say tings dat am not so? Lis'n, Ma'se honey; de day befo' ole Ma'se wah killed Cupe wahne' him ob de danger in de air. Ma'se he laffed at first, but Cupe say ter him es he say ter yo', 'What fo' should Cupe lie?' When ole Ma'se heah dat argyment he lis'n'd like an' say ter Cupe, 'Cupe, life am mighty onsartin. Nigger sign er no nigger sign, life am onsartin, an' I guess, Cupe, I might es well es not tells yo' some tings ter do in case yoah uddah nigger signs am right; not dat I b'l'ebe in tings yo' talk 'bout; fo', says ole Ma'se, says he, niggers am stich'us. Den he goes on, kinder talkin' to hisse'f: 'Howsumebbah, niggers am not fools. 'Sides,' say ole Ma'se, 'yo' is true ter yoah friends, Cupe, an' dat's mo'ah dan I can say fo' de white people what sit on de seat an' play keards 'longside me.' So he git solum' like, an' says, says he: 'Cupe, if yoah nigger sign consarnin' me cums true, an' dey hab monstrous often cum out right, dah air uddah niggers signs what will cum true consarnin' tings heahoftah. Cupe,' Ma'se say, 'I hab be'n a fool, Cupe, an' it air too late ter quit. I hab be'n a fool, Cupe, an' I kno's it an' don't keer ter quit, case et air pleasant-like now ter be a fool. But yo' hab stuck ter me an' ter de chile, an' de time may cum when yo' will wan' ter be free.' An' den he took a papah out ob his pocket an' say, says he: 'Dese heah papahs am all 'cordin' ter law, an' when yo' show dem, yo' is a free man.'

"Cupe he take de papah, an' try ter t'ank him, but de Ma'se go on wid de talk an' wouldn't let him say nuffin'. 'Keep yoah mouf shet an' don't gib me no back talk,' he say. 'Dah am jes one ting fo' yo' ter do, an' dat air ter stick ter de chile.'

" "Deed I will, Ma'se. I done promise de missus dat de night de angels cum.'

" 'Stick ter de chile, Cupe,' he say. An' den de Ma'se stop talkin' an' walk off.

"So much fo' yoah pap, an' now fo' yoah gran'pap an' my pap."

"Go on," said the "Corn Bug."

"Wall, yo' kno's es well es Cupe, dat ole Ma'se, yoah pap, wah killed in Bluddy Hollah, an' he wah tole by Cupe dat he would be killed likes he wah, jes es Cupe tole yo' 'bout dis

*No worse omen could appear than for a chicken or animal of any kind to die in one's hand. Old Cupe received a fearful stroke when he held that dying hand.

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boy cumin' ter-night an' de gearl cumin' de day dat she did cum. Howsumebbah, dat don't consarn yo' jes now. What I gwine ter say consarns ole Ma'se's fahdah, de fit'n Colonel; he wah yoah gran'pap, an' my pap wah his nigger, jes es Cupe air yoah nigger. An' what passed between ole Colonel, yoah gran'pap, an' my pap, yoah fahdah nebbah kno'd, case de sign wah not right an' Cupe couldn't speak widout de sign; but now de sign p'dicted am heah, an' Cupe gwine ter tole yo' 'bout what yo' nebbah 'spected in all yoah bo'n days.

"Ole Ma'se's fahdah (yoah gran'pap) say ter Cupe's fahdah (my pap) long years ago: 'All dese lan's b'longs ter me; all ober behin' de big woods is mine; all dis part ob dis country is mine.' Den he took pap to his iron trunk w'ich he brought from Mexiky wha' he wah fit'n 'long wid Ma'se Butler, who lib' in Cah'lton—de chist what nebbah no libbin soul 'cep' de ole Ma'se had seen into befo', an' he op'n it an' say, says he: 'Dese heah papahs am deeds fo' all de lan's yo' can see if yo' clime de highest tree on de plantation. Now,' says he, 'if dis heah son ob mine don't turn out good—an' he don't promise much, an' Lawd kno's I hain't done much need'h ter make him good—yo' keep dese papahs till he dies; den gib 'em to yoah boy, Cupe; an' tole him what ter do wid dem. He am a fam'ly nigger an' won't be sol'. But ef my chile act like a man, yo' can gib him dese papahs an' all dis money.' Wid dat he showed pap a pile ob gol', sech es I nebbah 'spected ter see in all my bo'n days."

"You're lyin', Cupe, yo' know yo' lie," said the "Corn Bug." "I hev seen inside yer iron chest, an' thare ain't no papers nor no gold in et neither."

"Nebbah do yo' min' de chist, Ma'se; nebbah yo' min' 'bout de gol'. Yo' don't git none ob dat; it goes to de chillun what sleep in Bluddy Hollah, case de sign say so. Now yo' kno's, honey," Cupe continued, "yo' kno's, Ma'se honey, dat yo' nebbah hab be'n settled steady so that Cupe could do what ole Ma'se axed. De bottle am yoah mastah, an' it wah de mastah ob' yoah pap an' yoah gran'pap, so Cupe hab jes kep' de papahs es my pap kep' dem; an' de money an' de papahs hab been waitin' fo' de sign, an' now de sign am heah."

"What sign, yo' black fool, what sign?" asked the "Corn Bug," evidently more concerned in the story than he cared to admit.

"De sign what folks dat don't b'l'ebe in signs nebbah see," Cupe retorted; "but dese two chillun wah mixed up in de sign; didn't I tole yo' dis day, Ma'se, when de sun wah shinin', dat dis heah boy would cum when de bat flap, an' de owl hoot ter-night, an' dat Bluddy Hollah would mix itse'f a'gin in de consarns ob dis fam'ly?"

"Yes," the "Corn Bug" reluctantly admitted.

"Now lis'n," Cupe continued. "Don't temp' Prov'dence, Ma'se; dah air tings de preachah don't kno'; tings dat teachahs can't read out ob books; tings an ole nigger kno's bettah dan book-larned folks. Dah air tings white men can't teach a nigger; case nigger sense ain't altogeddah same es white man's sense; an' dah air tings a nigger can't 'splain de how an' wh'a'foh ob ter white folks, case white folks' sense ain't adzacly like nigger sense. Kin de dawg 'splain how he cotch de trail ob de coon? Need'h am all niggers de same. S'pose Cupe should try ter show dese half white niggers, poo' mean trash, what my gran'pap larn from his ole mammy, who bring dat sense wid her out ob de hot Gol'coast* country, what could Cupe do? Nuffin'. Might es well try ter teach white folks es sech niggers. Ya, ya, ya," he chuckled. "Now, sit still, honey, sit still, an' Cupe will show yo' sump'n' what'll s'prize yo'."

CHAPTER IV.

Cupe closed and locked the door, then untied the curtain string and lowered the green paper curtains, and next climbed the ladder that I had seen him descend, asking me to follow him, which I did. He opened the cover of an iron chest, and, after fumbling about inside it, asked me to look into its depths. The bottom was covered with a layer of bright gold coins, of which Cupe took a few pieces and then secured a large folded paper, yellowed with age, covered with red seals of wax and tied with a dull ribbon that once perhaps had been of a bright colour. Together we descended to the room below, where Cupe exhibited the paper and the gold to his master.

The "Corn Bug" gazed in amazement, and reached out his hand as if to grasp the money.

"Yo' can't tech de gol', Ma'se, de gol' am not fo' yo'."

"Give me the paper," the man impulsively demanded.

"Heah am de dokyments, Ma'se, de papah what ole Colonel, yoah gran'pap, say ter my pap would gib yo-uns all de lan's yo' can see from de top ob ole Hick'ry."

The white man took the paper in his hand,

*Gold Coast, the part of Africa Cupe's grandfather came from.

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turned it about, eyed it inquisitively, and then handed it back to Cupe. The fact is he could not read, and none knew this better than did Cupe.

"Yo' see, Ma'se," said Cupe, "de sign says dat yo' wah not ter read dis papah" (how neatly he solved the problem and helped his master out of the dilemma), "it wah to be read by de boy who saw de sky cross in Bluddy Hollah."

"Here's the boy," said the "Corn Bug," "but I hain't heard him say nuthin' 'bout no sky cross."

Old Cupe turned toward me, and as he did so the negro crone half rose from her place and leaned partly out of the shadows.

"Tole us 'bout de sky cross yo' saw," commanded Cupe.

I shook my head.

"Dah wah a cross in de sky, an' a cross on de earf, chile?"

I nodded.

"An' yo' saw de hant?"

"Yes, yes, I saw it."

"An' mud'h'n?"

"Yes."

"De cross am gone, an' de blud am gone an' dried dese yeahs dat's gone, but de hant move on. Back ter yoah place, Dinah, yo' brack fool!"

Dinah sank into her former position, and Cupe turned to his master. "De boy what see de cross am ter read de papah, didn't I tole yo'? An' de boy what seed de cross am heah."

The "Corn Bug" seemed not to be surprised at the corroboration I gave of Cupe's prediction. "Adzacly," he said, "adzacly."

I took the document as directed and found that I could barely make out the words, but after much trouble managed to do so. I regret to say, however, that none of our party understood more than the general purport of the paper, although old Cupe had faith in its authenticity, and when I had laboriously spelled out the last word he exultingly cried:

"Cupe done tole yo' so, Ma'se; now what yo' got ter say 'bout de tracks in de ashes, an' de figgah in de fiah, an' de uddah tings what Cupe saw, an' yo' couldn't understand, an' will nebbah kno' how he saw dem?"

"Why didn't yo' give me that paper long ago?" demanded the "Corn Bug." "Where hev yo' kept these things? I hev seen inside thet empty old chest often."

"Take care, honey, take care; don't ax questions too libely; 'tain't safe ter fool wid dese heah solum' tings like white folks does wid book readin'." Then old Cupe, growing more serious, added:

"Ma'se, when de new yeah cum yo' an' Cupe 'll part. Dese chillun air ter take yoah place, Ma'se, fer yo'll go ter yoah long home. Dat ting am sartain, Ma'se, de long home am suah ter cum. Cupe measured de cedah limbs a'gin ter-day, an' de young sprout on de long limb stan' six feet from de body ob de tree. Dah am room fer a coffin undah dat limb suah, an' yo' kno' yo' wah de man what sot out dat cedah tree."*

"Yes, an' will plant another next spring."

"Plantin' will be done in de new yeah, an' yo' will be dah, but yo' won't hole de spade, an' it won't be a tree what's planted. Didn't Cupe tole yo' ob what's suah ter cum ter de man what set out a cedah? Ma'se, when de robins flock nauth ter de roost in de thicket nex March an' talk in de gloom ob ebenin', yoah ear won't heah de chirpin' voices; when de sugah water drips in de Feb'uary sunshine, yo' tongue won't taste de sweetness ob de sap, an' yoah eye won't see de brightness ob de sun; an' when de wa'm wind blow an' de snow melt in de spring, yoah cheek won't feel de breff dat cums out ob de souff."

"Ef I lis'n'd to yo', Cupe, I would stop breathin' in order to save my life. Yo' hev a sign fer everything."

"Suah yo' will stop brevin' case de dawg Gawge Washington see yoah hant, an' de cedah limb on de tree yo' sot am long nuff ter cubah a coffin. De tree am ready, de groun' am ready, an' de spade am waitin' in de shed. But dah am mo'ah ter say ter yo', fo' de uddah sign say dat ole Cupe, who nebbah desarted yo' in life, won't be by yo' side when de las' call am made. Yo' will hab comp'ny, Ma'se, comp'ny heah when yo' start, an' comp'ny on de way darabouts. Cupe don't 'tend ter say jes wha' yo' air gwine, er how long de new partner 'll stick ter yo' an' de sign don't say wheddah de landin' place am hot er cole. But when yoah heart am still an' de mouf am shet tight, de eyes am closed ahftah de silver qua'tahs am taken off, de heels air close togeddah, an' de toes p'int up, when de cubah ob de box am screwed down, ole Cupe 'll be back by yoah side a'gin. An' when yo' air laid in de groun' under de cedah tree yo' planted, close beside yo' deah mudder, who rests undah de limb ob de weepin' willer, an' who go ter glory when yo' wah bo'n, ole Cupe! be dah. Bettah yo' begin ter git ready fo' dem tings what is p'dicted and bettah yo' make yo'se'f good wid

*The negroes believed that death would come to the man who transplanted a cedar tree, when the lower limbs grew to be the length of his coffin.

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de pahson, case de pahson am might'ly mixed in yoah affairs, Ma'se, an' dese chillun am mixed too. De signs wahn't quite clear when Cupe read dem dat night, dah wah shadders, but de omen on de harf done mix de affairs ob yo' an' de pahson. Don't yo' kno', Ma'se, dat when yo' fin' dis baby gearl on de Bluddy Hollah grabe dat ole Cupe say take her home an' her matel foller, case de sign say so? an' didn't yo' growl an' cuss ole Cupe an' cuss de sign, ah, don't yo' lub de chile now like she wah yo' own, honey? an' ain't de boy heah now?"

"Nigger nonsense," said the "Corn Bug."

"'Tain't safe ter 'fy solum' tings; bettah shake han's wid de pahson, Ma'se; nebbah min' de nigger nonsense, make frien's wid de pahson, case dah cums a time when de pahson skeah off de fiah bran' an' keep off de debbil too."

"I've no use fer Pahson Jones er his mummery. When next I see the pahson, I'll show yo' how I make friends with his likes."

Unheeding these remarks, Cupe continued: "De signs am, Ma'se, dat Cupe'l stay in de cabin ahftah yo' am gone; de gearl'l stay, an' de boy'l cum a'gin."

He stopped, went to the fire, and gazed intently into the mouldering embers, then slowly said: "De boy'l cum a'gin ter de cabin in de night-time. De sun am shinin' on both dere heads, but a cloud am risin'. De boy am gone, but bress de Lawd, honey, Cupe am still heah wid de gearl."

After a pause the prophetic darkey stirred the ashes, smoothed them out, moved his fingers over the surface, and, poring over the embers as upon a book, continued his predictions:

"De gearl am in troub'l an' goes from de cabin; she goes ter de boy; it am in a big house; she kneels on de flo' befo' de boy an' de boy cubahs his face wid his han's an' shakes his head." With a puzzled look the negro muttered unintelligibly to himself, made another little pile of ashes and flattened it out, then spoke again:

"De gearl wid bended head an' tear mark on de cheek cums slowly back ter de cabin, dis same cabin, lookin' behin' her to'ards de boy. De boy am in a cur'us place, wid glass fixin's an' bottles all 'roun' de room; but he am sow'erin' too an' am lookin' back to'ards de gearl. Dey am not chillun now; he am a man, an' she am as pretty es a peach. Lawd, Lawd, honey; but Cupe am still wid her. She am monstrous sow'ful, an' her eyelids am swelled; she cum back ter de cabin an' cries an' moans, an' t'rows her arms 'roun' ole brack Cupe's neck, an' den she an' Cupe go up ter de mount'ns. Bress yoah soul, chile; bress yoah soul, honey; God bress yo', honey; God bress yo'!"

Ole Cupe arose and picked up the child, who, ignorant of her conspicuity, sat, as I did, quietly, beside the rude table. He hugged her to his bosom and stroked her dishevelled hair with his bony fingers, then returned to his incantations. Another period of mummery with the ashes and Cupe laughed aloud: "De clouds am gone, an' de sun shine, but it shines fru brush. De chillun am togeddah in de ole Kaintuck lan'. T'ank de Lawd, Ma'se!" exclaimed the old negro, acting his part admirably, if it were acting; but then suddenly he drew back and stared into the embers, saying to himself: "What's de meanin' ob dis? Smoove dem ashes out, Dinah, case sump'n' am wrong wid de sign." Suiting her actions to his words, Dinah leaned over and smoothed the ashes with her long, bony fingers, then sat in the shadows, swaying her body back and forth, humming a soft, low song, without words, that I could understand. I crept timidly forward despite my agitation, and gazed over the shoulder of the kneeling seer. Then I observed that he took three short bits of brown straw and laid them parallel on the perfectly smooth ash surface, the fragments being about three inches apart, and, kneeling, gazed intently on them. "Dah am a new face stan'in wha' de boy stood, it air a boy wid a red head. Dis am de newcomah, de red-head boy," he said, pointing to one straw; "dis am de boy out of Bluddy Hollah," pointing to the second straw; "dis am de honey gearl," pointing to the third. Could it have been imagination on my part? I fancied I saw a marvellous thing. Cupe evidently conceived the same idea. My eyes deceived me, or I beheld a perfect coffin-like tracing form creep about the straw of the newcomer, and then that straw caught on fire. Old Cupe chuckled, pointing to the straw which represented myself. After a lapse of some minutes this also became surrounded by a similar mark that grew before my eyes; then it began to burn, and almost simultaneously the last straw, that representing the girl, turned black, then changed into white ashes, snow-white ashes, but I swear it did not burn. Old Cupe threw himself upon the floor and moaned in apparent distress. He did not interpret the result of his incantation other than by his exhibition of emotion, but quickly arose, and taking me by the hand, said: "Chile, yo'l

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sleep in de bed upstairs, an' Cupe'l sleep on de flo' by yoah side. Cum, chile, it am late in de night, cum."

I was too much exhausted to do anything but sleep, and yet that night I dreamed strange things that may not have been altogether dreams. It seemed to me that once I opened my eyes to find old Cupe standing by my bed in the light of the moon that streamed through the little window, mumbling to himself, moving his bony fingers over and near my face as he had done over and near the ashes, and I caught the words: "Cupe bettah strangl' de life out ob him now; but cussed am de pusson who breaks inter de workin's ob de spell." Was it or was it not a dream? Next morning I was awakened early by a searcher, for the country had been aroused over my absence, and when I reached my home and was folded in the arms of my mother the influence of the night's strange incidents disappeared.

In childhood troubles come easily and fade not less readily.

CHAPTER V.

I have now to record a memorable meeting of the village circle which formed about the stove in the country store during which the "Corn Bug" created a sensation. Without apparent provocation, he indulged in a vindictive tirade against the Rev. Mr. Jones, and instead of making friends with that gentleman, as old Cupe had advised, would have driven him from the room had not Professor Drake interfered. The assembled villagers were astounded by his violence, although it had been surmised that he was quite hostile toward the minister, who had incurred his dislike. This animosity resulted from an attempt the minister had made to reform the dissolute man's habits, an attempt that unfortunately had resulted in antagonising the person whom he aimed to serve. The "Corn Bug" from that moment adhered to a dogged determination to drink more freely. This evening he seemed unusually vindictive, and without any incentive whatever viciously assailed the pastor.

"Sech people as yo', pahson, air like drone bees, always ready ter make a show ov yerselves, but never ready ter work. Yo' eats the best the land raises, yo' talks ter the prittiest girls, an' sits beside them too; yo' wears the best clothes, yo' rests in the shade in the summer an' loafs by the stove in the winter. Yo' wears kid gloves like a woman, an' preaches 'bout duty, but never acts et 'less takin' care ov your own carcass es actin' duty. Yo' air never cold lessen yo' lies in bed too late ov a winter mornin' an' gits yer muscles stiff because yo' air too iazy ter git up an' make the blood move; an' yo' never gits hot except when goin' through the sunshine in the summer from the shade ov a tree ter yer dinner. Yo' Methodists air es afraid ov water es a mad dog, an' would never save a soul ef, in order ter do so, yo' had ter wet the soles ov yer feet in ice water, when you'd let the other feller's one soul go an' save yer own two soles. Pshaw! I hev seen Hard Shell Baptists an' Campbellites break the ice at a baptism an' walk right inter a pond ov ice water a mile away from a fire; an' yet yo' stands by a stove an' dips the tips ov yer fingers in warm water an' sprinkles et over a baby an' calls thet 'workin' in the Master's field.' "

The insulting speaker grew more vehement as he proceeded:

"Yo' wouldn't laze around all the week, an' eat an' sleep, an' sleep an' eat, ef yo' wasn't too lazy ter work like a man should work. Yo' wouldn't take what I am a-givin' yo', either, if yo' had the spunk ov a sick rabbit er the energy ov a sleepin' 'possum. Yo' wouldn't cross the street in a shower ter save a dyin' child, an' yo' wouldn't dare crack yer finger in the face ov a turtle dove fer fear yo' might get pecked."

At this point Professor Drake arose and indignantly demanded order. The pastor had listened in silence, making no response, but it could be seen that his passions were much moved and that he was making a strenuous effort to obey the dictates of duty and principle. Once he had half risen; once he had clenched his hands; once he had spasmodically grasped the leg of his chair; but each time had relented, if, indeed, he had thought of violence.

Finally, he spoke:

"One duty of gospel ministers is to teach tolerance and practise forgiveness. God knows it would be easier to strike now than to keep down my anger; but how can we follow the Master we serve, and not forgive those who wrong us? How can we ask others to heed our words unless we set an example? No doubt, my friends, ministers frequently err. Yes, my hearers, yes, ministers are often to be blamed for errors of judgment or for self-indulgence. They are not always the bright examples in holy living they should be. Perhaps they live in too great luxury; perhaps

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they have too many pleasures; perhaps they are not willing to undergo privations as they should. My friend, I thank you for this lesson, over which I shall ponder, and by which I shall endeavour to profit; and if ever it chances that I can return to you the kindness you have shown me in this view you have given me of myself; if you ever have need of my services in an extremity, you will find that I shall not hesitate to wet my feet in your behalf. Neither shower, snow nor storm, neither heat, cold nor darkness shall keep me from my duty in the future, if they have ever done so in the past."

Was it chance, or was it a link in the "spell," that caused the door to open just before the speaker pronounced the last sentence? Old Cupe, with uncovered head, his white wool and beard contrasting strongly with his shiny black face, stepped into the room, stood before the minister and said:

"When de yeah goes out be ready, pahson, when de yeah goes out."

"Nigger nonsense is nigger nonsense," said the "Corn Bug," suddenly quieting in his vindictiveness, in a half-apologising way turning from Mr. Jones and addressing Judge Elford; " never mind the black fool." Then, turning to Cupe, he abruptly demanded: "Did yo' bring them thare papers?" For reply, the negro handed him the yellowed deed already mentioned.

Passing it to the Judge, the "Corn Bug" said:

"Jedge, this 'ere paper air ov more er less valyer, 'cordin' ter what's written an' who wrote et. I ain't eddycated ter understand the sense ov sech things, an' don't purtend ter know what lawyers knows, an' this paper is a law paper, es any one can see by the red sealin' wax an' other marks." The judge untied the faded ribbon, deliberately unfolded the time-worn script and silently read the contents.

"Where did you get this document?"

"Cupe, the lazy thief, has kept et fifty years an' more among his nigger things."

"Where did you get it?" said the judge, meditatively addressing Cupe.

"Ol' Colonel, Ma'se's gran'pap, gib it ter my pap."

"Why didn't you show it sooner?"

"De sign wah not right."

"What sign?"

"Nigger sign, Jedge," interrupted the "Corn Bug." "Don't ax the fool nigger any more questions; he don't know nothin'."

Without replying, the judge carefully refolded the paper, placed it in his pocket, and said: "I will study the document at my leisure and give my opinion at a future time."

CHAPTER VI.

In winter, time passes slowly in the country, and especially did it seem to linger this season while our people were awaiting Judge Elford's report concerning the "Corn Bug's" deed. Each Saturday evening the circle met and considered such problems as were of general interest to the community. At one time the party assumed the functions of a tribunal, and without any expense whatever to the participants a neighbourhood quarrel was amicably settled by the judge and teacher. The Rev. Mr. Jones read two papers on semi-religious subjects the same evening, and the second Saturday in November the teacher presented a carefully prepared essay which was discussed by the wiseacres of the circle, and listened to by the other members and a few visitors. The following meeting the colonel told a story of adventure, and afterward, by way of diversion, the floor was cleared, and to the pat of Jupiter (pronounced Juba) by old Cupe, who always attended his master, a couple of young "buck" negroes rendered a dance, which proved a happy diversion. Our Saturday night entertainment party drew a large audience, some of whom patronised the grocery, and thus the circle brought many dollars to the coffers of Mr. Cumback, which but for the attraction offered would have gone elsewhere. The subjects discussed were not necessarily of a trivial nature, although when Mr. Jones was absent much light gossip crept into place. Art, literature, politics and even science were not neglected. We were country people of simple tastes, but paved streets, bright lights, noise, confusion, the glamour of fashion and the vanities of society are not necessary for intellectual development. Urban surroundings are not essential to discipline children for leadership in any walk, educational or commercial. But enough of this; I must pass to the record of our meeting the second Saturday evening in November, 1863, as shown by the yellowed stenographic notes of the grocer's boy now on the desk before me.

That night the room contained a large and anxious audience, for it had become noised about that the legal document under consideration pretended to convey to the "Corn Bug" much of the land in Stringtown County. If it was accepted by the judge as genuine and legal, to many persons in that assemblage, who placed implicit confidence in his judgment, it meant the loss of accumulations of life-long

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toil. The full force of the disaster that would come to the community in case the floating stories concerning the document were sustained was known to all; many were the quiet discussions that had been held concerning its final effect. The lengthened deliberations of the judge had indicated that important disclosures were to be made, and this inference was supported by the fact that under his direction the County Surveyor had run a series of lines about the section named in the will, and had made careful calculations concerning it. Hence it was that amid perfect silence Judge Elford adjusted his spectacles and read from a carefully drawn manuscript as follows:

"The paper which I hold in my hand is a Virginia colonel's military warrant, and calls for five thousand acres of land, more or less. The document is in good form and was drawn up during the last century under the laws of Virginia, while Kentucky was still a part of that territory. The boundary of the land included in this survey is exactly located as follows:

"'Beginning at the great boulder over Clear Spring, thence east to the blazed road in Fowler's Valley, thence north to the fork of Bear's Creek, thence west to Fowler's Valley, thence south to the starting-point.' Now Fowler's Valley passes diagonally through this territory, and the description is otherwise in exact conformity with the present landmarks, known by the same names. Since a line run by the County Surveyor at my request demonstrates that the land embraced in this military claim covers about five thousand acres, there is in my mind no doubt but the survey is authentic. However, a discrepancy involving many acres would not discredit the title, for the early surveyors of Kentucky made no allowance for hills and valleys or for unequal surfaces, and, indeed, owing to the abundance of land, cared little about precision of survey, taking care only that enough was given. For example, one Kentucky patent cited in a recent court decision, which called for four thousand acres, actually embraced over nine thousand acres; and some lands, as many persons have found to their distress, have been granted by patent two or three times. These old military titles have always been a source of great trouble in Kentucky, and purchasers and settlers have found themselves continually confronted with the fact that their possessions had been previously granted to others or were claimed by others.

"In order, therefore, to overcome this confusion and to establish clear titles, corrective legislative acts were passed from time to time, first by Virginia and subsequently by Kentucky. In 1796 it was laid down that adverse possession of the land for a period of twenty (20) years constituted ownership and completed the title. However, no blanket law of this description can be equitable, for in many cases large tracts of land were actually stolen by virtue of the opportunity that the mischievous law created; and in 1851, the following corrective act was passed: 'An action for the recovery of real property can only be brought within fifteen years after the right to institute it first accrued to the plaintiff or the person through whom he claims.' Legal contests by reason of these surveys and legal enactments have probably cost the landowners of Kentucky more in the aggregate than the entire realty of the State is worth.

"Now, under the twenty-year possession act of 1796, the tract specified by the warrant under consideration, were there no exceptional circumstances, would have been outlawed long since and the warrant of Colonel Hardman would have no value whatever; but certain conditions peculiar to this case considered in connection with the amendment of 1851 render it questionable whether a court of equity would not sustain the claim of the heir. True, Mr. Hardman has never held possession of the land, but his dispossession has been from no fault of his own, and his father was in the same predicament. His grandfather, the old colonel, located the land properly, obtained a military warrant for it and recorded this warrant, as I find, in the Virginia Land Office, where the fact slumbered unseen. He placed the document in the hand of an irresponsible party, instructing him under certain conditions to give it to his son at a certain time. This was not done, but, instead, the paper was handed to another irresponsible party, and has now turned up after three-quarters of a century.

"The old colonel could not foresee the course the paper would take; the son knew nothing about the document, neither did the son's son, the present heir, who presented it to me at once on its discovery. The deed has not been neglected by any responsible party; the inheritors, in ignorance of their possessions, have lived constantly on other possessions that lie adjacent to part of the land described, while strangers have profited from its use. The question is, will the court dispossess those who are now in possession in order to give the rightful heir his just inheritance, or will the court take from Mr.

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Hardman a property of which, through no act of his own and no intention of his ancestor, he has been deprived these many years? In my opinion, the land should in equity revert to Mr. Hardman, but we have here an extraordinary condition that can only be decided by the Court of Appeals."

The judge ceased, and silence such as seldom fell over the members of the circle ensued. Perhaps each man was waiting for his neighbour to speak; perhaps all alike realised the significance of that momentous power resting with the Court of last resort. Then Mr. Nordman, the old gentleman from above Stringtown, arose and moved toward the door, but stopping a moment, without any display of emotion, remarked: "There comes a time, Judge, when a piece of cold iron is mightier than the law; and if this old deed takes in my land, I now warn all within hearing that I will not be dispossessed. My father and mother lie in the graveyard back of my house, two children of my own sleep by their side, and a spot under the willow is marked for Mrs. Nordman and myself to rest in. I do not fancy being buried in a public graveyard, and damn me if I will be buried in another man's land. When the sheriff steps into my front gate he must come armed, suh. It will be a fair fight, and as I am getting old and stiff, my hand may miss its mark, but if it does, I will sleep under my own willow-tree. Tell the sheriff, gentlemen, that when he comes to dispossess me of the property my father earned, he must be ready to draw a bead the minute he steps inside the gate, suh." With a courteous bow the old gentleman left the room.

CHAPTER VII.

Expressive glances were cast around the circle when Mr. Nordman passed out, and the grocer remarked in an undertone: "I don't envy the sheriff his job, the old man shoots like a ranger. I will bet a hoss *he* don't sleep under the tree." Then the circle lapsed into silence. Many hearts were sorely aching over the disclosures the judge had made, and he, too, felt the gloom that settles over one who, having economised his earnings until the period of rest should come to an industrious man, finds the savings of a lifetime likely to be swept aside by a penstroke. At last the "Corn Bug" spoke:

"Jedge, I don't adzacly grasp all the pints ov yer speech, but I believe I kin see the drift ov the thing. Ef I catch the idea, this paper es ginuine, an' nigger Cupe told the truth. The land es mine?"

"That is my present opinion."

"Now let me ask a quistion, Jedge. Ef I am right, the deed calls fer five thousand acres ov land?"

"It does, Mr. Hardman."

"The line begins at Clear Spring boulder, runs ter Fowler's Valley road, then ter Bear Creek fork, then ter Fowler's Valley cross-road, then back ter the boulder."

"Yes, so the survey records."

"Thet takes in old man Sawyer's farm?"

"Yes."

"Wall, Jedge, I hain't much love fer the likes ov him. There hain't no honest bone in his body, an' et goes without sayin' thet he cheated Widow Longing out ov thet very farm. Yo' see, Jedge, with all respect ter the court, the law helped old Sawyer ter steal the land, an' nobody knows et better than yourself, Jedge; but yo' needn't begin ter apologise now fer the law's wrongs, yo' would never git through. Oh, wall, the widder died in the poorhouse, an' ef I hev my say, old Sawyer will trot in thet direction. By the way, Jedge, ef I am right this deed calls fer the Humses boys' farm?"

"Certainly; their farm is near to centre of the plat."

"Wall, sense them fellers got home from college they hain't no 'count, nohow. They holds up their heads an' snuffs the air when they passes common folks. They talks too highfalutin' fer sensible folks anyway; they puts a *mo-* on their 'lasses an' a *po-* on their 'taters an' slings on style like as though their grandad hadn't worked in a deadenin'. This part of the world ain't good 'nough fer sech stuck-up people. Guess I won't care ef they hev ter move out ov this section, an' I takes et nobody else will cry their eyes out. Howsomever, Jedge, how 'bout the village? Does the deed call fer the village, Jedge?"

"Yes. Here is a rough map of the claim. This crossmark represents Stringtown."

"Wall, I declare. All these dooryard lots an' back pastures?"

"Every lot, house and barn."

"Who would hev thought the nigger knew so much. I'll be a rich man, Jedge, a very rich man."

The judge nodded his head.

"The teacher's lot?"

"Yes.'"

"The tavern lot?"

"Yes."

"The two Miss Ruby's lot?"

"Yes."

"The widder's?" (my mother).

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"Yes,"

"Yer own lot, Jedge?"

"Yes."

"Gewhillikins! and the graveyard?"

"The graveyard, too, but not the tombstones."

"Tombstones, Jedge, ain't fit fer nothin' but sidewalks; those who wants 'em kin take 'em off my ground. Wall, I'll be a rich man, Jedge; I kin eat what I wants ter, I kin drink what I wants ter."

The judge smiled and a forced laugh went around the circle.

"Jedge, I don't want the two Miss Ruby's lot. These girls I hev known sense they were tots. They speak sof'ly ter me, Jedge, an' et kinder makes me ashamed ov myself—when I drinks too much I don't like ter meet 'em then. Yo' see, Jedge, I sometimes drinks too much."

"So I have heard."

"Wall, et don't matter, I won't hev thet lot. Neither does I want the widder's property. Sammy" (he called to me), "come here, Bub." I obeyed, and he placed his hand on my head and stood looking me in the face.

"Does yo' remember the day when three boys found me layin' in the briar patch in the back paster? Does yo' know thet the other brats mawked an' called me names, never mind what—I kin remember 'em ef I was in my cups?"

"Yes, sir."

"Does yo' remember thet yo' brushed the flies off my face an' put my hat over my eyes an' spread yer handkerchief over thet, an' then went fer Cupe?"

I hung my head, but my silence plainly admitted the truth of his reminiscences.

"Go back ter yer seat, child, go back." Then turning to the judge, he continued: "Jedge, I gives thet boy two thousan' dollars ter eddycate himself with. He hain't strong 'nough ter work an' he must larn how ter skin workin' folks ef he lives 'spectable. Make a lawyer, a doctor er druggist, Sonny. Remember, Jedge, when I dies this boy es ter hev two thousan' dollars in gold an' the little girl at my house es ter hev my land an' all the rest. I adopt thet girl, Jedge. Cupe the nigger knows whare the money is, Jedge. I hev seen a few ov the gold pieces, but hevn't teched et, an' yo' must give et es I says. I war drunk once, Jedge, an' more than once, but I ain't drunk now. Yo' see, Jedge, every drunk man ain't dead er a fool, no more than every dead man er fool air drunk."

"Better make your will in writing if you want it to be legal," said the judge.

"Now, Jedge," the "Corn Bug" continued, seemingly not having heard the remark, "the teacher hev done a pile of good hareabouts. Ef I had known what war best fer me an' lis'n'd ter Cupe I would hev been eddycated too, but thare ain't no use in all ov us tryin' ter be smart. Thare must be some gentlemen an' some workingmen in the world, thare must be some eddycated people, an' some who don't know nothin'. Et ain't the man who knows the most who air happiest, an' et ain't the man who hev done the most good who gits the soft seats ter rest in. I hevn't done nothin' fer nobody, an' I don't desarve nothin' from nobody, an' here I finds a loose plantation. The teacher hev taught a pile ov larnin' ter others an' made lots ov folks rich who hev used his larnin', an' he hain't got nothin' but a house an' lot; an' ef these law fellers in Frankfort, who don't care a damn fer either ov us, says so, he's ter be kicked out an' I'm ter git the lot. I don't want his lot though, an' I won't hev this lot, an' I don't want yer lot, Jedge, either. But the tavern, Jedge, the tavern."

"Well?"

"Thet's the place fer me, fellers. I never b'l'eved thet I could git a chance ter live in a tavern; thet's the next thing ter flyin' through Heaven, Jedge. Howsomever, thare es somethin' ter say on t'other side ov every quistion. Ef I gits rich an' lives in a tavern then I kin git all the licker I wants. Ef I gits all the licker I wants, I will drink so much licker I won't hev sense 'nough ter know when I wants licker. Ef I don't know nothin', an' I won't ef I lives in a tavern, I can't want any more licker, an' I would es soon be dead es not ter want licker. This air a tough quistion, Jedge, fer sech a feller es I am ter conumdrate.

"Now, es ter the graveyard. What good will a graveyard do me? I hev stood with my hat off in thet graveyard in winter an' in summer watchin' buryin's. I hev seen mothers cry over their babies an' hev seen childern kneel 'round the graves ov their mothers. I hev a graveyard ov my own behind the cabin, an' thet's 'nough fer me, I never wants ter own a public graveyard. It es hard 'nough, Jedge, ter hear people sobbin' on their own property, an' ef I should own thet town graveyard I would feel es though all those cryin's ov orphans an' sobbin's ov mothers were 'round me. I'd dream 'bout 'em in the night, an' I'd be afeard ter even drink 'nough ter git happy dreams, fer a man who has licker-dreams air very sensitive an' must hev a clear

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conscience. He mussn't hev any devilment in his mind ef he air in his cups, else he dreams ov snakes an' sech. Besides, Jedge, I kinder don't know 'bout the vartue ov the law when et comes ter the graveyard case. Ef a person don't own the six feet ov ground he lies in, what does he own? Et don't seem es ef the Lord would bring men an' women inter the world an' grow 'em ter full size without givin' 'em land 'nough ter hold their bones. I kinder feels thet et air a farce fer a feller with five thousan' acres ov land growin' up in briars an' persimmons ter say he owns the six feet ov ground his dead neighbour lies in, an' who don't want no more than six by two. Guess, Jedge, the lawyers kin keep the graveyard fer their fee; they won't give me all this land fer nothin'; they hevn't no feelin's neither, an' won't care ef the graveyard their neighbours rest in es ploughed up.

"Jedge, I ain't talkin' altogether ter yo' now, but am arguin' ter myself es well. Yo' see, Jedge, while I don't cast no reflections at nobody, still I likes ter talk ter myself. Thare ain't no harm in thet. Old Squire Slickum always talked out loud ter himself, an' he wan't no fool either. One time I asked him what he did it fer. Yo' see, Jedge, I am given ter the same habit, an' I kinder wanted ter git an argument ready in case some fly-up-the-creek person asked me consarning the sarcumstance. The Squire said thet he talked ter himself fer three reasons. First, he liked ter talk ter a smart man, an' second, he liked ter hear a smart man talk. I hev forgotten the other reason, but et don't make no diff'rence. Youall won't take no offence at my excuse, an' I only asks yo' ter remember thet I tells this story es an excuse, fer et air dangerous ter say out loud ter others what one thinks ov lawyers. A man air never sure ov keepin' out ov their clutches. They air after everybody. Ef a feller hain't got nothin', he wants what some other feller has got, an' pays a lawyer ter help him git it, an' the lawyer never renigs. Ef he has got somethin', he has ter hire a lawyer ter help him keep et. Et air funny, Jedge, ain't et, thare air only one sure winner, an' thet air the lawyer. I am talkin' at random ter myself, Jedge, an' don't mean nothin' personal."

"I know that you do not reflect on me," replied Judge Elford, "and I am aware that many attorneys do disreputable things in the name of the law. However, Mr. Hardman, were it not for the law, honest men would be the prey of designers. Take this case of your own as an example; in my opinion, the Court of Appeals will dispossess me, a man of law, of my life savings, and, were I on the bench, and your case before me, no self-interest would influence in the least my decision."

"I ax yer pardon, Jedge," said Hardman, "I war talkin' at random. I war not thinkin' ov the good yo' lawyers do, but ov the bad. I sometimes fergits the good things what happens, but hangs onter the other side, an' thet air the fault ov other people es well es myself."

CHAPTER VIII.

The "Corn Bug" paused for a moment and went on with his rambling dissertation, which none present cared to interrupt, knowing full well that he had some object in view that could only be discovered by allowing the loquacious man to use his own methods.

"Ef thet air deed air legal I will be a very rich man, maybe too rich. Somehow, perhaps et air possible fer a feller ter be too rich. But ter the pint; ef this paper (holding up the deed) is correct, Jedge, I will become a landlord an' own all this corner ov the county?"

"The law allows it."

"Every lot in the village?"

"Unquestionably."

"Every farm inside these lines?"

"Every wood, field, orchard, and garden."

"Jedge, all these people will have ter pay me rent?"

"Yes, or you can expel them."

"Widders, orphans, storekeepers, tavernkeepers, schoolteachers, preachers, poor people, rich people?"

"Yes."

"I won't hev ter work. I kin jest put my hand in my pocket an' take out a dollar when I wants ter?"

"Well, it looks that way."

"Now, Jedge, what right hev I ter this land? What hev I done thet et should b'long ter me?"

"The law will give it to you if the Court of Appeals so decides."

"Jedge, I hain't done nothin' on the tract, an' these other people hev cleared the land, burned the brush an' ploughed up the roots. Mr. Nordman told the truth, et ain't mine, law er no law."

"The deed of your grandfather carries the land to his heirs."

"Wall, perhaps yer law is powerful 'nough ter make et right, but et seems es ef et helps steal. I guess, though, I ain't ter blame fer the law's mistakes, an' ef the land es mine, why ov course I must obey the law.

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"Lord, folks, but I kin live high. Perhaps et ain't best ter live too high either. Sometimes now I lives too high an' sings too loud an' talks too much. Guess I hev talked too much ter-night. Ef I hev my pocket always full ov money, Jedge, won't I treat the crowd an' won't I punish the eggnog! I'll be rich, awful rich. I'll hire a clerk ter collect rents; I'll sit in an office an' count money. Et must be awful satisfyin' an' elevatin' ter count money all day. I'll wear store clothes on week days an' eat sardines, an' drink mint julips every day in the summer, an' eat oysters an' drink eggnog every day in the winter. I'll build my office next ter the tavern. This paper hev raised my calculations high, an' I hev kinder been arguin' an' enjoyin' myself out loud. Thare air two sides ter every quistion though, es you hev said more than once, an' I hed better look a minute at the other side.

"Jedge, I hev lived in this neighbourhood fifty years comin' next January. I hev worked on week days an' rested on Sundays, an' hev lived es well es I desarved ter do. I wears warm jeans clothes an' I never suffers with heat er cold, lessen I am in my cups an' lays out. You-uns all earned yer homes an' farms an' yo' owns 'em, law er no law. I don't want ter throw any ov you-uns out ov the homes yo' hev saved, an', Jedge, yo' know thet the city man who once threw the widder an' childern inter the snow said thet rich men air ter be pitied fer they hev ter make rules they don't like thet bears hard on some people. One ov the first ter go would be the Widder Drew. She can't pay no rent; an' the next would be the orphan Ruby girls, they hain't got no money. I know a good many other people in the village who can't pay no rent—the Lord only knows how village people do make a livin', an' rich men like I am goin' ter be can't make no 'lowances. Either pay up er git out. Take yer house off the lot. The flesh is weak, Jedge, an' I am afeard ef this deed turns out ter be good, I will make rich man's rules first, an' shake hans with the law second, an' go ter the devil third. My conscience will be ruined, Jedge; the flesh es powerful weak. I don't do nobody no harm now, I works an' sleeps an' eats an' drinks an' hev a clear conscience. I eats what I wants when I kin git it, an' pays fer what I drinks, an' am happy, an' ain't carin' fer nothin' ner nobody.

"An' this here paper," holding up the deed, "is the dockyment what makes you-uns all this trouble, Jedge?"

"You understand its import."

"An' makes me rich?"

"The richest man in the county."

"Ain't thare no copy?"

"No."

"Comreds, et would be powerful fine fer a feller like me ter wear store clothes week days, an' eat sardines an' oysters when I wants 'em, an' drink eggnog all the winter, an' julips all the summer. Et would be glorious ter git even with them Sawyers an' Humses an' a few other skinflints an' stuckups. But I can't afford no disgrace ter my conscience. I don't want ter turn widders an' orphans out ov their homes; I can't take rent money fer lan' I didn't earn, an' yet et's an awful temptation ter the likes ov me."

He opened the deed, looked at the red seal, carefully folded it and tied it again, stroked it lovingly, half thrust it into his pocket, turned toward the door, then reconsidered, came back and drew the document out again. "Et air an awful temptation, Jedge, ter the likes ov me. I tastes the eggnog now an' smells the julips." Then he stood meditatingly and silent.

"Jedge," said Mr. Hardman, at last, "I hev got the best ov the devil an' the law too, an' youall kin go home an' sleep. The village ain't mine, law er no law, an' I ain't agoin' ter help the law steal. I gits drunk with my own money, which ain't no harm ter the likes ov me an' don't hurt no other feller ner the Lord either, but I never intends ter buy nothin' fer myself with the money I've squeezed out ov widders an' orphans, an' I don't intends ter let the law make me a thief first an' a wretch second. Folks, I hev downed the devil, an' the law, which taken together air mighty hard fer a man ter do. I don't intend ter hev no family disgrace, an' I don't intend ter steal nothin'. Fellers, old man Nordman won't hev ter shoot the sheriff."

He opened the stove door and thrust the dry document into the blaze. A flash as of tinder, a puff, a twisting, blackening paper, and then—ashes. The audience gazed in astonishment. The long, rambling discourse of the "Corn Bug," partly tedious perhaps to an unconcerned reader, but very characteristic of the man, had been mainly a self-argument in which his better self was combating exceptional temptation; but the climax came so unexpectedly that even the experienced Judge sat speechless. Then the uncouth "Corn Bug" continued:

"Yer kin go home an' sleep, folks, thare ain't no copy ter disturb youall, an' thare ain't no tavern, sardines, eggnog an' julips fer the likes ov me. Come, Cupe, come, we don't live

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in the hotel no more; it air gittin' late, it air rainin', an' the mud air deep b'twixt here an' the cabin."

The "Corn Bug" opened the door, and together with old Cupe stalked out into the darkness.

(*To be continued.*)

AS THE GREEN SEA IN FISHERS' NETS.

In some dark sea that through us ebbs and sweeps,
One day this body dips where great tides fret.
When the sun falls, and when the fisher sleeps,
Shall I be with the sea, or but the net?

Arthur J. Stringer.

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THE DRAMA OF THE MONTH

Much the most prominent place in the theatrical events of recent months belongs to Henry Esmond's new play, *When We Were Twenty-one.* Nothing is rarer in the drama of to-day than true human comedy. The ablest playwrights who are now writing comedy in English tend to the smart and artificial. Pinero, for instance, seldom—possibly never—for a whole play is able to get away, with all his wit and skill, from the wooden stage ring. This is not to say, of course, that the *Princess and the Butterfly* and *Trelawny of the Wells* are not delightful and valuable plays, for they are. But they stand inevitably below dramas which have the genuine something, the unanalysable ability to present in a work of art the best, the most valued, human feelings immediately, without the intervention of any visible technique. The methods of the masters of comedy are beyond dissection. You can talk all day and in the best vein of cleverness about Thackeray at one end or Dickens at another, and never really put your hand on the secret. With a smart man, for instance, with men who have been giving us plays of the Oscar Wilde, George Bernard Shaw, R. C. Carton kind, it is a very simple matter to name the tricks with which their results are reached. Leaving out of account revivals, of course, and also plays which owe so much to the genius of some dead master, there is nothing in English comedy which I have seen since *The Little Minister* was produced, two and a half years ago, to compare in the higher spirit with young Mr. Esmond's new play. *The Tyranny of Tears* had enough essentially comic perception in it and enough dramatic skill to make it an intellectual pleasure, but *When We Were Twenty-one* surpasses Mr. Haddon Chambers's drama in dramatic skill and far more in inspiration. Whether it or *The Little Minister* is the better work, the one with the better chance of immortality, it would hardly be safe to say, one reason being that we in America have not seen Mr. Barrie's comedy acted with anything like the all-round excellence which Nat Goodwin's company puts into the Esmond drama. I went to see *The Little Minister* the other night for the fifth time, and was struck again with the truth that when there is any real art, any reproduction of the best flashes of human thought and feeling, familiarity does not lessen the charm. It confirmed my belief that this was the best English comedy of the last three seasons, and also that it would be an infinitely greater satisfaction to see it if Miss Maude Adams, with all her talent and hard work and artistic ambitions, were not the victim of the star system in its worst form. To give such a comedy as this with one of the two central characters acted so feebly that it counts for nothing, and a large part of the play throughout taken in a crude and burlesque manner, quite opposed to the Barrie spirit, is of course the lamentable result of unappreciative management. *When We Were Twenty-one,* on the other hand, which is as fine as Barrie's play, although probably less broad and varied, has the advantage of genuinely adequate interpretation. Nat Goodwin is a star and an actor-manager, but he is evidently an artist and a man of taste, who does not produce plays because they have succeeded elsewhere, but because, whether the author is known or unknown, he has seen something in the play which he likes and believes in. In putting on this comedy, instead of arranging the caste to push him and his wife into the foreground, he has selected the very best players for the parts that could be found. The whole performance has the roundness, the evenness of superior stock-company acting. Actor-management may have its faults, but it obviously is more catholic, original and artistic than a system which subdues a large part of the whole dramatic field to one timid, conventional and uninspired test. In selecting the plays for the year, a dozen or a score of heads are better than one, even if that one were excellent. A young dramatist of ability who wishes without the help of a name which stands for conventional success to have his play produced in America must really look, generally speaking, to the actor-manager, to players like Nat Goodwin, Mrs. Fiske and Richard Mansfield.

The beauty, humour and skill shown in *When We Were Twenty-one* remind me of one of the horrors of criticism.

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When *My Lady's Lord* was produced at the Empire I dilated on the strange contrast between the power of the author of *Grierson's Way* and the flatness of this new comedy, and drew the conclusion that Mr. Esmond's strength lay wholly along serious lines. Now comes along a play as good on high comedy lines as *Grierson's Way* was an intense intellectual drama, and superior to it in one very important particular. *Grierson's Way* was reminiscent of Ibsen; *When We Were Twenty-one* is a reminder of nothing that was ever written before. While utterly simple, it is utterly original, not with the originality of oddity or details which stick out, but with that kind of directness and spontaneous reproduction of impressions which is the only kind of originality which counts for much in the highest art. Although it is full of humour, it has little of the sharply pointed, artificial wit which would look well in short quotations. Indeed, the whole play is such a delicate compound that to tell the story and give extracts, which is an adequate method for the ordinary drama, is in danger of doing cruel injury to Mr. Esmond's comedy. The four middle-aged men of various ages, from forty to fifty, who are the central group in the story and create its atmosphere, say a large number of intensely amusing things, but these things are so closely connected with each other and with the whole that they cannot safely be wrenched out of their place as samples. They stand for what is kindest and softest and most generous in unmarried masculine middle life, and almost everything they say is full of the love of existence, of each other and of all the interests that deserve the sympathy of good men. They know the world, and yet there is not a glint of cynicism in one of their speeches. They see a young man led astray by the sentimentality proper to his age, convinced that an actress who is pictured in flaming red to adorn the billboards is an angel of disinterested virtue; and instead of inflicting any cheap superiority on him, they talk to him with the kindest talk, the most sympathetic understanding of his natural point of view, and even, in the case of one of the four, at least, with a faint suspicion that despite her known life the woman may be essentially what the boy thinks her. He, of course, young and full of vivid colours, sees no meaning in the mellow lights of maturity, and goes off in a fine, vivid glow to devote himself to his scarlet angel. The four friends, who have already shown their charity toward him when he was drunk and when he was insanely in love, do not, however, intend to let him take the encumbering step of marriage, especially as he has been engaged to a girl honoured and loved by all of them. The device by which the attempt to prevent the marriage is made is the only theatrical part of the play—the only thing which reminds us, in a disappointing sense, that Mr. Esmond is an actor as well as a man of charming feeling, talent and probable genius. The young man's guardian, one of the four friends, buys the name of the actress for a large sum of money for a month. He wishes nothing of her except that the world shall understand that she is his. This part of the play is worked out in the third act in a lively and elaborate supper club scene. The first two acts have been in a charming little domestic setting, unobtrusive and satisfying. As the curtain rose on the second act, a man behind me, a member of the race which, with all its ability, certainly often loves meretricious ornament in art as it does in dress, exclaimed to his female companion: "It isn't very nice to look at the same line of goods all the time." With him in mind, no doubt, Mr. Esmond has put in a third act which gives the cheap variety demanded by such persons. It has much that is touching, delicate and true in it also, and it would be praised in an ordinary play, but it has too much that is out of the tone of this work to be justifiable here. It is as bad as the rescue scene which our most literary dramatist, Mr. Herne, put in *Shore Acres,* and it may, no doubt, add to the popular success of the piece, but, nevertheless, it is a pity. The fourth act comes back again to the old setting and the old tone of virtuous and charming humanity. The boy is disillusioned and penitent. He is most attractive, most just, for the author has seen his state as one proper to twenty-one, treated it as sympathetically as he does that more experienced condition in which the four men, who remember so clearly the days when they were twenty-one, now find themselves. Even the actress turns her

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good side to the light in this act in a manner that, while striking and unexpected, is neither sentimental nor unconvincing. She sends back the cheque which she has not earned, not for various reasons, such as the attitude of her present lover, which she names in order to keep her act from seeming soft, but for the real reason that she wished the giver to understand that he was not the only fool in the world. In other words, this firefly had seen a good deed done simply and without ostentation. She wished to do the same thing herself. Mr. Esmond knows actors and actresses, and he has been as true in giving the firefly this impulsive generosity as he was when he was painting the hard ease with which she turned from one man to another. I shall not try to give any more definite suggestion of what the story is like, for to do so without taking off the spirit of it would require a touch with as perfect a mixture of tenderness and virility in it as that of the author.

The caste was so good that specification is likely to produce some injustice; still it must be said that Nat Goodwin has won another big victory in his fight against the public. There has been a strong pressure on him to continue his great success in farce. He wishes to do better things. He did a splendid piece of work in *Nathan Hale,* and now again he has given a performance full of light and shade, personal sentiment, humour and beauty. He has collected a company in which Frank Gilmore, Henry Woodruff and Gertrude Gheen are three among many who do admirably.

To turn from Mr. Esmond, so full of the spirit of light and air, to the play, which has made more talk than anything of the last month, is a plunge from art in the sense in which art is an enriching force in life to a commonplace indulgence in theatrical effectiveness.

Sapho in the original novel is a masterpiece. It deals with a destructive force in human relations, deals with it with the fairness of a man of great indulgence and wide experience, and with the frankness and inexorableness of a gifted Frenchman. Daudet's book is dedicated to his sons, "when they shall be twenty years of age," and in spite of the jokes which swarmed in the *cafés chantants* when this dedication appeared, the theme of the story is entirely wholesome. It would not naturally be produced by an American, because the education of our boys is, and is even more conventionally supposed to be, somewhat different. But taken in its environment, Daudet's book is full of conservative and of not misleading truth. Moreover, the delicacy and insight with which it is written make it as remarkable in style as it is in substance. M. Brunetière when he was over here said that Guy de Maupassant could pick anything out of the mud with a distinction that would give it elevated value. Certainly the dominating qualities in Daudet's novels are those of artistic purity. When he, in collaboration with another Frenchman, dramatised this story he kept the same theme, but proved not only that the tale was in its essential nature adapted to the novel and not to the drama, but also that his skill as a playwright was nothing in comparison to his skill as a novelist, his accumulation of effect in the story becomes repetition in the play. Speeches are taken away from one character and given to another in a manner that seems to show a dulled sense of real propriety. The language and the events are both made more "decent," more commonplace and more arbitrary. Mr. Fitch's adaptation hardly deserves to be called a play founded on the novel, with scenes from Daudet's drama, as he does call it. It has no fresh fundamental conception of its own and it has very little relation to the story in its book form. It is like an ordinary American adaptation from the French play. Mr. Fitch has put on a first act taken from the novel, ruined in its true value, and used it for one of those amusing scenes of bustle and variety in which he has great skill. Instead of showing Sapho as the middle-aged, worn professional, longing for the early freshness of feeling which is about to slip away from her, and standing on the brink of loneliness and neglect, seizing the boy to bring youth and real love back to her, and destroying his life by taking possession of him against his will, he makes her a moral woman, more interested in the good of the unknown country boy than in her own. She urges him to go away, but he is in love with her on the spot. He forces the relation, and then acts in a harsh and small and selfish

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manner throughout, simply to throw all possible sympathy on to the courtesan, and in the process utterly destroying everything of value in Daudet's theme and giving us one of indulgence in useless sympathy, whereas Daudet was stern and elevated. Mr. Fitch follows the French play in the main, injecting talk about marriage and love of children and other elements, and changing the neck to the lips, a night spent to a night not spent, and various other details hardly worth mentioning, all tending to sentimentalise and vulgarise the original story for the sake of a popular star. It is a job which a man who is young, successful and in no need of money ought to have refused. Miss Nethersole acts extremely well, but good acting handicapped with such ideas as she has about her material, and also about the advantages of being the "only pebble on the beach," does not encourage any very elaborate discussion.

Another sexual drama, *The Degenerates,* in which Mrs. Langtry has been exhibiting her beauty, is much better than what is left of *Sapho,* because, although Mr. Grundy's stage craft is inferior to Mr. Fitch's, and although he has instilled a little out-of-place goodness, the general picture of life which he has made up, by copying accepted stories about Mrs. Langtry, has vastly more semblance of reality. There are big ways and little ways of being bad. The people in *The Degenerates* do not illustrate any big way, but, after all, they do stand for the lives of a lot of people in New York whose names are constantly in the society columns, and so the play is something. Contrasted with such a sophomoric brand of licentiousness as David Belasco with his rainy days and women's stockings has put into *Naughty Anthony,* it deserves serious consideration. Yet this farce is having some success, a good deal more than met *Wheels Within Wheels,* which even in the little Madison Square had a disappointing career. Yet *Wheels Within Wheels* was at least well constructed and smart, and *Naughty Anthony* is badly constructed and dull.

Of a few other plays I shall say little, not because they are not worth discussion, but because nothing outside of what has often been said before occurs to me. *The Ambassador,* which is well but not brilliantly acted at Daly's, belongs to the Pinero school, and of course is in every way inferior to Mr. Pinero's work. It is a rather bright comedy of dialogue with a feeble plot, but with fifteen women characters who are in Mr. Frohman's company represented by beautiful actresses wearing gorgeous gowns. *The Master Builder,* on the other hand, is a really great play, which was presented by the Independent Theatre people at Carnegie Lyceum. It is baffling, however, even to one who has some sympathy with the Ibsen point of view, and the management had the misfortune to put the leading character into the hands of a man about as complex as putty, with the consequence that in spite of the luminous and able acting of Miss Kahn in the second part, and the fair work of the others, almost nobody in the audience had any idea what the play was about. Still, unlike *Ties,* this was a proper effort for such an enterprise, and if the promoters of it had been able to secure an actor who could have given meaning to the character on which the whole story hinges the result might have been better. Mr. Sargeant's pupils have played Tennyson's *Falcon.* They have done some poetic dramas well; they did this one very badly, probably because it happened that the particular pupils concerned could not learn that most difficult branch of elocution, the proper handling of verse on the stage. *Brother Officers* is succeeding at the Empire. It is a worthy production, thoroughly commonplace, but pure, and hence doubly attractive to a lot of theatregoers who are sick of *Naughty Anthonys, Surprises of Loves, Degenerates* and *Saphos.* The dear old *Belle of New York* has been with us again, with its American humour, its American girls and Edna May, showing what a girl, who is nothing else, can do in the way of upsetting the world. I pause over it for a moment merely to remark that I asked one of the ablest playwrights alive what the real secret of its run in London was. He said many men went from ten to fifty times to see this play; "and you know there is only one thing in the world which men will go so often to see, and that is woman." *Norman Hapgood.*

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LITERARY PARIS

ANOTHER member, Paul Deschanel, has been received into the French Academy since I last recorded the doings of Literary Paris; but at the present writing the accounts of the *séance de réception* of February 1 have not yet reached this continent. At this very moment literary ambitions are waging a hot fight, which is expected to have ended when this comes before the eyes of the reader. February 15 has been appointed as the day for filling the two vacancies created by the deaths of Édouard Pailleron and Victor Cherbuliez. It seems a foregone conclusion that Pailleron's seat will go to Paul Hervieu, the author of *Les Tenailles* and *La Loi de l'Homme,* But who will succeed Cherbuliez? René Bazin, Émile Faguet, Étienne Lamy? This last is known in France by a curious name. He is often called the lay nuncio. He is known to have several times received political communications from Pope Leo XIII., and his views of what the Catholic policy ought to be in France, expressed by him in his articles in the *Revue des Deux Mondes,* are supposed to be those of the papal see.

The Academy bids fair, moreover, without any new election, soon to possess another lay nuncio in the person of Ferdinand Brunetière. The great critic is now in Rome, a cardinal's guest, on a special invitation of the Pope, to deliver a lecture on Bossuet, the Doctrine of Providence and the Reuniting of the Churches. The lecture was to be given in the very precincts of the Vatican; but the Holy Father being forbidden by his physicians to attend, it was decided to select the Palazzo della Cancelleria, which, also located in the centre of the city, is under the control of the papal authorities. Rumour has it that the conversations held by Leo XIII. with his visitor have resulted in a much closer bond than had hitherto existed between the latter and the Catholic Church.

The next announcement relates to a somewhat less austere side of literature. We are to have Sarcey's dramatic feuilletons in book form. Not the complete collection, of course, as it would fill sixty or seventy 12mo volumes, but only what is really worth preserving. The selection is to be made by Gustav Larroumet, who succeeded Sarcey as dramatic critic of *Le Temps,* and Adolphe Brisson, Sarcey's son-in-law and literary executor. The editors do not intend to give the feuilletons in the order of their publication, but to classify them according to the chronology of the works mentioned. Thus, the publication will open with the most important articles written by Sarcey about the classical drama of France.

Sarcey's views about the stage were expressed by him not only in his feuilletons, but also very often in public lectures. A number of these lectures will be included in Brisson and Larroumet's publication, so that it will give a fairly complete idea of what Sarcey did and stood for, the more so that the editors promise to give us Sarcey's utterances without alteration, even when convinced that his statements were not correct. Let us hope, though, that Sarcey's mistakes will receive attention in the footnotes.

As usually happens in the early weeks of the year, works of a serious nature strongly predominate among the latest productions. The most authoritative new book is due to a brilliant member of Parliament, once Premier, Alexandre Ribot. It is an outcome of his duties as chairman of an important parliamentary committee, and deals with the grave problem of the reform of secondary education in France. *La Réforme de l'Enseignement Secondaire* is more than a parliamentary document; it is an admirably lucid *exposé* of a very complicated question, and shows that mastery of the French language is not a lost art among the statesmen of the Third Republic.

Another work, also dealing with the problem of education, but more philosophical in its treatment, is M. Alexis Bertrand's *Les Études dans la Démocratie.* The Vicomte Combes de Lestrade publishes a bulky volume which may well become a companion book to Seignobos's contemporary history, lately translated in English. Its title is *Droit Politique Contemporain,* and it contains a very accurate, clear and readable presentation of the political legislation of the various

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countries of the civilised world. It is a book that ought soon to be in the hand of anybody who wishes or has to be informed about international politics. A great many of the mistakes that are made by those who talk or write about such questions without sufficient preparation are due to ignorance of other countries' law, or rather to an idea that laws must be everywhere what they are in our country, and that what is against the law here would be against the law everywhere. Such a book as that of the Vicomte de Lestrade's, presenting in a comparatively compact form a great deal of legal matter relating to nearly all the countries which are most like our own, will go a long way toward correcting the evils I mentioned.

While thus informing themselves about the outside world, the French have not yet ceased turning their eyes upon themselves and tabulating, as it were, the weak spots in their national make-up that need being attended to. Such an inquiry we find in Émile Pierret's *La Patrie en Danger*. The title of the book might make one believe that it is merely a partisan book, intended to spread the ideas of François Coppée's *Ligue de la Patrie Française*. Quite the reverse. The controverted questions that are now dividing the French people are presented with a good deal of impartiality and a serious effort to enable the reader to draw his conclusions himself.

To the already long list of works, the existence of which is more or less due to Demolins's now famous book on Anglo-Saxon superiority, two more are to be added. One of them is M. Georges Aubert's *A Quoi Tient L'Infériorité du Commerce Français*. It is not a pessimistic, but a grave book, courageous and, if rightly understood and taken to heart, an encouraging one. One thing is sure: if weak spots are not attended to in France, it will not be for lack of having been pointed out by truly patriotic inquirers.

Almost the same subject is treated in a more pessimistic manner by Baron Charles Mourre in *D'où Vient la Décadence Economique de la France?* These two books remind one of the *Médecin Tant-pis* and the *Médecin Tant-mieux* of La Fontaine. Let us hope that M. Aubert and Baron Mourre will not let their patient die, as did the great fabulist's physicians.

Two important works on sociology, one theoretical, the other practical, have just come out of the press; the former is due, as was to be expected, to a comparatively young writer, M. Frank Alengry, who presented it to the University of Paris as his doctor's thesis. It is an *Essai Historique et Critique sur la Sociologie chez Auguste Comte*. The other has for its author an Academician who has already published numerous works of the same kind, the Comte d'Haussonville. It deals with the woman question. Its title tells its story, which is a sad one, *Salaires et Misères des Femmes*.

Of course, the Comte d'Haussonville writes especially about French women. Madame Blanc-Beutzon writes about American women, whom she greatly admires. *Femmes d'Amérique* will, I think, in spite of some strictures, tickle every *femme d'Amérique* who reads it.

In books of pure literature we see the same preoccupation as in more scientific books—namely, to pay at least as much attention to foreign countries as to France itself. Thus, while Émile Faguet gives us the third series of his *Politiques et Moralistes Français du Dix-neuvième Siècle*, in which the chief place is given to the great socialist, P. J. Proudhon, Téodor de Wizewa publishes a very interesting volume on *Le Roman Contemporain à l'Etranger*. Some of the authors therein studied are William Morris, Rudyard Kipling, R. L. Stevenson, Mrs. Humphry Ward, Hall Caine. But the volume is not all given to English writers. It contains studies on Tolstoy and Dostoievsky, on Couperus, and also on the Spanish and Italian novelists of the day.

A welcome book to many will be A. Rebière's *Pages Choisies des Savants Modernes*. It is a well-known fact that French scientists are often among the greatest masters of French style, but their works are hardly accessible, except to readers of high scientific attainments. M. Rebière has selected from their works pages that can be easily understood by the readers in possession of only a good general education. It goes from Descortes to the savants of the present day, and contains some admirable passages from what is pronounced by many the greatest scientific book written in a mod-

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ern language—Laplace's *Mécanique Céleste.*

Few novels of any but passing interest this month. One might mention Léon de Tinseau's *Mensonge Blanc,* of the class called unobjectionable, and, in another class, Count de Sainte-Aulaire's *Plus Fort que L'Amour.* To members of the Villon society I recommend Pierre d'Alheim's *La Passion de Maistre Villon,* in which the author has tried to picture accurately the existence of the great bohemian of the fifteenth century.

The stage, which has been thus far this season strangely barren of works of literary interest, gives us this month a verse play by Richepin, *La Gitane.* It contains some beautiful lyric passages.

I shall before closing mention two translations. One is *La Guerre sur Mer et ses Leçons,* by Captain Mahan, U.S.N. The other may be considered an answer to Demolins's book on the South African question, mentioned by me last month. It is published under the patronage of F. W. Reitz, Secretary of State of the South African Republic, and its suggestive title is *L'Afrique du Sud; un Siècle d'Injustice.*

Adolphe Cohn.

THE BOOKMAN'S LETTER-BOX

Before beginning our wonted task we wish to express our sense of satisfaction in recalling that no one has as yet written to us to ask whether this year belongs to the nineteenth or to the twentieth century; or to get our opinion as to Mr. Kipling's responsibility for *David Harum.* This only goes to show (what indeed we already knew) that our constituency is exceptionally intelligent; but we are glad to mention a contemporaneous illustration of the fact.

I.

A lady in Keokuk, Iowa, asks:

I would like to ask you—merely as a matter of information to the ignorant, and not as an inquiry into the management of a very delightful magazine—why you have allowed *Janice Meredith* to be published in book form, while its story has yet so long a time to run in your magazine?

When a novel is published in serial form and the publishers of the serial are the same as those who have the book-rights, it is quite customary to issue the book a short time before the completion of the serial, and you will find that this has been the case with many of the novels that have appeared in *Harper's, Scribner's* and the *Century. Janice Meredith* ran a little longer in THE BOOKMAN than was originally intended, because we could not spare for it more than a limited amount of space each month.

II.

Another lady writes to inquire what Olive Schreiner has written besides *The Story of an African Farm* and *Dreams.* Replying, we would mention *Trooper Peter Halket* and *A Little African Story.*

III.

The following inquiry is one of many that have come to us on the same subject:

Will you kindly inform me how Mr. Paul Leicester Ford pronounces "Janice" in his new novel *Janice Meredith?* We hear it pronounced "Jan'-is" and "Ja-neés" by literary people here. Which is right?

Neither; but Jan'ees.

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IV.

An unsigned letter contains the following question:

Would the Letter Box like to inform one who wants to know, in regard to the English use of "Esq."? Does it invariably and necessarily accompany and precede all other degrees, as, for instance, D.D., LL.D., M.D., M.A.?

In England it is customary to let "Esq." precede any titles or degrees that are appended to the name if it be written at all. It is, however, frequently omitted in the case of academic degrees other than M.A.

V.

Some one of whom we never remember to have heard before writes us from Kyoto, Japan, heading his letter with the mysterious words "Dai San Koto Gakko," which may be a curse, for he is very angry with us, apparently because we have not replied to previous letters of his. He says:

When I think of the dollars and dollars which I have sent to editors in the United States to pay postage on replies that have never come, and of the prompt answers that English and European editors have invariably made, I blush for my countrymen. . . . You have stamps sent by me enough to provide postage on a reply to this should you see fit to make one by letter.

We are very sorry; but we really don't remember to have seen any letters from this gentleman in our lives. Therefore we can't answer them as we should have done had they reached us.

VI.

A lady in San José, California, who makes some remarks for our editorial benefit, winds up with the following question:

How do *you* think people should read Chronicle and Comment? Should one take it bit by bit during the month, as one takes a "French dinner," with waits between courses, or should one devour it as a good, hearty American meal, and let digestion proceed as it will? You may reply—and I will anticipate said reply—that all this depends on habits and power of one's mental digestive apparatus.

Yes, that is precisely what we have to say in answer. The lady is a mind-reader.

VII.

The following inquiry has been the subject of many paragraphs in the daily press, but we don't mind answering it here:

Will you kindly tell me if the novelist Winston Churchill is the same as the war correspondent in South Africa?

The two gentlemen are entirely different persons, the author of *Richard Carvel* being an American and the war-correspondent an Englishman, the son of the late Lord Randolph Churchill.

VIII.

Several correspondents have asked the question contained in the following letter:

Can you tell me where Paul Leicester Ford finds that Jonathan Edwards taught the damnation of infants? Mr. Ford is credited with great precision in regard to facts, and of course cannot have made this assertion in *Janice Meredith* without the positive evidence of Edwards's teaching on this subject.

The teaching of Jonathan Edwards on the subject mentioned can be found in his famous sermon first delivered in 1738 and several times repeated. It contains the following apostrophe addressed to infants (we quote from memory): "Ye are vipers, and more hateful than vipers to Almighty God!"

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THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE

TENNYSON, RUSKIN, MILL AND OTHER LITERARY ESTIMATES. By Frederic Harrison. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.

A volume of essays from the pen of Mr. Harrison is always a noteworthy literary event, for he has the rare combination of style, scholarship and sound sense, and illuminates any subject he discusses. This volume is composed, for the most part, of papers that have previously appeared in various periodicals, but they have since been subjected to a careful revision, both as to form and substance. Three of the reprinted essays are studies of Ruskin, which when they appeared were recognised as the fairest and fullest estimate yet made of him as a literary and ethical teacher. It is most fortunate that these papers have taken on a permanent form just at the time when the death of Ruskin directs thought to his life and work. Readers of *Fors* remember that Mr. Harrison, the foremost disciple of Comte and Positivism in England, wrote an article in the *Contemporary Review,* setting forth the doctrines of his Master, to which Ruskin replied in a most characteristic open letter, which he prefaced with these words:

Well, I can't get that paper of Mr. Frederic Harrison's out of my head; chiefly because I know and like its writer; and I *don't* like his wasting his time in writing that sort of stuff.

In conclusion he asked four questions relating to the law of usury, and ended with the following adjuration:

For the nonce I only ask you the above four plain questions of English law; and I adjure you, by the soul of every Comes reckoned up in unique Comte—by all that's positive, all that's progressive, all that's spiral, all that's conchoidal, and all that's evolute—Great Human Son of Holothurian Harries, answer me.

In a later *Fors,* speaking of Titian's work, Ruskin said:

Human work must be done honourably and thoroughly, because we are now Men; whether we ever expect to be angels or ever were slugs being practically no matter. We *are* now Human creatures, and must, at our peril, do Human—that is to say, affectionate, honest and earnest work.

And to this passage he added the following characteristic note, relating to Mr. Harrison and the controversy between them:

This is essentially what my friend Mr. Harrison means (if he knew it) by his "Religion of Humanity"—one which he will find, when he is slightly more advanced in the knowledge "of all life and thought," was known and acted on in epochs considerably antecedent to that of modern Evolution.

To this passage-at-arms allusion is made in the first essay, "Ruskin as a Master of Prose":

In one sense, no doubt, I stand at an opposite pole of ideas, and in literal and direct words I could hardly adopt any one of the leading doctrines of his creed. As to mine, he probably rejects everything I hold sacred and true with violent indignation and scorn. Morally, spiritually, as seen through a glass darkly, I believe that his teachers and my teachers are essentially one, and may yet be combined in the greater harmony that is to be. But to all this I should despair of inducing him to agree, or even to listen with patience.

But no shadow lingers of this controversy, and clearness, calmness and justness are the characteristics of Mr. Harrison's estimate of Ruskin, of whose prose style he says:

Now I hold that in certain qualities, in given ways, and in some rarer passages of his, Ruskin not only surpasses every contemporary writer of prose (which indeed is obvious enough), but he calls out of our glorious English tongue notes more strangely beautiful and inspiring than any ever yet issued from that instrument. No writer of prose before or since has ever rolled forth such mighty fantasias or reached such pathetic melodies in words or composed long books in one sustained strain of limpid grace.

And again:

But neither Milton nor Browne nor Jeremy Taylor was yet quite master of the mighty instrument. Ruskin, who comes after two centuries of further and continuous progress in this art, is master of the subtle instrument of prose. And though it be true that too often, in wanton defiance of calm judgment, he will fling to the winds his self-control, he has achieved in this rare and perilous art some amazing triumphs of mastery over language, such as the whole history of our literature cannot match.

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This high appreciation of Ruskin's masterful power in the use of language does not lead to the failure to see that which is his fault—inability to repress and control "his ungovernable flux of ideas and words." Were it not for this, the critic would not hesitate "to pronounce him the greatest master of English prose in our whole literature."

Every other faculty of a great master of speech, except reserve, husbanding of resources and patience, he possesses in measure most abundant—lucidity, purity, brilliance, elasticity, wit, fire, passion, imagination, majesty, with a mastery over all the melody of cadence that has no rival in the whole range of English literature.

Mr. Harrison has made a most careful study of Ruskin's style, to determine what constitutes his peculiar power and charm. His conclusion is thus stated in his own words:

Ruskin uses alliteration much (it must be admitted, in profusion), but he relies on a far subtler resource of harmony—that is, *assonance,* or, as I should prefer to name it, *consonance.* I have never seen this quality treated at all systemically, but I am convinced that it is at the basis of all fine cadences both in verse and in prose. By *consonance* I mean *the recurrence of the same, or of cognate, sounds,* not merely in the first letter of words, but where the stress comes, in any part of a word, and that in sounds, whether vowel or consonant.

It is extremely interesting to read the passages which are quoted illustrating this use of musical consonance.

The essay on Ruskin as Prophet was, as we remember it, entitled "Unto this Last" when it appeared in the *Nineteenth Century.* It is in the form of a dialogue between a young Artist and an elderly Professor, who is a follower of Comte, and is easily seen to be the essayist. It is marked by great brilliancy of criticism and yet by great justness. Its keynote is found in the following statement, made by the Professor:

I look on him as having a soul as sensitive to all forms of beauty as Shelley, one whose gift of prose speech reminds us of what Villani said of Dante, that "he had the most exquisite style that the language ever produced"—who has used this gift with unfaltering courage and perseverance to irradiate with ennobling ideas the whole field of morality, education, industry, art, poetry and religion.

A brief essay, written for the *Daily Chronicle,* in commemoration of Ruskin's eightieth birthday, is found in this volume, in which the following appreciative, sympathetic and entirely just judgment is passed upon Ruskin's genius and goodness:

What we especially love to dwell on to-day is this: that in all this unrivalled volume of printed thoughts, in this encyclopædic range of topic by this most voluminous and versatile of modern writers (may we not say of all English writers?), there is not one line that is base or coarse or frivolous; not a sentence that was framed in envy, malice, wantonness or cruelty; not one piece that was written to win money or popularity or promotion; not a line composed for any selfish end or in any trivial mood. Think what we may of this enormous library of print, we know that every word of it was put forth of set purpose without any hidden aim, utterly without fear, and wholly without guile; to make the world a little better, to guide, inspire and teach men, come what might, scoff as they would, turn from him as they chose, though they left him alone, a broken old man crying in the wilderness, with none to hear or to care. They might think it all utterly vain; we may think much of it was in vain, but it was always the very heart's blood of a rare genius and a noble soul.

The remaining essays included in the volume are all interesting and suggestive and worthy of a place with those we have considered. There is something indefinable in the manner and method of the three relating to Ruskin, which does not characterise the others, and this, we believe, is due to the profound moral sympathy that the essayist has with the life and teaching of one who was "priest and evangelist," and whom he terms "our brightest living genius."

Edward M. Colie.

STUDIES IN FOREIGN LITERATURE. By Virginia M. Crawford. Boston: L. C. Page & Company.

In *Studies in Foreign Literature* Virginia M. Crawford has given us eleven admirably constructed and carefully considered essays, which may be read with considerable interest and laid down with the conviction that criticism is a province quite as alien to woman as the prize ring. The whole thing is a pity, since these essays show wide reading and some taste and discrimination. Only the attitude is so fundamentally feminine in that it replaces that honest and hearty reverence, appreciation and admiration for what is intrinsically fine and strong in literature which must be the basis of all criticism that is to last by a spirit that is always hypercritical and usually ostentatiously aggressive. To grasp this attitude, one must imagine a critic assuring us that *The Thousand and One Nights,* for instance, or *The Pilgrim's Progress* is totally improbable and impossible, and that in the matter of reality and verisimilitude they must be placed at an immeasurable distance beneath, let us say, the novels of Mrs. Humphry Ward. The first of these essays on "The Present Decadence in France" is, in a measure, a literary curiosity.

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After devoting eighteen or twenty pages to British public opinion, the Russian novelists, and the Scandinavian dramatists, to what the critics think of Turgeneff, and to what was the matter with D'Annunzio's *Trionfo della Morte,* she justifies the title of the paper by a few brief pages about French literature. Of *Cyrano de Bergerac* she has a good deal to say and she says it with considerable power and justice, finding that the tremendous success of the play was due to its appearing at a time when the French were wild for the triumph of the *panache.* Now, this may be quite true, but when the author confesses that she has little sympathy for the *panache,* that both Cyrano and his first cousin D'Artagnan are to her nothing more than noisy brawlers, it is quite obvious that she should find the whole *motif* of the play radically false, and consequently lacking in any permanent interest. Throughout the volume it is always the same, and it seems as if Miss Crawford, who has undeniable critical gifts, had chosen the subjects which she was least fitted to understand. Several very good essays are practically made worthless by her utter lack of perception in certain points. Take the essay on Daudet, for instance. Daudet she has read with care and some discrimination. But when she takes up *Tartarin de Tarascon, Tartarin sur les Alpes* and *Port Tarascon,* it is with a perfectly grave and smileless face. There is something almost pathetic in the hopelessness with which she stumbles through her sentences when she has to deal with one like Tartarin or like Mr. Sienkiewicz's Zagloba. Convention bends her to the concession that there is really something in these men, and yet, try as she will, she does not find it, and in place of actual criticism she pelts us with platitudinous ideas and meaningless phrases. *A. B. M.*

MEMOIRS AND CORRESPONDENCE OF LYON PLAYFAIR, FIRST LORD PLAYFAIR OF ST. ANDREWS. By Wemyss Reid. New York: Harper & Brothers $4.50.

It is hard to say whether Lord Playfair has been happier in his biographer, or Sir Wemyss Reid in his subject. It is obvious that the biographer has gone about his task *con amore.* The volume is large, but it is alive throughout. Partly, no doubt, the interest is due to the variety of posts held by Lord Playfair, and the number of prominent persons with whom he was brought in contact, but partly also to the liveliness of the autobiography which forms so large an element in the volume, and partly also to the skill with which this has been interlaced with correspondence and supplemented by needful information. Certainly Playfair from the first was a favourite of fortune; pupil of Liebig and translator of his best known book, adviser and friend of the Prince Consort, tutor of the Prince of Wales, Professor of Chemistry in the palmiest days of the Edinburgh Medical School, Member for his University, Chairman and Deputy-Speaker of the House of Commons, there was everything in his circumstances to give him opportunities and call out his powers. And yet some of his friends doubted whether he should not have declined public life and remained faithful to science. Those who read this "Life" must cease to doubt. It becomes evident that for public life he was eminently fitted, and that his calmness and discernment, his humour and tact, contributed largely to the successful management of many thorny matters. Of his inner life there is almost nothing disclosed either by himself or his biographer, but as a picture of a thoroughly incorruptible man of affairs the volume is worthy of all praise.

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NOVEL NOTES

TO HAVE AND TO HOLD. By Mary Johnston. Boston: Houghton. $1.50.

That those who made the United States and its history did their most romantic and picturesque work in Virginia has long been known to Virginians; to all the world, in truth, who have heard the name of Pocahontas. Some of these have striven to illustrate the same in literature, but it remained for these latter days, and the present revival of the historical novel, to bring forth *Prisoners of Hope* and *To Have and to Hold.*

Is it possible, one wonders, to convey in a mere novel note to the mind of the reader (the "gentle reader," it used to be!) a faithful reproduction of the extremely rare and delicate impression produced by these two tales, upon the mind of this present critic? The task makes one cry out for a spiritual (and perfected) phonograph. But perhaps our strongest impression is of surprise that one so young, both as woman and writer, should achieve at the very beginning so marked a style; for the two books have in common certain characteristics, as strongly marked as they are new to American fiction. And first of all, there is the Virginia climate; the heat of the day that thrills from Patricia's fan, as she watches the approach of the sloop that brings both her London finery and the hero of her life and of the story; and that parches the veins of Godfrey Landless as he toils at his unaccustomed labours in the field; there is the landscape, far and wide, of the Old Dominion; from the river on whose waters Ralph Percy floated with his bride to the Natural Bridge and the mystic haze of the blue mountains. The Chesapeake and its inlets, the forests and their glades and bridle paths, their interlacing vines and freedom from undergrowth, Miss Johnston knows, in storm and calm, under cloud and sunshine,

> As one might know the delicate azure veins,
> Each crossing each, on his beloved's wrist.

She knows, also, and has reproduced for us, the atmosphere of the times of which she writes—rough, wild and daring, but pervaded by the subtle, elusive spirit which we call, and sometimes deride, as "Virginia chivalry." This, which John Esten Cooke, for example, laboriously and ineffectually sought to reach, Miss Johnston exhales; "in all its goodnesses, all its errors," it lives on every page; for one is not allowed to forget—though our author is no moralist—that such chivalry involves the assumption of the existence of a privileged class, which by no means looks upon the rest of the world as flesh of its flesh and bone of its bone. The exquisite "ladyhood," if we may employ the word, of Patricia, is her most attractive trait; Jocelyn Leigh is the same character, in an environment yet more romantic, with every line of the portrait retouched, each colour heightened and surrounded by an atmosphere even painfully dazzling, save for its mist of love and its clouds of sorrow and misfortune.

But we have been fairly overwhelmed of late with historical novels—stories of adventure in long past years—which, if they end tragically, leave us with the comfortable reflection that at least it happened so long ago that in any case the troubles of the unfortunate persons must long since have terminated; but which, by telling the story in the first person, give us the assurance that it is not the hero, at all events, who comes to irremediable grief in their pages. Sometimes one could perfectly well spare the hero, substituting his understudy with absolute composure; for many of these tales lack fatally in characterisation, elaborating a rôle, but leaving vague the personality of the actor. By no means, however, could we afford to dispense with the name or nature of Captain Ralph Percy; who, from his sitting down to rest, pipe in hand, after the work of the day, on the first page, strikes upon one's mental vision as a bold and distinct personality; as strong and as virile as Amyas Leigh himself. For, in fact, it is difficult, outside of the work of Charles Kingsley, to parallel the writing of this young Virginian

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for the breathless sweep of the story, and its depth of insight and delicacy of handling, in regard to the human beings concerned therein. Kingsley, it is true, usually had some reform axe or other to grind when he set out to tell his tale (for which some of us, like him, perhaps, not at all the worse), of which technical misdemeanor our present author is altogether guiltless. Yet, despite this human reality of her personages, or perhaps because of it, she is in no respect a realist, but gains her effects by a few bold strokes, which set the character at once before us, with whom, as with any other living friend or, perchance, foe, we can at leisure pursue the acquaintance. For which method of hers, especially in her later story, one has reason to be distinctly grateful; the imagination shrinks and the flesh shudders at thought of what a realist, not to say a decadent, would have made of my Lord Carnal, the favourite of James I. of England. Miss Johnston sets him before us in his satanic beauty, illumined by Jocelyn's unfathomable angry contempt and loathing, and leaves us afterward to think of him according to his deeds; yet, evil as these are, one cannot altogether hate my Lord Carnal, however the manner of his exit from the story and the world may satisfy alike one's resentment and one's moral sense. And when we remember the attitude of the world toward his prototype (in truth, though shown in the tale as his rival and enemy), the elder Duke of Buckingham, we feel this conception of the character as historically justified.

We can hardly avoid a reference to the ending of *Prisoners of Hope,* which causes, we are told, the book to be invariably closed with a bang. Yet not only was any other than a tragic finale historically impossible, not only is the conclusion as it stands pre-eminently unconventional and original, but one rather fancies that it embodies a veritable legend of Old Virginia.

But we confess that we were glad that no such necessity existed in the case of Ralph and Jocelyn, and that Miss Johnston had the courage, despite the popularity of her tragedy, to allow them to be happy forever after. Two pitfalls we see foresee for her in the future: she may accentuate historic truth to the point of realism—there is already a strengthening of her touch, though it has by no means passed due and proper limits—and she may go on producing variants of Jocelyn Leigh, in the rôle of heroine. We shall watch with interest for the third novel of this young writer.

Katharine Pearson Woods.

VIA CRUCIS. A ROMANCE OF THE SECOND CRUSADE. By F. Marion Crawford. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

Mr. Crawford is certainly one of the most extraordinary figures in contemporary literature. Of undoubted talent as a spinner of tales, as a "pot boiler" he reaches positive genius. "Pot boiling" he has raised to the dignity of a calling that is not only respectable, but honourable—also lucrative; and his success is all the more amazing and praiseworthy because in the construction of his books he uses none of those tricks and stock devices upon which a very much greater man, Alexandre Dumas the first, was so dependent. In these words there is nothing invidious. Mr. Crawford at his worst is usually preferable to most contemporary writers at their best. His most palpably padded page possesses a vigour, a power, a straightforwardness—in short, a real worth that is very lacking in the work of many who go about yawping of the sacredness of their "art." His latest novel is very much like a great many that he has before given us—an intelligent if not very convincing plot, two or three rather striking figures, some admirable description, and dialogue that is always very sane and entertaining. When one of Mr. Crawford's characters begins to talk about his soul, he does so with a frankness and ingenuousness which disarms hostility. In placing the story of *Via Crucis* in the twelfth century, Mr. Crawford builds his romance on a situation which belongs essentially to the life of the old world. For prototypes of the love story of the Lady Goda and Sir Arnold de Curboil, one must go to the tragedies of the early Elizabethan dramatists.

The scene of *Via Crucis* shifts from England to the French court, thence to Rome, back to the French court, and then in the wake of the crusading army to the arid sands of Syria. The hero, Gilbert Warde, is half monk and half barbarian. His father is treacherously killed by Sir Arnold de Curboil, who marries his victim's wife within a month after her husband's death. Gilbert, foully wounded by Sir Arnold and cheated of his heritage, is forced out into the world as an adventurer. Arriving at the French court, his great torso and gentle manner win the love of the beautiful Queen Eleanor, whom tradition likes best to show us in her hideous old age administering the chalice of poison to the beautiful Rosamund. Fired by religious zeal, Gilbert wends his way to Rome, the strange Rome of those days which

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lay along the river, like wreckage and scum thrown up on the shore of a wintry sea. Some twenty thousand human beings were huddled together in smoky huts, most of which were built against the outer walls and towers of the nobles' strongholds—a miserable population, living squalidly in terrible times, starving while the nobles fought with one another, rising now and then like a vision of famine and sword to take back by force the right of life which force had almost taken from them.

In the struggle for possession of the Holy Sepulchre, Gilbert Warde wins distinction and renown. The disinherited Hertfordshire Norman boy becomes the Guide of Aquitaine, his early love for Beatrice de Curboil, the daughter of his enemy, is crowned with success at the end. *Via Crucis* is in no way a great story. Among Mr. Crawford's books it must be ranked far below any of the tales that make up the Saricenesca tales. Nevertheless, it is a good, brave romance, well constructed and well told, and quite deserving of the popularity that it has achieved.

Firmin Dredd.

THE BLACK WOLF'S BREED. By Harris Dickson. Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Company. $1.50.

There is always something refreshing about a historical romance, even although one is very much like another. We like the swashbucklers and the dark chambers and the duels, while the blood that is spilled gives us a healthy thrill. Then, doubtless, there are some readers who depend upon fiction for their knowledge of history, and it gives them a comfortable feeling to know that they are learning so much while reading the latest novel. To this field of novel-writing Mr. Harris Dickson, a new Southern writer, has added a very good story in *The Black Wolf's Breed.* It is in the time of Louis XIV., and the scenes shift from Louisiana to Paris and back again to Louisiana. Captain Placide de Mouret is sent by Bienville, the soldier-governor of Louisiana, on a secret mission to France, and while there he experiences adventures galore. We get glimpses of the court in the reign of Louis XIV., the trickeries of the Spaniards and the intrigues of the ladies of that period. There is a gruesome chapter where Placide and Broussard are imprisoned in a dungeon, and where Broussard is murdered by Placide:

> Even in our mortal strife I marked the eternal harmony of the scene. Truly death had never stage more fitting whereon to play its last stern drama of dissolution. Hemmed in by four massive walls of granite, ghastly grim and desolately grey, we wrestled in a stifling stillness, while hell stood umpire at the game. No sound of trumpet, no warlike cry, no strains of martial music, were there to thrill the nerves and taunt men on to glory. We fought to the scrape and scratch of shuffling feet, the laboured gasp, the rattle in the throat, while echo hushed in silence and in fright.

The author gives a delightful little touch to the story in the character of Mademoiselle Florine, "waitress and decoy pigeon for Betrand's wine-rooms." There is a goodly supply of historical data, with a sufficient sprinkling of the romantic element to please the sentimental. But, above all, it is written to entertain, and its purpose is achieved.

THE IDOL OF THE BLIND. By Tom Gallon. New York: D. Appleton & Company. $1.00.

In *The Idol of the Blind* Mr. Gallon has done his best work since *Tatterly.* In that story we felt the influence of Dickens upon the author, while in *The Idol of the Blind* he has modelled one or two of his characters after Thackeray. Aunt Charlotte, the blind woman, whose relatives are all fighting for her favour and her wealth, is decidedly reminiscent of Miss Crawley. The idol of this eccentric old woman is her nephew, Comethup, to whom the greater part of the story is devoted. He is a dear little chap, and his childhood is so sweet and so pure that it was regretfully that we watched him grow to manhood. His was a happy life, surrounded with everything that a boy could wish for, and it all would have ended happily if it had not been for the woman in the case. He fell in love when a mere lad with the sweetheart of his childhood days, but she jilted him for his poor and worthless cousin, an exaggerated type of the literary poseur. Comethup, in his simple and unselfish fashion, continues to love her, and when he finds that she and her husband are nearly destitute, he gives all his money to their support. They live in luxury for years, and no one but the husband knows from whence the money comes. The aunt is systematically deceived, and when she discovers that Comethup has been drawing upon her account for some purpose unknown to her she disinherits him. He becomes a wanderer and a beggar, finally meeting with a tragic death. When it is too late Linda realises that it was this true, unselfish man whom she really loved, and not the scoundrel who had married and deserted her. For Comethup was a man "who had willingly and cheerfully given all his possessions in life for her; a man who had thought that God was good because the woman who had cast him aside kissed his lips at the last." *The Idol of the Blind* is a story which does one good, and Mr. Gallon portrays his characters with a sympathy and a delicacy which are very attractive.

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THE PRINCESS XENIA. By Marion Watson. New York: Harper Brothers. $1.50.

The Princess Xenia belongs to that unsatisfactory and rather pernicious school of romantic novels which Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins started with his *Prisoner of Zenda.* It is remarkable how many very bad novels can be written from a good model. *The Princess Xenia* is one of those books in which the reader very happily forgets everything which has gone before. It is a romantic tale in which the writer shows his utter lack of the spirit of romance. A young and rather tiresome Englishman finds himself suddenly the possessor of a great fortune, which he decides to devote to the direction of the political affairs of a petty grand duchy. Here is certainly a theme after the most approved style of Ruritania. Deftly handled, it has the possibilities of a vigorous and striking tale. In the hands of Mr. Marion Watson it is only unconvincing and rather monotonous, and the Princess Xenia a very weak and watery imitation of the Princess Flavia. As we lay aside the book, there is one incident which we remember vividly: the young Englishman in question, wishing to disguise his nationality, ejaculates an emphatic "Do tell!" and, of course, is straightway recognised as an eccentric American millionaire. It really takes an Englishman to discover these delicious little touches of intimate local colour.

THE WORLD'S MERCY. By Maxwell Gray. New York: D. Appleton & Company. $1.00.

The World's Mercy contains the story by that name and four others, none of which are worth mentioning. Maxwell Gray was a popular writer in the days of *The Silence of Dean Maitland* and *The Reproach of Annesley,* but she must have written herself out at that time, for she has done nothing worth while since then. "The World's Mercy" is not a pleasant story. It is the sorry history of one woman who is pursued by unhappiness and misfortune. She is at first married to a man who becomes a drunkard and beats his wife, causing the death of his children by his brutal actions. She is turned out of doors, and falls into the hands of an apparently good and kind-hearted man. He supports her for several years, then after winning her love he deserts her because his moral (!) nature rebels at the wrong he has done. The woman dies in the gutter, while the husband reforms when it is too late to benefit the poor creature who has suffered at his hands. Maxwell Gray evidently did not feel graciously disposed toward mankind when she wrote this story.

A MODERN MERCENARY. By K. and H. Prichard. New York: Doubleday & McClure Co. $1.25.

"God binds by blood; men bind themselves by oaths; which is the stronger?" With this question as motto and as motive the two writers, already well known as "E. and H. Heron," have constructed a really first-rate novel. The setting is in the Court of Maäsau, a tiny Duchy in South Europe, of little importance in itself, but a pawn of immense strategic value in the great game of the Powers. Britain and Germany have their agents on the spot. Russia has a watchful representative. The Duke's Chancellor is an able man, but not incorruptible, and on the whole diplomacy has a fair field and plenty of room for intrigue. Intrigue must have its tools, however, and Rallywood, a young Englishman who has been compelled by poverty to take a commission in the Maäsau Cavalry, finds himself for unexplained reasons of state elevated to the position of an officer of the Duke's Guard. It is a dangerous eminence for a foreigner, and troubles gather thick about him from the first, culminating at last in the supreme struggle between the bond of blood and the bond of his own oath. Through it all Rallywood is the ideal hero—calm, confident and unflinchingly honourable, so loyal in soul as to be spared even the temptation to disloyalty. The diplomatists of the Powers weave their nets about him in vain; he comes clean and scathless out of every danger and disgrace. He is too grandly magnanimous for reality perhaps, but just what he ought to be for romance, and the other characters are keen and accurate studies of human nature with no embarrassing superfluity of nobleness. The fiery and generous young Guardsman, Unziar, is a capital foil to the cool-headed young Englishman. Selpdorf, the astute Chancellor, Elmur, the diplomatic German, Sagan, the brutal and treacherous Maäsauan count and his petted and unprincipled doll-wife are all well realised. The dialogue is cleverly written, and the story goes on without a break in its interest from first page to last.

THE WORSHIPPER OF THE IMAGE. By Richard Le Gallienne. New York: John Lane. $1.25.

It is quite fitting that Richard Le Gallienne, one of the most prominent leaders in the decadent school, should write *The Worshipper of the Image.* Mr. Le Gallienne knows only too well how to express unhealthy thoughts in beautiful and poetic language, and he does it in such a manner as to charm many readers. But there is always an undercurrent of morbidity in the work of a decadent, and Mr. Le

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Gallienne is never more at home than when describing abstract passion, death and the grave. Antony's mind revolved with "unconscious attraction around the mystery of Art." He could not be satisfied with an earthly love and an earthly wife. The author describes it:

There is in all love that element of make-believe. Every woman who is loved is partly the creation of her lover's fancy. He consciously siderealises her, and with open eyes magnifies her importance to his life. Antony but made believe and magnified uncommonly—and his dream of vivifying white plaster was perhaps less desperate than the dreams of some, that would breathe the breath of life into the colder clay of some beloved woman, who seems spontaneously to live, but is dead all the while.

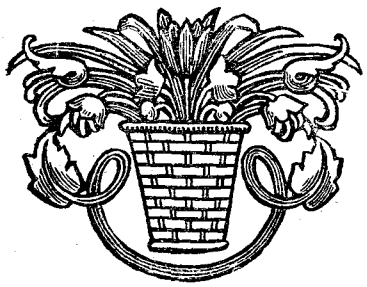
And the whole story is summed up in these closing words of the book:

He had lost Wonder, but she lived again in his songs. He had lost Beatrice, but he had her image—did she not live forever in Silencieux?

So he went up the wood, whistling softly to himself, but lo! when he opened his châlet door there was a strange light in the room. The eyes of Silencieux were wide open, and from her lips hung a dark moth with the face of death between his wings.

A MARRIED MAN. By Francis Aymar Mathews. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Company.

In a prefatory note the author tells us that "this is a problem book." But the problem which presents itself to us is, how can a bright and intelligent woman waste so much time in writing what is purely sensational and sentimental? The married man is Paul Amory, who, when he is old enough to know better, marries Jessie Tremlowe, a woman with numerous "pasts," and who at the age of forty is looking for more sensations and situations. She spends a great deal of time before her mirror and planning what dreadful things she can do next. Her husband is married to her but a few hours when he is confronted with a scene from her past which estranges him from her at once. The story then treats of the psychology of dreams, and Paul Amory is visited in his sleep by a beautiful woman whom he calls by name—Leah Livingston. Leah Livingston also sleeps and dreams, and of an unknown man whose name is revealed to her as Paul Amory. Convenient dreams! So convenient that when Paul and Lea meet they simply look into each other's eyes and exclaim simultaneously, "I love you!" But this is not all. They are extremely virtuous and abhor divorce, so that their love brings them much trouble. The situation is relieved at the last moment by the death of the wife, and the "problem" is solved. Miss Francis Aymar Mathews ought to do better work than this.



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THE BOOK MART

EASTERN LETTER.

NEW YORK, February 1, 1900.

Publications for the month of January were comparatively light and contained but few titles likely to meet with any considerable demand. General sales were notwithstanding exceptionally good, and if accepted as a forerunner of what may be expected for the balance of the year, warrant the prediction of another successful period in the book trade. The popular books of the past few months were very prominent, and in some instances, notably with *Red Pottage* and *In Connection with the De Willoughby Claim,* seemed to show an increased sale rather than a falling off since the holiday season. Fiction, as may be seen from the list given below, is much in excess of all else in point of demand, although other classes of literature are selling readily. Poetry is represented at present by Riley's *Love Lyrics,* and *The Man with the Hoe* will be more widely sold in the paper edition just issued. From miscellaneous subjects may be selected *The New Pacific,* by Hubert H. Bancroft, and *A Century of Science,* by John Fiske, as meeting with a ready sale.

South African matters continue to be of interest, and *Briton and Boer* and *The Transvaal from Within* are still sought after. The demand for the popular plays of the day warrants their publication in attractive form, and *Nathan Hale,* by Clyde Fitch, and an edition of illustrations from *Sapho* as used by Olga Nethersole are among the recent output. The publishers of paper-bound fiction are already making preparations for the coming season, and in addition to the regularly issued series it is likely that many special limited editions of recent popular novels will be bound up in this form, as was done so successfully last year. The spring trade usually contains a fair proportion of religious works, but so far there is a scarcity of saleable titles. Dr. Pierson's *Life of George Muller of Bristol* continues in good demand and *In His Steps* still sells in the various editions. A new and strong work in this line would, however, be very acceptable.

It is of interest to note the changes of custom which occur from time to time in the trade. At present the frequency with which authors change their publishers is worthy of remark. Formerly it was the rule for the publishers to bring out the successive works of authors they had introduced to the public, but now it is unsafe to predict who will have the next book of a popular writer. This is, no doubt, the result of increased competition between the publishers and of the more aggressive methods of seeking manuscripts introduced by some of the newer publishing firms. The publishers are already announcing their proposed spring publications, which promise to be quite numerous. *To Have and to Hold,* by Mary Johnston, author of *Prisoners of Hope,* is already assured of a great sale by the advance orders, which have encouraged the publishers to place a large edition upon the press. Library orders were heavy throughout the month and the sales in all departments of text-books were very noticeable during the closing days.

The list of best selling books for the month is as follows:

Richard Carvel. By W. Churchill. $1.50.
Janice Meredith. By Paul L. Ford. $1.50.
David Harum. By David Noyes Westcott. $1.50.
When Knighthood was in Flower. By Edward Caskoden. $1.50.
Red Pottage. By Mary Cholmondeley. $1.50.
In Connection with the De Willoughby Claim. By Mrs. Burnett. $1.50.
Prisoners of Hope. By Mary Johnston. $1.50.
Via Crucis. By F. Marion Crawford. $1.50.
No. 5 John Street. By R. Whiteing. $1.50.
Red Rock. By T. Nelson Page. $1.50.
The Gentleman from Indiana. By Booth Tarkington. $1.50.
Fables in Slang. By George Ade. $1.00.
The Light of Scarthey. By Egerton Castle. $1.50.
Riley Love Lyrics. By J. W. Riley. $1.25.
The Other Fellow. By F. Hopkinson Smith. $1.50.

WESTERN LETTER.

CHICAGO, February 1, 1900.

Compared with the busy months which marked the close of last year and the exciting days of the holiday season, trade during January, especially in the early part of the month, appeared somewhat quiet. As the month advanced, however, this condition was more apparent than real, for during the latter half business was fully up to the average, with the same upward tendency prevailing that existed almost without a break through 1899. Standard books and those of the kind usually called staples sold exceedingly well, and the popular favourites of last year made in nearly every case an especially good showing. Orders from public libraries were numerous, as is usual at this time of the year, and aside from their liberality, which was remarkable, were noticeable for the wide range of the literature called for. Country trade was also quite lively, especially

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from the middle of the month onward, and dealers' orders show a tendency to liberality in stocking up not often seen at this time of the year.

Viewed broadly, the new year has opened auspiciously, and the business progress made recently is being fully maintained. Granting that present conditions continue, as there seems every reason to expect they will, it is only reasonable to look forward confidently to a good spring trade. In a sense, *Red Pottage* was the book of the month, as it made the greatest advance and was probably talked about more than any other work. The book is at the present time selling largely, and ranking among the leaders. *Richard Carvel, Janice Meredith, David Harum* and *When Knighthood was in Flower* all show well in the record of sales, exceedingly so when the marvellous Christmas sale each book met with is considered. *In Connection with the De Willoughby Claim* is selling steadily, and so is *Via Crucis* and *The Gentleman from Indiana.* The first volume of Sienkiewicz's *Knights of the Cross* was received early in the month, and is selling moderately well. It is probable that the work will go at a faster rate when it is completed.

The interest in literature pertaining to the Philippines has fallen off so much that only occasional calls come in now, the exciting events in the Transvaal having quite effaced it from the public mind. Works dealing with the latter subject are selling rapidly, the preference being given by buyers to those that try to treat the question fairly and present both sides; such as, for instance, *Briton and Boer* and Bryce's *South Africa.* Owing to the increased price of paper, binding and practically all the accessories of book-making, it is announced that the prices of the cheaper grades of books and Bibles will be advanced. The increase appears to be reasonable and necessary, and as it is really not large, it is hardly likely to affect sales to any noticeable extent. Stephen Phillips's new volume, *Paola and Francesca,* sold largely last month, and so did T. J. Hudson's latest work, *The Divine Pedigree of Man.* Quite a lively interest is being shown in forthcoming spring books, and in the case of those fortunate enough to be chosen as favourites large editions and many of them will be needed to supply the demand.

The leading books in point of sale last month were:

Richard Carvel. By Winston Churchill. $1.50.

David Harum. By E. Noyes Westcott. $1.50.

Janice Meredith. By Paul L. Ford. $1.50.

When Knighthood was in Flower. By E. Caskoden. $1.50.

Red Pottage. By Mary Cholmondeley. $1.50.

Via Crucis. By Marion Crawford. $1.50.

The Divine Pedigree of Man. By Thomson Jay Hudson. $1.50.

In Connection with the De Willoughby Claim. By Mrs. F. H. Burnett. $1.50.

The Gentleman from Indiana. By Booth Tarkington. $1.50.

Red Rock. By Thomas Nelson Page. $1.50.

No. 5 John Street. By Richard Whiteing. $1.50.

Fables in Slang. By George Ade. $1.00.

Mr. Dooley in the Hearts of His Countrymen. By F. P. Dunne. $1.25.

ENGLISH LETTER.

LONDON, Dec. 11, 1899, to Jan. 18, 1900.

THE WAR AND THE BOOK TRADE.

The war has had a very injurious effect upon the trade during the whole of this season, and although the sales of works treating upon South Africa, such as Fitzpatrick's *Transvaal from Within,* Bryce's *Impressions of South Africa,* Theal's *South Africa,* have been, with many minor works upon the situation, in constant demand, it is evident that the money usually expended upon the higher class of gift-books, such, for instance, as the various art publications, has found its way into other channels. Very noticeable was the absence of that intense strain which is usually necessary in order to cope with the demand during the few weeks immediately preceding Christmas. Fiction has probably suffered the least, and large sales have been effected in *Red Pottage,* by Miss Cholmondeley, which still leads the way. *Concerning Isabel Carnaby* continues to be very popular. There has not, however, been any abundance of great works during the past season, and, indeed, many publishers are holding back until more settled times.

Children's books have not found so ready a sale as in former years, probably because the present style has been overdone, many of them having become too grotesque. During the past few weeks there has been an increased demand for the works of Charles Dickens, and some very dainty editions have appeared, notably in the New Century Library. A slight revival in the issue of the sixpenny reprints has again taken place, but it is very doubtful if it will form such an important item in the bookseller's stock as during the past year. *Jess,* by Rider Haggard, has, however, been very popular, evidently because of its bearing upon the Boer question. The first indications of the reopening of the schools are now apparent, and the many beautifully illustrated readers for the young are a leading feature in the new system of education. Meiklejohn's Scholastic Publications are deservedly popular, but they are followed closely by so numerous a host of competitors that it is impossible to say which take the lead.

There are no new magazines of importance to chronicle with the appearance of the New Year, and it would appear that the old favourites will have the field to themselves. *Pall Mall, Harper's, Harmsworth's* and the *Strand* are still as popular as ever.

The following is a list of the works which are most in demand at the present time:

Red Pottage. By M. Cholmondeley. 6s. (E. Arnold.)

The Transvaal from Within. By J. P. Fitzpatrick. 10s. net. (Heinemann.)

Stalky & Co. By Rudyard Kipling. 6s. (Macmillan.)

Concerning Isabel Carnaby. By E. T. Fowler. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

South Africa of To-day. By Capt. F. Younghusband. 6s. (Macmillan.)

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South Africa. By G. McC. Theal. 5s. (Unwin.)

The Human Boy. By E. Phillpotts. 6s. (Methuen.)

Dr. Parker: An Autobiography. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Paolo and Francesca. By S. Phillips. 4s. 6d. net. (Lane.)

How (Bp. Walsham): Memoir. By his Son. 6s. (Isbister.)

Via Crucis. By Marion Crawford. 6s. (Macmillan.)

Jess. By Rider Haggard. 3s. 6d. (Smith, Elder.)

West (Sir Algernon): Recollections. 2 vols. 21s. (Smith, Elder.)

A Corner of the West. By E. H. Fowler. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand, as sold between January 1, 1900, and February 1, 1900. We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns mentioned.

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Light of Scarthey. Castle. (Stokes.) $1.50.
3. Briton and Boer. (Harper.) $1.25.
4. In Connection with the De Willoughby Claim. Burnett. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Gentleman from Indiana. Tarkington. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
6. Cashel Byron. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.25.

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. When Knighthood was in Flower. Major. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Fables in Slang. Ade. (Stone.) $1.00.
6. Oom Paul's People. Hillegas. (Appleton.) $1.50.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Via Crucis. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Black Wolf's Breed. Dickson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. In Connection with the De Willoughby Claim. Burnett. (Scribner.) $1.50.

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. In Connection with the De Willoughby Claim. Burnett. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Via Crucis. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Oom Paul's People. Hillegar. (Appelton.) $1.50.
6. Elizabeth and Her German Garden. Anon. (Macmillan.) $1.75.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Via Crucis. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. In Connection with the De Willoughby Claim. Burnett. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. Via Crucis. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Fables in Slang. Ade. (Stone.) $1.00.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Via Crucis. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

1. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Gentleman from Indiana. Tarkington. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
4. The Light of Scarthey. Castle. (Stokes.) $1.50.
5. In Connection with the De Willoughby Claim. Burnett. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. No. 5 John Street. Whiteing. (Century Co.) $1.50.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

1. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. In Connection with the De Willoughby Claim. Burnett. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Fables in Slang. Ade. (Stone.) $1.00.
5. Gentleman from Indiana. Tarkington. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
6. Via Crucis. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

DALLAS, TEX.

1. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

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. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
. Gentleman from Indiana. Tarkington. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
. No. 5 John Street. Whiteing. (Century Co.) $1.50.

DENVER, COL.

. Via Crucis. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
. In Connection with the De Willoughby Claim. Burnett. (Scribner.) $1.50.
. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.
. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
. Gentleman from Indiana. Tarkington. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
. Black Wolf's Breed. Dickson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
. Love Lyrics. Riley. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.25.
. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
. Gentleman from Indiana. Tarkington. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
. Via Crucis. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
. Santa Claus's Partner. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.
. In Connection with the De Willoughby Claim. Burnett. (Scribner.) $1.50.
. Via Crucis. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
. Children of the Mist. Phillpotts. (Putnam.) $1.50.
. Mr. Dooley in the Hearts of His Countrymen. Dunne. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.25.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

. The Legionaries. Clark. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
. Jessamy Bride. Moore. (Stone.) $1.50.
. Young April. Castle. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. No. 5 John Street. Whiteing. (Century Co.) $1.50.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

1. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $.50.
2. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. In Connection with the De Willoughby Claim. Burnett. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. Fables in Slang. Ade. (Stone.) $1.00.

MONTREAL, CANADA.

1. Oom Paul's People. Hillegas. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Lunatic at Large. Clauston. (Gage Co.) $1.00.
3. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Longmans.) $1.00.
4. Transvaal from Within. Fitzpatrick. (Stokes.) $3.00.
5. The United Kingdom. Smith. (Copp-Clark Co.) $4.00.
6. The Sky Pilot. Connor. (Westminster Co.) $1.00.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. Via Crucis. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Black Wolf's Breed. Dickson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. No. 5 John Street. Whiteing. (Century Co.) $1.50.
6. Young April. Castle. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. Pride of Jennico. Castle. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Light of Scarthey. Castle. (Stokes.) $1.50.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. Gentleman from Indiana. Tarkington. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
2. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Elizabeth and Her German Garden. (Macmillan.) $1.75.
5. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

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PORTLAND, ORE.

1. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Fables in Slang. Ade. (Stone.) $1.00.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. Via Crucis. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. In Connection with the De Willoughby Claim. Burnett. (Scribner.) $1.50.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. In Connection with the De Willoughby Claim. Burnett. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Impression Club. Carter. (Carter.) $1.25.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. When Knighthood was in Flower. Major. den. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Elizabeth and Her German Garden. Anon. (Macmillan.) $1.75.
6. Love Lyrics. Reilly. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.25.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. Via Crucis. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. In Connection with the De Willoughby Claim. Burnett. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. No. 5 John Street. Whiteing. (Century Co.) $1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Wild Animals I Have Known. Seton-Thompson. (Scribner.) $2.00.
6. In Connection with the De Willoughby Claim. Burnett. (Scribner.) $1.50.

TOLEDO, OHIO.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. In Connection with the De Willoughby Claim. Burnett. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Gentleman from Indiana. Tarkington. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.

TORONTO, CANADA.

1. Pictorial History of the Transvaal. Commander Robinson, R.N. (Newnes.) 35c.
2. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Longmans.) 75c. and $1.25.
3. Transvaal from Within. Fitzpatrick. (Heineman.) $3.00.
4. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Copp-Clark Co.) $1.50.
5. Via Crucis. Crawford. (Copp-Clark Co.) $1.50.
6. The Habitant. Drummond. (Putnam.) $1.00 and $2.50.

THE BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

1. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. In Connection with the De Willoughby Claim. (Scribner.) $1.50.

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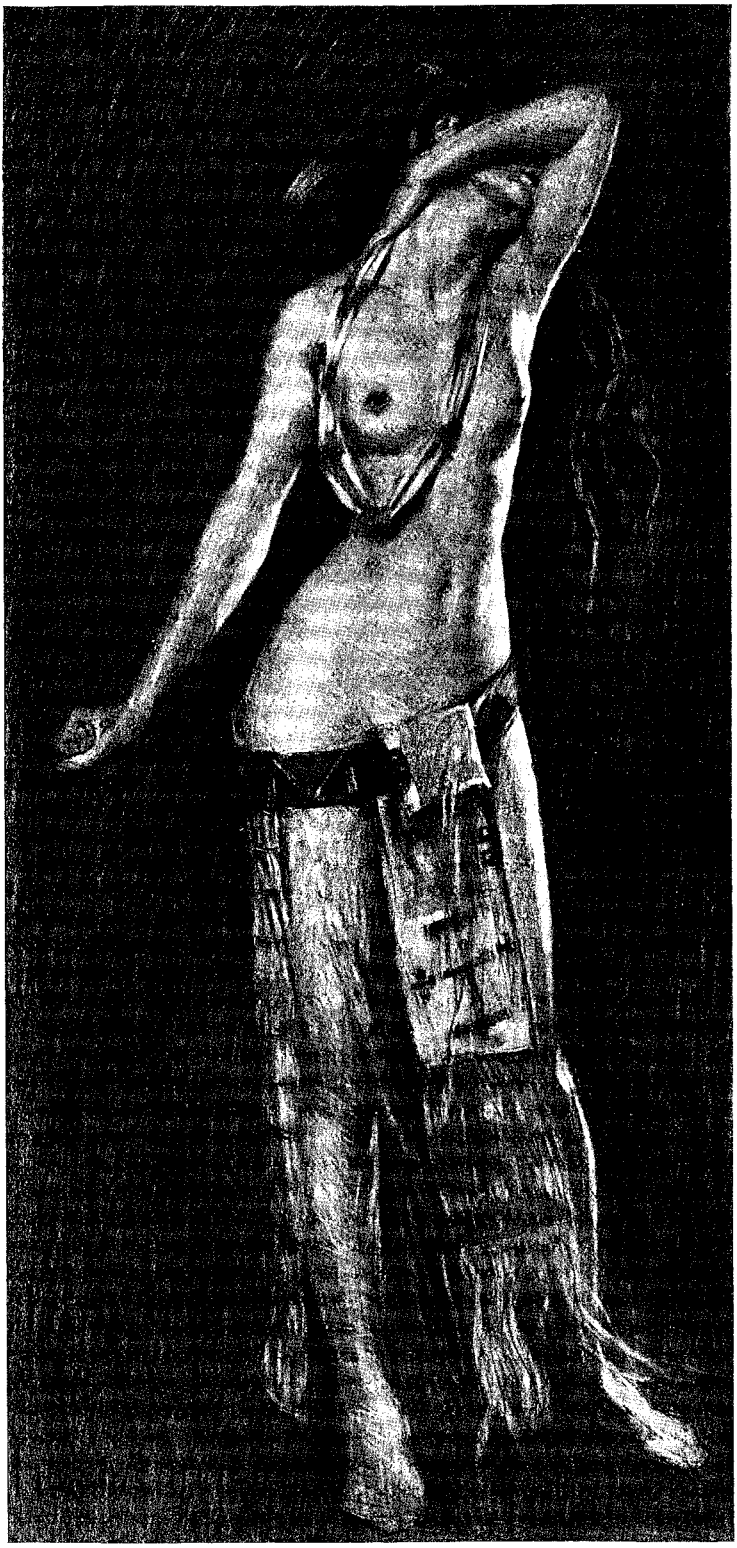

THE ANGUISH OF WENONAH—"SONG OF HIAWATHA."
BY LUCIUS HITCHCOCK.

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